

EAST COAST DAYS

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

- Our Homely Comedy; and Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Our Little Life: Essays Consolatory and Domestic, with some others.  
TWO SERIES. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.
- Landscapes, Churches, and Moralities. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Lessons of Middle Age: With some Account of various Cities and Men. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Recreations of a Country Parson. THREE SERIES. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.
- Leisure Hours in Town. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson: Essays Consolatory, AEsthetical, Moral, Social, and Domestic. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Critical Essays of a Country Parson. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- 
- "To Meet the Day" through the Christian Year: Being a Text of Scripture, with an Original Meditation and a Short Selection in Verse, for Every Day. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- The Best Last: With other Chapters to Help. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- What Set Him Right: With other Chapters to Help. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Towards the Sunset: Teachings after Thirty Years. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Seaside Musings on Sundays and Week-Days. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. THREE SERIES. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.
- Counsel and Comfort Spoken from a City Pulpit. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a Scottish University City. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths: Eighteen SERMONS preached in the Parish Church of St. Andrews, N.B. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Present-Day Thoughts: Memorials of St. Andrews Sundays. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- From a Quiet Place: Some Discourses. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- A Scotch Communion Sunday. Crown 8vo, 5s.



# East Coast Days; and Memories.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON," &c.

LONDON:  
LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16<sup>th</sup> STREET.

1889.

**Hallantyne Press**

HALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON



## CONTENTS.

---

### At Home.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. OF TAKING IN SAIL . . . . .	3
II. OF PUSHING AND PUSHERS: A KINDLY MEDITATION . . . . .	18
III. OF HUMAN INCAPACITY . . . . .	35
IV. THE ARCHBISHOP'S STATUE . . . . .	49
V. CONCERNING A SPOKE IN THE WHEEL: BEING THOUGHTS ON A SINGULAR OB- JECTION . . . . .	62
VI. THE NEW HYMNOLOGY OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK . . . . .	76
VII. HOW THEY TURNED OUT . . . . .	101
VIII. A NEEDFUL CAUTION . . . . .	106
IX. A PLEASANT ILLUSION . . . . .	114
X. AFTER A YEAR . . . . .	123

CHAPTER	PAGE
XI. THAT WINDOW . . . . .	127
XII. HOW THEY DIVED . . . . .	132
XIII. THAT BRIDGE AFTER TWO YEARS . . . . .	137
XIV. LABORARE EST ORARE . . . . .	141
XV. A LITTLE OVERDONE . . . . .	152

*From Home.*

I. DOWN THE WATER . . . . .	165
II. THAT LONGEST DAY . . . . .	178
III. THE FIRST QUIET WALK . . . . .	193
IV. DISILLUSIONED . . . . .	197
V. THAT SPOT ONCE MORE . . . . .	201
VI. AN UNWONTED SUNDAY . . . . .	206
VII. THE WATERWORKS . . . . .	212

*Two Diverse Lives.*

I. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH . . . . .	219
II. LORD WESTBURY . . . . .	248

*You Young Men.*

I. WHAT TO MAKE OF YOU . . . . .	269
II. SHALL WE KNOW? . . . . .	279

## *Contents.*

vii

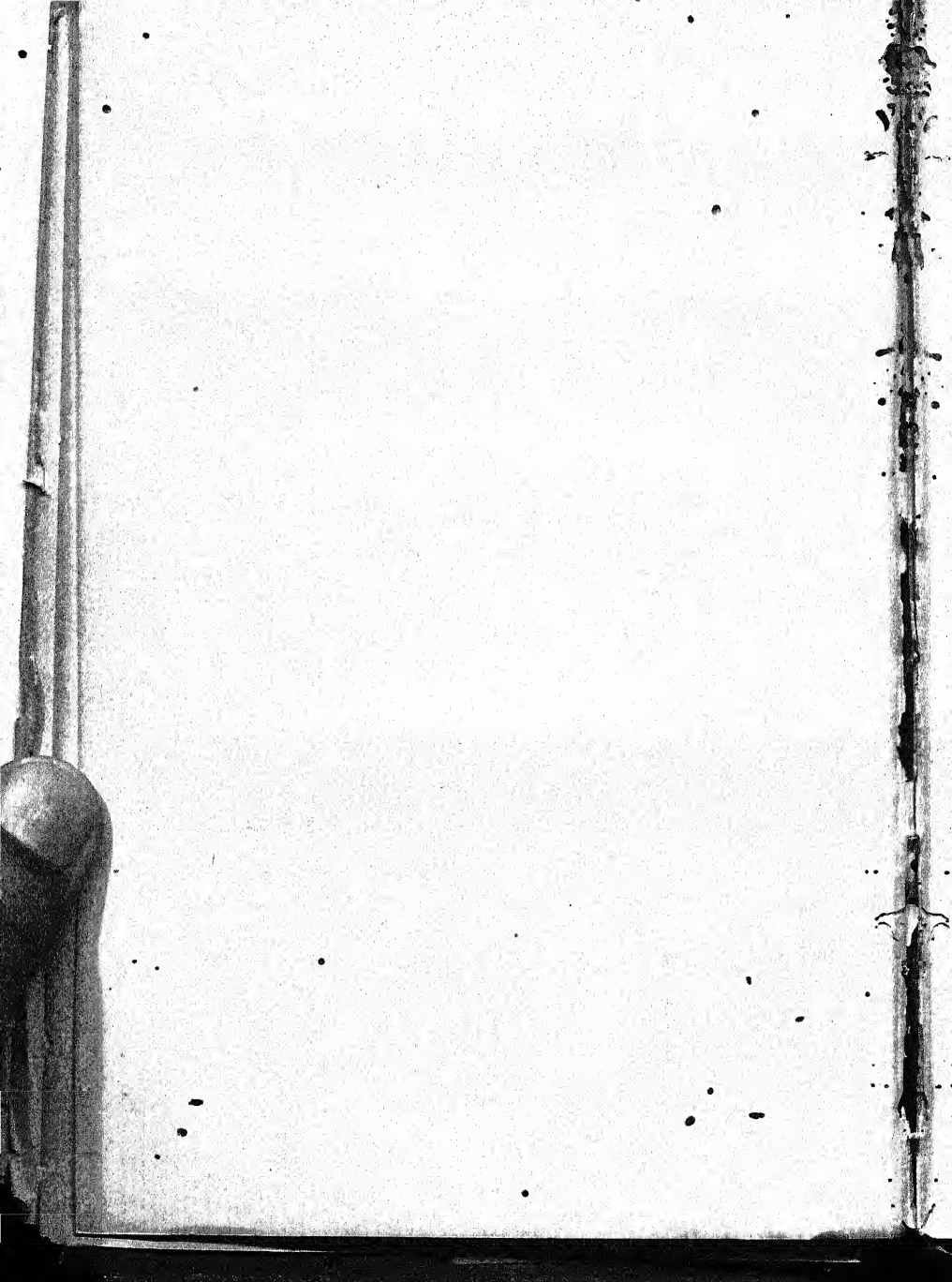
CHAPTER	PAGE
III. THE OUT-LOOK . . . . .	288
IV. HOW THINGS WILL GO AT FIRST . . . . .	298

### **When we come to be Tried.**

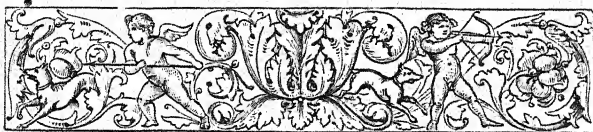
I. A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW . . . . .	309
II. PROVOCATION . . . . .	318
III. A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE . . . . .	327
IV. ALL MY SHEAVES . . . . .	335



At Home.







## I.

### OF TAKING IN SAIL.



HAVE said, on several occasions (but not nearly so often as I have thought it), that great as are the anniversaries of the Christian Year in many lives, those of the Individual Year are yet more. Not that the two need pull in opposite directions. The very opposite is often the case. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide may be equal in the Christian and the Individual Calendar. Which is well.

But whereas you speak freely about a great day in the Christian Year, telling of its associations and of what it brings back to you, you keep deep silence, as time goes on, on the unforgettable days of the year of your own little life and history. Not a soul beyond your own house knows what day is passing over you : and even those therein do not know what is your mood, what you are thinking of, what you are feeling. If you desired to tell them, words would not suffice

for that transcendental work. Words are but coarse material, after all. In a rough way, they can convey Thought. Even that very imperfectly. And Feeling, not at all.

The writer has sent out many pages, which have been read by some not without sympathy. But he has never tried to say what he has most thought of. And he could not have expressed it if he had tried. Here is a quite inevitable Economy. Though times beyond number you have spoken to your fellows, and of very serious matters, you have not talked out all your heart. They do not know you; not those who know you best. Strange are the diverse shades of unutterable thought. Stranger the diverse achings and stings of the poor heart's trouble. And there is a pudency. You have felt much, which it was no discredit to have felt, which it would have been shame not to have felt; yet which must not be spoken.

There are places you cannot go to. There are people whom you do not want to see. I have not known any one who in actual speech made use of Poe's *Nevermore*. It is a hateful thing to me to see *Forever* printed as one word: and even so with the other. I cannot read a book printed in America. The continual recurrence of illiterate mis-spellings irritates beyond patience. When I see *Traveler*, I close the volume. But this by the way. Though *never more*, even rationally printed, would be an affected phrase in human intercourse, I have re-

marked that *not any more* is of frequent occurrence when people are speaking to you frankly. The phrase is artless. And it is touching; as all phrases are which minimise the emotion they express.

The people one does not want to see are generally disagreeable. Or they bring back painful recollections. They knew you ages ago. These are just the ages which you wish to forget. But the places are too dear.

There is a gate in Ghent :—I passed beside it :  
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,  
Which I shall cross no more.

It is more than sixteen years ago : and time and health can mend deep wounds : so I do not mind now saying that on a January day I went into a beautiful little church of which one had been the incumbent who the next morning was to be carried far to his last earthly rest. I went alone. He had done everything for the church : his thought and hand were in everything, lesser or greater. The beautiful font of alabaster had gone in only the Sunday before he died. And that pretty organ : what a fight he had to get it : how some of the baser of his 'Brethren' abused him, writing to the newspapers that the church was generally called *Smith's Theatre* (Smith was not his name) : and how some raucous old women told congenial lies ! I feel just as angry, to-day, recalling such incidents, as I did this time twenty years : I like a good hater. But on

that day, all anger was stilled. There was a bright little fire blazing under the organ-loft: everything was quiet and warm in the solemn place which I had many times seen crowded by a silent congregation of educated folk, and where I had very often taken part in the decorous worship. I went about to every corner of the building, taking a last look of old familiar faces, seen continually since I was young: then I came out, and locked the door. I never have been in that church since that day. I never shall be in it again. Not for lack of many kind invitations. But there are some things which some people cannot do.

I have observed, as a singular fact, that trials, lesser and greater, tend to come on these sad anniversaries. The little slap in the face (very viciously meant) which you easily put aside: for the spite of human creatures whom you despise counts for little. But the heavy blow under which you must needs go down, and which is dealt by quite a different Hand. As for *that*, *Fiat Voluntas Tua!* I know that some of my readers, just those I should like best to know, are in fear as these days approach. Sufficient unto the day the evil of it has not unfrequently proved: and even more than sufficient. I know the look of sorrowful anticipation on the best faces I have ever seen.

Is it because the present writer has come to a day

of no earthly account to mankind at large, but a serious day in his own little history, that all this has been said? Indeed it is even so. He was ordained on this day thirty-seven years. And a good many contemporaries and friends will understand the subject of this day's page. We must think *Of Taking in Sail*.

It will not do, my brothers, to go on as in fact we are most of us going, thinking to ignore advancing time, and to work just as hard as ever. In one's own observation, which is extensive, this is the line taken both by leisurely country parsons (who may succeed herein, for they never were hard-driven); and by harassed incumbents of large parishes, who get through their duty (even with much kind help from young and old) only by the utmost stretch of body and soul. We all tend to put aside the unwelcome reminder that heart and strength are not with us as aforetime. One has known touching instances. I knew an individual who after thirty years in the Church published a volume of discourses called *Towards the Sunset*. An unknown friend, far away in America, speaking kindly of the volume's contents, severely condemned its title. Quite unjustly, he attributed to the author some measure of insincerity. But *that* is neither here nor there. Then he went on, with feeling about which there could be no mistake, to declare that he had himself been forty years toiling in that vocation, and yet was stronger and

more active than ever. His feet, he declared in scriptural idiom, were 'like hinds' feet : ' by which no doubt he conveyed that he could walk about with extreme alacrity. I should like to know what his juniors thought of all this. For, long ago, I was touched when I beheld one who had reached seventy and had lost the slenderness of youth, walking on a suburban road on a frosty day, in high spirits, swinging his stick vivaciously and thinking himself very nimble ; but not making out more than two miles and a half an hour. We deceive ourselves, sadly. I was twenty then ; and was having a *constitutional* at the rate of five miles an hour. I thought just the opposite of what I said. He made much of that buoyant swinging of the stick, and continued to whirl it round, jauntily, while conversing with me. But it did not deceive me at all. He was breathing hard, I noted. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

There are those who begin early to feel that they are growing old. This in all good faith, and quite without affectation. When a friend writes to such, *You must take in sail*, they are not startled at all. It is the echo of what they had already said to themselves. Mr. Tupman, on the other hand, when reminded that he was old, got angry, and repudiated the allegation and proposed to fight the allegator. But then Mr. Tupman was a fool ; an exceeding fool. Yet wiser people than he postpone the day on which it is admitted to one's self that the long shadows are

here. They do not, in fact, feel any older than they did twenty years since. Even the change on face and figure which is very apparent to one returning after five years' absence, has come on so gently and gradually, that the man or woman is unaware of it. And well on past sixty there may be no sense of mental decay; but rather a pleasant conscious mastery of work once difficult. Still, it is certain that the machine must not be driven at sixty with that unsparing rigour with which it was driven at forty. That is, it ought not to be. In fact, it continually is. And then comes a terrible break-down. Wherefore the wise man, desiring to make the best of his powers and his time, will anticipate the warning which may come too late, which may come as a crash that will end all work; and begin, as of sacred duty, to take things more easily, to work at somewhat lower pressure. And the self-same work may be done with nearly as good practical effect, with a vastly-diminished pressure of steam: if it is once realised that the thing must needs be. Make your sermon twenty-five minutes instead of thirty-five, aging preacher. Hold yourself tight in check as you go on in delivering it to the congregation, and do not welcome as once the rising glow of emotion. And though, to the end, the born preacher *will be heard*, must have the audible hush and every eye upon him, all this may be accomplished without speaking nearly so loud as aforetime, and with a large abatement of



physical vehemence. If the nervous system tend to grow tense from head to foot as your subject possesses you, keep that wisely in reserve till the last few minutes of the discourse. Then you may let your nature have its way for just a little. So may you go home from even a hearty and uplifting evening service; and yet be able to enjoy a little food, and after a space of quiet saunter in ever so wintry air, to sleep without the perilous chloral.

You must not mind the unreasonable expectations of unreasonable people. You must not regard it, though the *sough* pervade the air that you are hardly your old self. You are not your old self at all. An old man cannot be a young man. Yet there is gain as well as loss. And kindly wisdom, taught by long experience, is better than tempestuous rhetoric, and breathless 'bursts.' Those who wish for bursts do in fact generally render the word *brusts*: at least North of the Tweed. 'I don't hesitate to say,' was the observation of a critic after hearing the most popular of Scotch pulpit orators, 'that some o' thae brusts are equal, if they're not superior, to ony o' the brusts o' Chalmers.' Do not risk a stroke of paralysis, even for the reward of such inestimable praise. The shock of disabling illness would get at you to the quick. As for the mass of more or less ignorant *obiter dicta* which make up what is called popularity, you will never know of one in a thousand of them. And they would do you no good if you did. You would not be one



whit the happier though you heard them all. And with the praise, there comes the per-centage of censure: of very keen censure. For everything that is warmly liked by some, will be bitterly disliked by others. You will know in yourself, too, that it is the cleverer who dislike you. And dislike is likelier some day to do you harm, than kindly appreciation to do you good.

It is a very marked milestone when you begin to go to bed very early, being made aware that your strength is done for that day. Here is a great change. And things about which you were once very anxious, have ceased to touch you. You have given up a great deal: you have let go your hold of very many things. You conclude that you used to worry yourself (and others) unduly: aiming at a pervading tidiness and perfection of order about the house which is not given to man. You have found that human beings, from early youth, will go their own ways; and that you may as well give up the effort to make them in every detail go yours. You have not heart for continual pressing up hill; not to say continual contention. An aging Prime Minister once said in my hearing, *You can't fight your own Cabinet every Saturday.* You grow very quiet: and though it is in you to talk in company as of old, you will not exert yourself even to the degree of raising your voice. You let a blatant block-head go on making erroneous statements of fact; and you do not intervene. Just yesterday, in a railway

carriage, I heard it stated with confidence that a man born of Scotch folk, two miles from this little Scotch city, was 'an Englishman.' That is a small thing. But I have heard it explained, in like surroundings, that there is no such thing as Scotch Law distinguished from English; and that the Church of England is the Church of Scotland. Likewise that in all Scotch dwellings, the blinds are drawn down on Sundays. I have heard one say that he was Senior Wrangler who was not a Wrangler at all; and another declare that he had been educated at 'Oxford College.' Here I could not refrain from asking at which college. The reply was, 'There is only one.' The speaker was a preacher of a little sect. For that matter, I have heard a human being preach a sermon every sentence of which I could repeat; and told nobody. You cannot bear noise. This without the least pretence. I once said, twenty-five years since, to a dying clergyman whom I saw continually, that an old friend of his was abiding near, and that I should bring him with me next time. He answered, eagerly, 'Pray, pray do not. I could not bear it. He speaks so loud.' I could not understand this then; I do now. You cannot bear being hurried in your work: still less, trying to do two things at once. This last appears to produce a distinct physical effect upon the brain. You feel a jarring. You must be indulged in having your own little ways. You grow impatient of stupid jesting about these. If you be

13.

like some I know, you will seek for three-quarters of an hour's sleep daily before dinner. There is not a more reviving thing. After that, and a great wash, and getting into fresh raiment, you make a quite new start, and even after a very fatiguing day you can enjoy the evening. Above all, let the rule be as were the Persian laws, *No work after the last meal of the day*. This is vital. No writing late at night: not even a few letters. The time for writing, when sail has to be taken in, is from ten till one daily. The day is past for double tides. And three hours are sufficient. It is not by great efforts, now and then, that a fair amount of work is turned off with the pen. It is by keeping regularly at it: no day without its line. Lord Macaulay's two pages a day of his 'History' seem little: seem slow progress. But, taking three hundred working days in the year, here are six hundred pages. And if work is to last a thousand years (as Macaulay expected his 'History' would last) it must needs be done deliberately.

It is a warning of something amiss, my brother, when you come to preach your sermon under a painful sense of exhaustion: looking forward continually for sentences which you may leave out. Some of us have sometimes to do this. But I fear it means you are working when you are not fit for work; and that you ought to rest for a while. I can indeed tell you how you may get rid of the sense of sinking for the time. *Preach extempore*. Sketch out: and trust to

the moment for the words. I am assuming that you are able to do this. And unless you are quite run down, and past present work, you will not be conscious of weariness at the moment. You will be lifted above all that, and speak with tremendous fluency and feverish emotion: the latter will be contagious where it is not repellent. To one here and there it will be repellent. But very hearty extemporaneous speaking takes terribly out of the ordinary speaker. You will be awfully tired after it: like an electric eel which has given out its shock. The people go away home much impressed, thinking how fervently you got on, and how heartily you seemed to enjoy your work, being absolutely at home in it. So you did, wonderfully: but the reckoning came. While they are quietly enjoying the last hour of the day, you are in a fever of nervous weariness and restlessness. Not only that: but you will take gloomy and twisted views of all things here and hereafter. Be cautious, my brother, when you know this experience. For something may come, any day, which will end all that public work of yours. And then you will forthwith be forgotten, even where you were most valued. Shall I forget how a good old man showed me, on too many occasions, a beautiful volume, bearing the inscription that it came *with the eternal gratitude of* somebody: a very big somebody indeed. But so far was the gratitude from proving *eternal*, that it did not last out the good old man's own little life. He

'went off:' he broke down. And somebody had vanished, utterly: somebody who, without an effort, could have cheered the last feebly-fretful days.

It need not be said that this caution is addressed to ordinary mortal men. I do not much expect that any extraordinary man will read it. But there are such, to whom ordinary rules do not apply at all: one here and there who, on the verge of four score, can speak lengthily and with tempestuous vehemence to an excited crowd numbered by thousands: this for several successive days; yet be none the worse for it. *De minimis non curat lex*. Neither do the commonplace laws of health concern the greatest. They were absolutely exceptional, in body and soul, to begin: and their training and experience have been absolutely exceptional. Possibly it is better so. In any case, you need not think to reason from them to plain decent folk. The nature of the animal is vitally different. And the faithful worker, toiling in lowly ways, parson or doctor or the like, and tending to fail early, looks up to such sublime heads with amazement. There is not heart even to wish for such supreme gifts, which time hardly touches. *Non equidem invideo: miror magis*. Standing beside an express locomotive which can do its eighty miles an hour, you do not propose to race with it. And as for Poe's statement that not without a bitter and rebellious sense of degradation could he admit his inferiority to any being in the universe (he included

FE

One whom I do not choose to name): in these latter days one reads it, and quietly says *Bedlam!* We were ambitious enough as youths at the university: a second place, in anything, would have been a sore trial to some men there. But that nonsense was crushed out of us, long ago. And though in the judgment of any we care for, the university standing has been confirmed and enforced by the whole of after-life; it has happened to the very ablest and best to be set (for a moment) side by side with several to whom they were content to look up as to the summit of Mont Blanc from (let us say) the Grands Mulets. As for the old college ruck, some have seen the little prizes and decorations reached by certain whom they never would have reckoned as serious competitors. But then, they were quite unscrupulous Pushers; and the Pusher, unless persecuted by special ill-luck, will get the reward of pushing; which indeed a worthier soul would not have taken at such price. And a man who could not have taken any degree, and who possibly never could attain to spell, may yet be a leary being who would leave no stone unturned, and who played his cards with incredible address and with a single eye.

But wherefore expatiate? Why write one's self into a fever (the thing may be done), setting forth the duty of taking things coolly? The course is plain. Rest as much as you can with a good conscience. And take your work as easily as may be.



Do not be badgered into undertaking exciting duty, even by the most importunate appeals, or the most complimentary. Many people are extremely selfish: and if they can squeeze the effort out of you, they do not care whether you are fit for it or not.

It was a great Anglican Prelate who said to the writer, *You must take in sail*. It was a humble country parson (gone before) who said to him, *You must ca' canny*. Both meant the self-same thing. And it is easily understood. But some find it hard to do.

It was Sir Arthur Helps who said that when the days come wherein the thing must be tried, it is desirable that some little bit of honour or good fortune should come to the aging man about once in three years. So shall he keep a cheerful heart on the path downhill.

Doubtless it is most desirable. A wise man said to me that such things are prized even more (he thought) in failing life than in hopeful youth. But then they do not come. Or they come to few.



## II.

### OF PUSHING AND PUSHERS : A KINDLY MEDITATION.

**T**HREE times, yea four, in the last eight days (he sometimes spoke in quaint phrase), *have things happened to me which when I was a youth I should have said would have made life all I had ever wished it. Now, they really make no difference. They perhaps raised the endurableness of this anxious being about half a degree.*

Such were the words once said to the present writer by a human being who (without pushing) had *got on* to a most exceptional degree ; yet who condescended (now and then) to talk with a startling outspokenness to lowly folk.

Gazing upon him (no reader can guess who he was, within a thousand miles) I felt, for one thing, that he spoke truth. We have all more or less of acquaintance



with individual beings who make statements to us from time to time. But such is our estimate of those individuals, that we never believe their statements unless the statements are inherently probable. And if such-like were to tell us that within a week they had been constrained to subject their popularity or their influence to a searching strain and had come off triumphantly, yet did not mind at all, we should know exactly what to think: possibly what to say. But the speaker in question was quite different. He was *Truthful*; but not in the sense in which Bret Harte's famous hero was so. Yet some know not what is meant by a *lucus a non*. I have known one who thought to *put a spoke in a man's wheel* meant to render him effectual help.

And here let a charitable judgment be expressed. It does not in any way follow, though a man be notoriously untruthful, that he is not a good man. Kingsley used to say that there is no weakness (call it such) which can last so long in the soul, side by side with God's grace, as the disposition to pretty frequently tell what is not true. He was a sweet-natured and devout mortal, a singer of most touching and beautiful hymns, who was commonly named among his friends as *Father Fibber*. The title may indicate where he had come to stand ecclesiastically. But nothing would induce me to indicate his real name. Many readers will know it. He weighed above eighteen stone. His prose was silly: and his verse oftentimes oleaginous in the

extreme. I had fancied him an austere ascetic. He was quite other. Yet though there was a vast deal of humbug about him, it would have been most unjust to call him a Humbug.

It is so, too, with lesser men. This is their infirmity. And though the writer, like many others, has accurate knowledge of many facts of extraordinary character, they shall not be related here. No mortal of his acquaintance need look upon these lines with trepidation. No mortal, though his narrations be ever so unhistorical, shall be indicated upon this kindly page.

Men are too complex beings to be simply classified. Charles Lamb, you remember, once replied to a good Philistine whose intellect lacked subtlety: *Then I understand you to maintain that a thief is not an honest man.* Now one has known a mortal who persevered in laborious lay-preaching through years in which he was stealing right and left. And when somebody said, in my hearing, to Tulloch, *A vile rogue and hypocrite*, the dear and wise brother who has gone before us replied, *Oh no: human nature is a strange thing: you don't know how the poor wretch may have been deceiving himself.* Even so with the devout and unselfish souls who in at least one respect were such as the saintly Father Fibber.

Dismal Easterly *Haar*, which hast come to-day after a bracing stretch of frosty sunshine, blackening the world which yesterday was bright, and darkening the

spiritual horizon too, get out of sight if not out of feeling! You remember how Hazlitt, on an evening at Winterslow Hut, sat down cheerfully to write an essay; saying that he had two good hours before him, and a partridge getting ready for supper. Even so has the cheerless weather, driving in the writer from a long list of out-door duties while it is but mid-afternoon, given him the pleasant vista of an uninterrupted two hours. And when the candles are lit, and the blinds fall over the cheerless prospect, let the black North-Easter be forgot, and the familiar goosequill be taken up as of old. Let it not be deemed presumptuous if the writer offers the warmest of all possible thanks to each of a host of unknown friends whose letters (wherefore are so many of them anonymous?) have in these last days spoken of some measure of help received: no more shall be said, though very much seeks for utterance. And as Hazlitt looked onward with exhilaration of heart to his partridge, so let the writer remember that the very last hour of the day shall be given to that yearly Volunteer Ball, where (if things prove as heretofore) there will be some hundreds of bright, healthy and happy faces, each uncommonly well known, and brimming over with innocent mirth, in itself an excellent thing. There is extremely little chance of there being too much of it in this world. I do not forget that I have sometimes been told that nobody has any business to be happy, this world being cursed.

I admit, readily, that the folk who told me so appeared to exhibit a high degree of cursedness. •

But we must return to the severity of this Dissertation. Not even the ever-charming pen of John Skelton can justify excessive meandering: and if any living man writes more graceful English, I know him not. Let us go back to the words quoted as having been said to the present writer, where this treatise began.

One thought, listening to the words, and looking upon the worn, sorrowful face of the awfully-successful man: Would it not be a great thing if Pushers and Self-Puffers could take it in that even if they succeed, and succeed by worthier means than many of them use, the prize is not worth the cost? How can any mortal out of Bedlam fancy that he gains anything but contempt by the arts of self-puffery? I have just turned over the new edition of that thick volume called the *Men of the Time*. I have read the account of himself which Mr. MacPuff contributed to the valuable work. Though the Editor has materially toned it down, still MacPuff has been suffered to sound his own trumpet to a surprising degree. Not a prize he ever got at school or college but is recorded there. And the occasion on which he was offered an office not worth having, and so declined it, is related fully. The article *MacPuff* is very much longer than the article *Manning*, the article *Magee*,

the article *Newman*. I turned to the names of other men who got all the honours poor MacPuff carried off and far more; but I found not a word said of them. Indeed the article *Caird* is preposterously inadequate: if you did not know beforehand what Caird is, and has been for forty years, you would not guess it from what is related. It used to be the same way (ah, used to be) with the article *Tulloch*, with the article *MacLeod*. The truth was Not Told: it was not half-told. Doubtless, these great men did not need to sound their own trumpet: and doubtless had not MacPuff praised himself, nobody else would have praised MacPuff. Once, long years ago, a sagacious man entered my study (a long way off): a man whom nature made to be a Chief-Justice. It was when the earliest *Men of the Time* came out: Here is the red-backed volume, just five and twenty years old. I turned up the account of one who was known both to myself and to that great spoiled-lawyer: I placed it before him: and said *Who could have written that?* He slowly read the passage; and then with a solemn face and in a deep voice made answer, *I see the hand of Joab there*. Now could Joab have fancied that he gained anything by that? Joab was quite sharp enough to see that any acquaintance who had done the like had simply made a fool of himself. But I suppose that self-conceit and self-deception are just as subtle things as dear Principal Tulloch thought honesty and dishonesty. And the



fact doubtless was, that Joab was under the illusion that nobody would suspect him of puffing himself: on the contrary, that everybody would make sure that on this wonderful page there was condensed the essence and spirit of the murmur of the great round world.

Lord Melbourne, erst Prime Minister, was wont to say, in his cynical vein, that he had not found men such bad fellows, but that it was absolutely impossible to over-estimate their vanity. The Editor of that singular Dictionary seems to have had awful glimpses of the forward self-conceit of some. He tells us, "Nothing has been commoner than for him to receive *Volunteer Biographies*, many columns long, of persons who have no claim to be known beyond the circle of their private acquaintance." Let us be thankful he has something to say of the modesty which commonly (but not always) accompanies real merit. But it would be most interesting if this much-tried Editor could be induced to publish, in a separate volume, the biographies of those men who thus thrust themselves before his notice, and touted in vain for a chapter in the *Men of the Time*. One can imagine the kind of mortals. The individuals who beg (more than once or twice) for an invitation to the Moderator's dinner: the men who ask for a Doctor's Degree, and send round their friends, male and female, to canvass the Professors, besides canvassing the Professors themselves: the souls who

scheme to be allowed to preach before the Commissioner, and somewhere else: the beings who fawn on a Convener and then beg to be put upon his Committee; such-like are quite capable of offering an ultroneous account of themselves to the Editor of that Dictionary of Contemporaries. Let this pen be staid. For things rush on the writer's mind, facts within his certain knowledge, which would make one think of a certain small and (God be thanked) exceptional portion of the Human Race, as Frederick the Great thought of it all.

At this point it may not unfitly be said that the Pusher and the Puffer are subject to the like illusion: the illusion, to wit, that they are not seen through. Whether the Pusher push for himself only, or for himself jointly with his brothers, cousins, uncles, and maiden-aunts, there is the curious ostrich-like fashion of shutting the man's own eyes against facts seen by everybody, and then concluding that the facts are seen by nobody. And doubtless the Fibber is to be traced here: first, while the process of pushing is being carried on, and thereafter in confident assurances that he never pushed at all. *God knows how Holofernes got that*, said a distinguished Pusher to one who told the tale to me: Holofernes was the Pusher's nephew. The circumstances occurred in Central Africa, long ago. Now, grammatically, the Pusher (his name was Heliogabalus) spoke truth. Nothing could be more certain than that God knew

all about the advancement of Holofernes, and how it was rigged. But then Heliogabalus the Pusher knew too; knew uncommonly well. He had worked the oracle, and then (with amazing impudence) volunteered the declaration that he knew nothing about it. Holofernes may have deserved all he got. And it was quite natural for Heliogabalus to give a lift to his kinsman; the only distinguished man recorded in history, whose sons and brothers were placed at unfair disadvantage in the matter of his patronage, was the late great Archbishop of Dublin, Whately. But wherefore utter an ultroneous and transparent Tarradiddle?

But shall we define our terms? What is meant by Pushing?

I ask the question for a reason. Just last night, in a gathering of (say) two thousand fellow-creatures, I was aware that I received a most tremendous Push. And yet no mortal would have dreamt of calling the man who gave it me a Pusher. For he was one who had came back from years of toil and peril, far in the Dark Continent; where sometimes from hour to hour his life was in his hand; and where all his labour went towards lifting up a Race to which of a surety Europe owes amends. It was hard to take in what that man had gone through, looking at the pleasant earnest face, and the decorous figure arrayed in severe propriety; hard to take in that there you



beheld a Hero, who might well have been a Martyr; who is quite likely to be a Martyr yet. But as he told his story, pitching transcendently high the theoretical foundations of his work, but sounding no trumpet concerning what he had actually done, one felt that the modest and unselfish pioneer of all good was pushing the multitude hard in the direction of an earnest interest in his task, and (let us hope) of a heart to help him in it. *That* remains to be seen; and we chill down, we forget. But when, in common parlance, we talk of Pushing and Pushers, we think of Pushing for selfish ends, by unworthy means.

The thing is quite well understood. And we know the kind of Creatures. There are people who, when they want anything, make use of means to get it which you, kindly reader, would not and could not apply to, to gain all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; which, for ordinary folk, means to have their income doubled, and their names and doings occasionally mentioned in the local newspaper. You know those who *leave no stone unturned*; not even the stone which being turned reveals a good deal of hideous life. There are those who will flatly ask a reviewer to praise their book, or to make quotations from it; who will push themselves on the notice of great lords and ladies, and beg for their influence and favour; who will tout for an unwilling invitation to big houses, and abide therein long after their welcome is outstayed; who will hold on with unspeakable tenacity

to the coat-tails of a prince of the earth, a Cardinal, a Chief-Justice or the like, and declare that they are on most intimate terms with these magnates, some of whom (it so happens) have told you a very different story; who will entreat a Convener, giving in his report to the Sanhedrim of Zanzibar, to let them move or second the adoption of it; who will press their own claims and merits as through a speaking-trumpet, or even their poverty and necessities. When the old parson in Warwickshire said to the young head-master of Rugby, "Dr. Tait, let me give you a serious advice, the result of the experience of a long life: *Always have an eye to preferment,*" he meant that Tait was to be a Pusher. Not, possibly, a thick-skinned and loud-voiced Pusher, but rather a dodgy and sneaky one. That Tait got the advice, I can certify. But I do not believe that he ever acted upon it; acted upon it in any unworthy way.

But it is not unworthy to avoid a line of conduct which you believe would be sure to blight hopeful prospects. When Bacon (as Lord Palmerston believed he did) wrote many stage-plays, containing the wisest and most beautiful lines ever written; and then, knowing that in that age to have written *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* would have put him out of the running for the Chancellorship, gave out that, in fact, they were written by a good-natured laughing man quite without education, and who never evinced the smallest interest in them; he was having a judicious eye to

preferment. For had it been announced, when Tait was at Rugby, that the Christmas Pantomime at Drury Lane, with the incidental dances, was the composition of the Head-Master, it is not more certain that the incident would have barred his approach to London and then to Canterbury, than that the artful Frank would never have been Attorney-General, would never have sat on the Woolsack, had it been known that he "wrote Shakspeare." The present writer does not believe he did; but wise and great folk have held it was so.

Let the judicious reader therefore understand that there may be making one's way by fair means, and in a generous spirit. But then we do not call that Pushing. Practically, the word is evermore used in an evil sense, which does not belong to it etymologically. And doubtless it is never other than a perilous thing to push one's claims to anything, however well deserved. It is far better and happier to be sought after than to seek. But this world has, in a certain vocation, greatly changed since the writer was young. He is thankful to belong to a generation, now grown old, and not likely to re-appear, which did not need to push. You remembered how a Pusher, long departed, said to old Bishop Blomfield of London, "It is very hard; I have never got anything I tried for." And Blomfield replied, "It was different with me; I never tried for anything I got." In a far lowlier walk, known to many readers, there are those

who attained pretty well all that was possible *There*, without moving a finger towards it; and then were somewhat cheered by the fond belief, that they did not come to their place by accident; that it was (as Trench has it) "the very place God meant for them." Not that they were necessarily right in thinking so. And the utmost elevation was lowly. The accompanying revenue was modest in the extreme; demanding (as Chalmers expressed it) "a most stringent economy." Far other was it with Blomfield. It was Hartley Coleridge who, gazing upon Blomfield as he walked along Pall-Mall, said, to a friend who told the tale to me, the awful and most unjustifiable words, "There are only two Individuals who know what is that man's income; himself and the Devil." It is interesting to remark that Blomfield was one of the Commission which fixed his successor's income at just about one-seventh of what he was himself supposed to have. The fact was well known. And strong opinions were expressed concerning it, by many warm friends of the Anglican Church. The good Bishop did indeed regard himself as identified with that grand Communion. So much so, that Sydney Smith (who never jested) declared that the dinner-invitations from Fulham in those days began: "The Church of England and Mrs. Blomfield request the pleasure," and so on.

There is a *via media* between Fatalism and Pushing. I suppose human beings tend to one or other.

Years ago, walking up the Mound in Edinburgh, I met a homely, sagacious-looking old woman, who was in company with a pleasant and bright young maid-servant. They both looked very happy; always a good thing to see. As I passed them, I caught just one sentence: my first and last sample of the intercourse of these good friends. The sagacious old woman said, with the air of an oracle, "Ye see, if a thing's to come to ye, it'll no gang by ye." Had it been in another city, quite as interesting as Edinburgh though not so big; and had it been after the writer grew grey; I should have intervened in that talk, first, with hearty congratulation, and next with salutary caution. It will not do, now, like the man in Goldsmith, to "sit still, and swoop, and things fall into your mouth." It is fit that by honest means, such as all the world may know, we should seek to compass honest ends. The good old woman laid down a principle to be received with much reservation. It would not do for a school-boy to say, "If I am to become a good Greek scholar, I need not trouble with grammar and lexicon: the knowledge will no gang by me." You must push yourself in the way of what you desire. I fear, I fear much, dear young friends whom I know so well, and for whom I wish all good, you must now put your dignity in your pocket, and (being invited) even preach upon a leet. The necessity is a very regrettable one, in my judgment. It must be a queer experience, to preach with



the view of showing how well you can do it. But a much queerer experience, to preach to the end of showing you can do it better than Tom or Harry.

Under no circumstances, of a surety, will any of you young fellows seek to make your way by impudence, by self-puffery, by toadyism. I looked sharply, no longer gone than yesterday, at the faces of a good many of you. I felt I could trust you. In the case of soap, or of various patent medicines, it is too obvious that a large use of the trumpet pays; these advertisements must be very costly. And indeed the soap is excellent: nor could we know of it and its capabilities from anything within ourselves. Extraneous information was needful; and we have got it. But advertisement is a question of degree. Feasible chances ought not to be thrown away. And I know living men, know them very well indeed, who will not fail on due occasion to press your merits, though you modestly shrink from the like yourselves. It is a blessing of a small country, and of an institution not too big for fair knowledge of it, that real merit and faithful work are sure (by God's blessing) in time to become known. No doubt, vile and despicable means have tended to high worldly exaltation. But you would not have it at that price. Yet it is curious to think that Bishop Porteus, a really good man, who died in the odour of sanctity, was elevated to the Bench by George III. (who tript up the downright

*Pigeon Paley*, a man worth a hundred like *Porteus*) : he having written a poem on occasion of the death of George II., in which he said that the reason why George II. had to die was that it was necessary to remove him to Heaven in order that he might be the right man in the right place. You know what sort of king George II. was. At a later period, the chronicler says, "people saw how Canterbury would go;" when stupid old Howley, Bishop of London, got up in the Lords, and said it was indecent to suggest that the Sovereign was no better than he should be: it being a religious truth that "the king could do no wrong." The king was George IV. All this is very awful. I know of but one lower depth. You must go back to Charles II.: of whom Cromwell said when he was only a pretender, "But he is so horribly profligate." He did not mend his ways when he ascended the throne. Yet a man who became Prime Minister of this Christian country, Montague, Earl of Halifax, Premier 1697-9, who died only in 1715, made a beginning of getting on by writing as follows, when Charles departed, "with the host sticking in his throat," as Macaulay puts it, truly :

"Farewell, great Charles, monarch of blest renown :  
The best good man that ever filled a throne :  
In Charles, so good a man and king, we see  
A double image of the Deity.

All toadyism, all abjectness, grow pale before that.

Yet the creature had his reward, and he died only 174 years ago. Further, though we loathe and despise him now, he would have plenty of creatures, meaner than himself, to grovel before him while he lived. Think, during three years, that man made the Bishops.





### III.

#### OF HUMAN INCAPACITY.



NLY those who have done some piece of intellectual work to be judged by many, officially entitled to sit in judgment upon it but in no way qualified, know the full depths of human stupidity even in fairly-educated folk. And those who have had that sorrowful experience have seen such depths of human stupidity as would *à priori* have been thought incredible.

The most frightful exhibitions of stupidity occur when men, not by any means stupid or illiterate, are called to judge of work which lies quite outside their experience and capacity. Likewise when men, of fair general information, try to pass themselves off as possessing knowledge which they do not possess. It was not a blockhead, but a man of moderate learning and of very great smartness (and self-sufficiency), who seriously declared that he had never read either

Shakspeare or Milton; and furthermore, that he did not believe that anybody had ever read either Shakspeare or Milton. Having looked into *Hamlet* one evening, and found that he was not interested, he concluded that he was a fair specimen of educated humanity, and that what did not interest him could not interest anybody.

Many men, fairly literate, have a rough impression that all intellectual work belongs so much to the same order, that if they can with a good result apply their understanding to one portion of it, they may without absurdity apply their understanding to any portion of it. This is a curious illusion. A decent graduate of a Scotch University, who has studied for the Kirk, and done the duty of a parish for ten years, would never dream that he was therefore qualified to judge of the technicalities of Music, or of Architecture, or of Engineering, or of Golf. In such matters he would bow to the judgment of experts. I have indeed heard of a good Professor of Divinity who instructed Sir Gilbert Scott, near the end of his career, in the high principles of Architecture: the Professor stating that he had evolved these from his inner consciousness in the light of the Divine. But after he had spoken at much length, Sir Gilbert Scott smiled kindly, and departed without even a syllable of reply. That Professor was indeed an exceptional man. Men, not exceptional at all, will however be found to express an authoritative opinion upon Liturgics, upon

Hymnology, upon Ritual, never having bestowed the smallest thought upon these: and that without any idea that this is presumptuous; that, too, though they are clever and sensible men. One puts aside such judgments as that of the youth whom Dean Hook (a youth too) challenged to mortal combat for declaring that *Shakspeare was a humbug*: also of the undergraduate who told the writer that *In Memoriam* was rubbish, and Tennyson a fool. For these were the judgments of self-sufficient blockheads. I am not concerned with such. I am speaking of men of good ability and culture, of eminent ability and culture, who fancy themselves qualified to express a judgment on subjects from which, by nature and training, they are separated by a great gulf. One has known good and distinguished men who, being appealed to on such a subject, have at once replied, *I am not competent to express an opinion on that question*. But such men were high above the decent average Philistine I see at this moment in my mind's eye. I was present when a young woman suddenly turned to a venerable Bishop of the Anglican Church, Senior Classic in his youth, and in his age the most learned prelate of his day, and uttered the strange inquiry, *What does your lordship think of Sarah Bernhardt?* The Bishop smiled benignantly upon his questioner, but put the question by with a tact acquired by long experience. I have known men who knew just as much about Sarah Bernhardt as Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln,

who would have fenced with the question, fished about for a little, got a scrap or two of information, and then delivered an authoritative judgment. Such was the good man who overheard certain others (who did not know much more than himself) discussing the merits and the authorship of a not-unfamiliar hymn, which begins with the words *Rock of Ages*. He had never heard of it before. And he caught the author's name imperfectly. But he joined in the talk with an air of information, and with the unlucky words *Yes, that is a fine hymn of Tillibody's*.

Long ago, I knew some little of the preparation of a volume of Prayers which, after being put in proof, had to be submitted to a Committee of educated men, most of whom knew nothing whatsoever of liturgical propriety or expression. I blame them not: they never had a chance of knowing anything of these. Let me inform the Scottish reader of this page that the volume in question was not the *Book of Common Order* of the Church Service Society. By the time *that* volume was floated, the *quasi*-liturgical revival had flooded the land; and every man who had part in the preparation of the beautiful and devout book was, in knowledge and in taste, in some measure an expert. Things have mended marvellously, north of the Tweed, since the days when I saw good Doctor Crawford sit down anxiously, day after day, at the head of a long and uninviting table, and submit his carefully and gracefully compiled proofs to the criti-

cism of a dozen men, most of them absolutely incompetent, two or three of them coarse souls who enjoyed torturing the *Convener* by attempts at reviewing which no halfpenny paper in the land would have published. I was a youth then. I remember how, as hour after hour went over in the most captious and carping verbal disputes, I used to look out of the window at the leafless trees of the great Gardens, and wonder how any mortal could undertake such thankless work as Crawford had undertaken. Sometimes the criticism took the form of an Old Bailey cross-examination. I did not quite understand, then, that when a man takes up a work, even a most unselfish work, he does not like to be beaten, especially by human creatures whom he despises. Nor did I know that the time would come wherein, for a good end, I should myself have to go through a good deal worse. But three or four of us were steadfast, in spite of every form of discouragement, misrepresentation, and abuse; and, after years of all these, we succeeded. Then, when our work proved a success, a success which (all facts considered) may be called stupendous: we had our humble reward.

I put away from me, quite resolutely, various memories: I shall not write in ill-nature. Let me recall, in an amiable spirit, a single typical criticism. It can aggrrieve nobody now. A gracefully-composed collect, by Crawford himself (he was a man in intelligence and culture thirty years before his day, but



timid in expressing his opinions at a time when distinct and vicious persecution was aimed at those who were called *Innovators*), ended with the familiar and melodious formula *Who hath taught and commanded us thus to pray*. An English reader will hardly believe that a man belonging to the educated class vehemently protested against this, which he had evidently never seen nor heard before. He insisted that the sentence was unintelligible; and that it ought to run, *Who hath taught and commanded us to pray thus*: otherwise people would not know that it referred to the Lord's Prayer which was to follow. He stuck to his opinion with the obstinacy of dense ignorance and stupidity: and a loud and lengthy debate followed. I sat in silence, and thought of a remarkable incident at which I was present, elsewhere. It was a large dinner-party, on a public occasion. The entertainment was given by an Earl, deservedly popular. It was extremely handsome, and champagne flowed in almost excessive flood. The evening was well advanced, when a benignant old gentleman arose to propose a toast. He spoke with entire fluency: but somehow he said exactly the opposite of what he meant. 'I feel,' said he, 'that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company, is indeed to cast pearls before swine.' Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no farther for many minutes. The swine applauded vociferously, and as though they

would never cease. We knew, of course, that the good old gentleman meant that he was the swine and that we were the pearls. But then he had not said so. His meaning could be gathered, but was not expressed. But graceful collects, submitted to men who declared that the word *heartly* was applicable to a dinner, but that no mortal had ever heard of giving *heartly thanks*: who maintained that to say *O Lord Jesu Christ* was Popish: who (one of them certainly) could utter the petition *God save the Queen: May she have a happy Christmas*: and who never heard in their lives of the mysterious formula *Thus to pray*: are of a surety in the evil case at which the old Perthshire laird was aiming. As for the mortal whose ear could suffer him to utter such a phrase as *To pray thus*, one can but say that he might, for his discernment of the music of English prose, have been one of that majority in the Revision Committee who sent forth the magnificent Version of the N. T. which the English-speaking world knows, smeared and disfigured in a fashion which (to many) is not irritating but infuriating.

I have said that the most wonderful manifestations of human incapacity do not come from incapable men, but from capable men, tackling matters to which their capacity extends not. It was a distinctly clever man to whom, in my boyhood, I read *The Ancient Mariner*: and who listened to the end, and then merely said that Coleridge was a horrible fool.

I know, now, that it is enough to infuriate anybody to persist in reading a long poem to him. But, in that case, the famous *Rime* was heard with an amiable patience: and then judgment was given. When I sought to argue against it, I was told I had better not say I admired *The Ancient Mariner*, or I should be thought fit for Bedlam. Then, nobody could maintain that old Lord Eldon was a fool. He was a humbug, no doubt: it must have been queer to see him blubbering on the judgment-seat, and talking about his conscience and his approaching death. But he was a great lawyer. Of that one cannot judge. But we can all judge of his Biblical Criticism; likewise of his common-sense, when being Attorney-General he produced the N. T., and read a few verses from Revelation, and argued that Napoleon was either a Horn or a Frog: it matters not which. How the Commons stood it is hard to understand. Mr. Bright, with magnificent effect, has often quoted scripture in that House: but John Scott's proceeding was quite different. And we can all judge of the Chancellor's Poetry. He did not write much: but he wrote quite enough to enable us to take his measure. Here is his comic poem with regard to a Judge of that day, a Scotchman, Mr. Justice Allan Park.

James Allan Park  
Came naked stark,  
From Scotland:



But he got clothes,  
Like other beaux,  
In England.

I do not know what sort of a Chancellor Mr. Andrew Lang would make : save that I have a firm conviction that whatever he undertook to do, he would do admirably well. But there can be little question that, as a writer of sparkling verse, Lord Eldon can hardly be placed upon the same level with the brilliant Borderer. Indeed, had we known no more of Lord Eldon than that poem, we should have esteemed him as little better than a fool. But even so did Pitt hold up his hands in consternation, after a talk with Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. Even so did a Secretary of State declare that Nelson was the greatest fool he ever talked with. You must take a man upon his proper ground ; you must measure his strength where his strength lies. The Duke of Wellington was not an impulsive soul, who could get up from the dinner-table, draw his sword, and swagger about the room boasting that he was to surpass all the soldiers of antiquity, as Wolfe did in Pitt's presence. We wonder not that the minister held up his hands on Wolfe's departure, with words to the effect, *Must we trust our army to that idiot?* Yet the great Duke, long after Waterloo, paid a large sum to get back a letter written by him on the evening of the battle, which letter he instantly burnt, saying that when he wrote it he was the greatest ass in Europe. I fancy that, had we

seen the letter, we should in so far have agreed with the great but by no means exemplary Duke. There is the streak of the fool in the wisest of men. It was very apparent in Solomon. There is the streak of incapacity in the most capable man. And it grows most conspicuous when he strays beyond his proper measure. What more graceful than a swan in the water? What more awkward than the swan waddling on shore?

There is no special pleasure, to the well-regulated mind, in seeing swans on shore, in seeing General Wolfe rushing about a dining-room with his sword drawn, gibbering. That was not General Wolfe: he *was not himself*. So was it, even so, when a shrewd lawyer wrote to a man charged with the preparation of a Hymnal, objecting to the name. A *Hymnal*, he said, meant a *Hymn-all*: to wit, a collection of *All Hymns*; and as the volume would not contain *All Hymns*, but merely a selection, the title was misleading. The individual charged with the Hymnal did indeed, in the solitude of his study, utter a cry of *Idiot*. But, as he uttered that anguished cry, he sat down and wrote a civil letter to his correspondent, explaining what a Hymnal meant. The explanation shall not be repeated on this page. Nearly as judicious was another correspondent, who wrote objecting to the first line of a familiar piece, which begins, *Crown Him with many crowns*. The line, said this capable critic, must for rhythm's sake be

changed to *Him crown with many crowns*. Another critic put the difficult question, *Who was to 'crown Him with many crowns'?* It was a man of real ability and learning, but wholly ignorant of Hymnology, and of all versification, who was suddenly called upon to sit in judgment on a proposed collection of Hymns; and who wrote out, at length, his objection to Richard Baxter's fine verse :

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before :  
He that unto God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by this door.

It is strange that in the presence of these grand words, any mortal should have heart to write out that the verse would not do : inasmuch as to make it rhyme, you must read the third line, 'He that unto God's kingdom *comes*.' Yet the writer's eyes beheld that criticism, and a great many more of which this is a fair sample. The good man had never heard of half-rhymes, permitted by common consent, as *move* with *love*, and the like. There is a verse more famous than Baxter's, which I am quite sure that good man never saw :

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

Had he seen it, his first remark would doubtless have been that the doctrine was most unsound, and

that any Scotch parson who ventured to cherish such a trust ought to be deposed and deprived of his living. But the second remark, given out with equal assurance, would have been that the verse is not poetry at all; forasmuch as in reading it you would need to say, 'Oh yet we trust that somehow *gudd*.'

Not so many people as ought to know it know Mr. Baring Gould's beautiful hymn *Daily, daily sing the praises Of the city God hath made*: a hymn which is charming both in its words and its music. I have heard one of its verses condemned (by a man who had never seen it before) on the ground that the verse declared that the angels *sat upon their harps* while playing upon them: an arrangement which he very justly said was impracticable. Here is the verse thus criticised. It is the river of life which is spoken of:

Where it waters leafy Eden,  
Rolling over silver sands,  
Sit the angels softly chiming  
On the harps between their hands.

It was pointed out to the critic that the verse describes the angels as chiming upon their harps, not as sitting upon them. And it is just to say that the critic accepted the present writer's assurance that the case was so. But the critic, so far from being a simpleton, was astute to such a degree that I have heard his friends apply to him the adjective *leary*. This is the adjective which George Borrow tells us was applied to him on the occasion of his selling a

horse to a horse-dealer for more than the horse was worth : an incident which implies in the seller, a sharpness almost supernatural.

Is it worth while to record that I have heard a man, fairly informed in his own field, loudly and persistently maintain that such a fashion as putting an anapest for an iambus is unknown in English verse ? He did not indeed use the words ; for I do not think he knew what either an iambus or an anapest means. But he made his meaning clear. Let young lady readers be told that an iambus, in verse, is a foot consisting of a short syllable followed by a long : an anapest is two short syllables followed by a long. And now to test that extraordinary assertion. Milton has :

Fled and pursued transverse the re|sōnānt fūgue|.

Tennyson has :

The vij|ōlēt cōmes|, but we are gone.  
When Laz|ārūs lēft | his charnel cave.  
Who ush|ērēst in | the dol|ōrōus hōur|.  
That each, who seems a sep|ārāte whōle|.

Would you say *vi'let*, *Laz'rus*, *sep'rate*, *dol'rous* ? But, indeed, the thing is too plain for discussion. For long after I heard that incompetent critic, I marked how all the poetry I read swarmed with the case which he declared was utterly unknown in decently accurate versification. Think of Wordsworth :

A fresh|ēning lūst|re mellow.  
With hair of glitt|ēring grāy|.  
How oft, a vig|ōrōus mān|, I lay.

The critic, I must say, was good-natured. When the discussion was over, he said to the writer, 'I know you think I am a blockhead.' I cordially assented, so far as versification is concerned. But though precisely what he called himself *secundum hoc*, as the logicians say, he was very far from being a blockhead *simpliciter*. He lived in Ethiopia, in the sixteenth century.





#### IV.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP'S STATUE.



HE bright sunshine of a March afternoon comes into the great church, and falls on the white arm of the Archbishop's kneeling figure. For more than two hundred years, the March sunshine (when there was any) has fallen there, as it does now. And for near twenty-three, I have looked at the statue every Sunday at least. But somehow, to-day, it looks as it never looked before.

The sunshine changes everything : changes most things for the better.

The afternoon service is going forward : the seldom-coming service at which I am present, taking no part. It is restful ; yet one feels like a fish out of its proper element. The sermon is being preached : very brightly and cleverly, by a promising young friend. The same light falls on the pulpit which falls on the Archbishop. The red cloth blazes into glory, and the figure of the preacher is clothed in light. One

does not remark these things when actually officiating. There is something else to think of. And there is duty which never can be taken lightly: never to the very end.

The statue, life-size at least, is of white marble. It is raised on high; and it forms part of a great and costly monument, fashioned of black and white marble: set up in honour of one who did not deserve it any more than many other men deserved their monuments. Under the pavement, trodden for ages by feet which walk other streets now, the Prelate rests: that is, what of him was mortal. The figure is touching to look at: specially to such as do not know the facts. It was the Archbishop's son who set it there, giving (naturally) the more favourable estimate of his father. In marble the old man kneels, vested in his robes. His mitre is laid aside; laid upon the ground: and a marble angel's hand is placing on his head the golden crown of the martyr. *Pro Mitra Coronam* was the grand motto his family thereafter bore: a grand motto. But only if it speak true. And the self-seeking pusher and dodger who kneels there was neither saint nor martyr: though a lengthy inscription in the Latin tongue states, in pompous superlatives, that he was both.

This, for a time, was a pro-cathedral church: a true cathedral of unutterable glory, hard by, having perished in a season of fierce controversy. In this church three Archbishops sleep: the other two with



nothing to mark the spot. But a Revolution passed over this land, two centuries since: two centuries exactly. And in that season Prelates were swept away. For better for worse, such are gone from this building; whose foundations were laid just this time seven hundred and seventy-six years. I confess, with deep shame and sorrow, that the church fell on evil days: and a century gone, when taste in this country was at its most degraded, the sacred structure was cut about and crammed with hideous galleries in a fashion which would have broken its builders' hearts. Yet even now, in uttermost perversion, it is, to the writer and some others, what no brand-new church could be, though built by Gilbert Scott himself. The Philistine jeers at it: being incapable of feeling the influence of mediæval memories: and naturally doing his kind. Worse yet (if that could be), enthusiastic ignorance and stupidity, complicated with self-confidence, say aloud, *It is a very fine church*: implying that it needs no restoration. Now and then, on the page of dense fatuity, the voice of the Donkey addresses itself to the present writer; and, calling him by a name meant to be contumelious (the name is *Episcopalian*), inquires wherefore he has not spirit enough to cast out of the sanctuary it pollutes the statue of the murdered Archbishop, wholly out of place in a Scottish kirk. Various reasons could be suggested for the writer's line of conduct, some of which the Donkey could not understand. But one

may be given, level to the meanest comprehension. *The writer could not if he would.* Doubtless he would not if he could. But that is another matter. Possibly it is a happy thing that whoever may at any time hold my office has no more power to cast that memorial of a departed system forth from where it kneels, than the Dean of Westminster has to remove the effigy of NEWTON from his glorious abbey-church.

There are strange things about this edifice. Strange to say, it is never called the pro-cathedral: though, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, churches which have ceased to be cathedrals for two hundred years have, within the last forty years, revived the pleasant-sounding name. These churches can be called cathedrals only because people choose to forget (or never knew) what a *cathedral* means. Translate the word into English; and its use would be a burlesque. Nobody out of Bedlam would seriously call the incumbent of either of these beautiful churches a Bishop or Archbishop. Yet each is such exactly as much as his church is a cathedral. To call the chief-magistrate of a Republic *the King* would be absurd. A Republic means that you have done with kings. Precisely so does Presbytery mean that (for good or ill) you have done with Prelates and their Throne-churches. But, apparently, though you turn out (some people's) nature with a pitch-fork, it will come back. And you may find human beings claiming to be dignitaries (of small degree indeed) in an Institution which founds

on the utter exclusion of such things or persons. Which facts provoke the smile of the cynical.

But I turn from the purpose (if indeed I had it) of saying more as to the wants of that mediæval building. Touching associations have gathered round it, even since it became mine, and one dwells on these. But there are matters which, to some, it is a daily crucifixion to see. To say more would, however, appear as though one desired to use this page as a means of publishing an appeal for aid in Restoration. To prevent misapprehension, let it be said that money is not lacking. It is something quite different: of which nothing now. Even as things are, an enthusiast in Gothic art can cleave to one consolation. It is of a simple character; and may be briefly said. *Any wealthy Philistine can build a beautiful church. But no human power can build a church near eight centuries old.*

It has been said, early in this Dissertation, that when a mortal man is placed under the pressure (heavier here than need be) of actually conducting the worship of this church, one never remarks the Archbishop's statue; never remarks the gleam of sunshine which casts glory (glancing white or blazing red) where commonly there is none. But let not the young cleric, as yet inexperienced, fancy that when such mind as he has is anxiously taken up by higher things, he will be raised to a region in which he will be sublimely unconscious of lesser matters. Just the

reverse is sometimes the case. Just when under that terrible pressure (days have been when no gentler adjective would serve), one has discerned little irritative things with an awful vividness. We live here in a region where for three hundred years education has been universal; the parish school has been set down beside the parish church everywhere. And on a Sunday, in a place like this, every mortal listens with silent and intelligent attention to every word of the sermon: that is, unless the sermon be (what it seldom is in these parts) incapable of being listened to. Preachers who cannot preach at all have ever fewer opportunities here of holding forth. There is a dead hush, in which the proverbial pin may be heard to fall, from first to last: and the preacher is stimulated by seeing how sharply his meaning is grasped and apprehended; if not always sympathised with. The preacher, too, though seeing the congregation only generally, and as a unit of multitude, is instinctively aware whether or not he is carrying attention on. If this be not so, he is no preacher. But when, with advancing years, the season comes wherein the once near-sighted divine takes to spectacles and instantaneously becomes preternaturally keen of vision, evil follows. Now, the individual faces are severally discerned. And one stupid, inattentive countenance, painfully conspicuous, is as the fly in the ointment, as the black spot on the white robe. It obtrudes itself. It will not become invisible. It distracts and

irritates the speaker. And irritation is fatal to sympathetic oratory. Whatever you do, do not get angry. Now and then a cleric, who has not learned that primary lesson that *not a syllable must ever be spoken from the pulpit in anger*, breaks wildly forth upon the people, makes a fool of himself, and destroys the hope of doing good to anybody for that day. No doubt one ought only to feel pity for a public instructor to whom has been assigned the burden of a too-sensitive nervous system. The nervous system cannot, indeed, be too sensitive in the direction of pathos: but towards wrath it must not go an inch. A preacher of real ability, thus hindered, was preaching one winter day to a strange congregation: I mean a congregation of strangers. It was an inclement season; and much coughing was heard. Few things are more provoking than volleys or dropping shots of coughing. For it need not be. People will not cough if they are interested. But the only legitimate way of stopping their coughing is by interesting them. And I well know regions where, in bleakest of frost and snow, a cough is never heard. This good man became more and more infuriated as the sounds went on which showed that nobody was listening to him. At last, in a frenzy, he burst forth, *Either this is the most diseased, or the most impudent congregation I ever preached to.* The result was too painful for further narration. As Wordsworth has justly remarked, *We cannot bid the ear be still.* But, to a certain measure, we may train

ourselves not to see. That is indeed a difficult attainment: and to some, impossible. For, as the same great poet observes, *The eye* (in some people), *it cannot choose but see*. Vividly do I remember Dean Alford of Canterbury exclaiming, 'Be thankful you don't remark individual faces in the congregation.' Then he went on to tell of his own sufferings through too keen vision: saying that while in the pulpit of Canterbury Cathedral delivering (reading) his sermon, he could not help separately noticing each face in the crowded congregation on a Sunday afternoon. Even if attentive, the faces distracted his attention. And one here and there, hopelessly without intelligence or interest, exercised a cross-influence of a grievous kind.

Here let something parenthetical be intercalated in the severe process of the argument. I have ventured to say that in the oratorical temperament, the nervous system cannot be too sensitive in the direction of pathos. All your hearers will feel will be a faint reflection of what you have yourself felt. And the most vociferous bellowing will never pass off on the plainest folk as the expression of real feeling. That cannot be simulated with the smallest success. But, remembering this, I acknowledge that the test of all oratorical expedients is the Philistine one, *Whether or not they succeed*. There never was greater orator than Guthrie. I have not had opportunity to hear Demosthenes; and Brougham's published declaration that he never swayed an English mob as he did when



literally translating to them from Demosthenes, drew, in my hearing, from another Lord Chancellor, the remark, *That's humbug*. But Guthrie's way to all hearts (including that of Mr. Thackeray) was short and sure. It was Guthrie's intense capacity of feeling which made him the grand orator he was : he spoke not without tears. Mark, however, when Guthrie wept, his hearers wept too. That was the test. I have known another preacher, who cried a great deal more than Guthrie ever did. But when he cried, *the congregation laughed*. Wherefore he was a failure.

I am approaching what I desire to say. There, in that huge edifice where the Archbishop's statue kneels, I lately beheld one stolid, hopeless countenance. It was that of a total stranger : that of a man belonging to what is commonly called the *Upper Class*. The most hopelessly stupid and inattentive faces I have ever spoken to, were of very considerable worldly place. But when, a day gone by, I beheld that visitor gaping about, very restless, plainly not thinking of something else but thinking of nothing at all, an awful exception in the midst of an attentive throng (he had not even come to church out of curiosity but merely because he was staying with people who came), the words of Johnson came back to me. The name he uttered matters not : let us say Snooks. 'Why, sir, Snooks is dull, naturally dull : but he must have worked very hard before he became as stupid as he is. No, sir : God never made any man as stupid as



Snooks is now.' *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, says the ancient adage : and it might have added that nobody attains of a sudden to the highest degree of any quality, good or bad. Ere that well-dressed and good-looking stranger could have presented himself in that conspicuous pew, looking as blank of understanding as he did, he must for many years have gone to church without the faintest thought of listening to one word of the discourse addressed to him. He had been diligently trained not to attend. You need not think, dear Doctor Hamish, not even you, to catch that man up : no, not by any art whatsoever : that is to say, not by any permissible to an educated man. I have no doubt at all that if you met that mortal on the street and addressed a sentence to him, he would follow it and take it in. But not here. And he is a type of many, in certain quarters of this earth. Which is a painful reflection. I have entered into edifices in which such as he were the rule. And it was not their fault. It was their deplorable misfortune. A year or two of enforced attendance there would have made anybody even such. No mortal could listen to the dismal material which was spoken. And a habit of listless vacancy was formed which not Doctor Liddon nor Doctor Macgregor could break through at a first hearing.

Then on the other hand a habit may be formed of painfully close attention : attention which cannot be withdrawn at will. I vividly remember hearing (in

my boyhood) a venerable Judge of the Supreme Court speaking in severe terms of the awful torture he endured when he attended his parish kirk. His words were to this effect : I think I can give them almost as spoken. 'I have been trained for many years to listen with the closest attention to the arguments of the counsel who plead before me : and I have got so into the habit of listening intently to all that is said to me, that I can't withdraw my attention from that Blockhead's sermons.' *Blockhead* was the word used. 'I am compelled,' the Judge went on, 'to concentrate my whole mind upon all he says : and it is such Rubbish.' Then he added something that sounded in my boyish ear like *Anathema sit*. One has forgotten many things better worth remembering. But in these latter days, one is startled by the clearness, as if heard yesterday, with which sayings come back from the *Auld Lang Syne*.

Let it be said too, that not stupidity is the hardest thing for a speaker to get through. Give Guthrie any mortal, not truly an idiot, for a few successive Sundays, and at the end of these that mortal would be listening, open-mouthed. Give time ; and you may educate the dullest. But there is no rational creature so hard to get to attend to you as a very clever man who is a great deal too busy. For he is thinking intently of something else : and his mind is encased in mail which can turn off all oratorical expedients. I once, many years since, sat close to a great Chief-Justice

while an eminent preacher was going on with his discourse, which I remember was very dull. It was a keen face, intellectually-beautiful, the face of the lawyer : and he looked straight at me. But I could have taken my oath that he neither remarked my presence, nor heard one syllable of what was being said. His mind was strained to the top of its bent, anxiously thinking of something else. That I plainly saw. Not that it was his way. The time came wherein, on many days, I beheld him listening as intently to a Scotch sermon as though it had been an argument in a case involving great interests spoken by Mr. Mantrap, Q.C. Probably the most overdriven of men are the Bishops of certain enormous dioceses. I have remarked that such have almost lost the power of fixing their attention upon anything that does not concern their proper work. As for that, they are sharp as needles. But it so engrosses them, so withdraws them from everything else, that they will read through a letter and at the end not know what it was about. They will peruse a leading article in the *Times* : and if it say nothing of episcopal non-attendance in the House of Lords or the like, they will not remember a word of it when they are done. They can listen benignantly to a long story, yet not take in a syllable. Thus they lighten the burden of their anxious lives.

But this weather is grievous. It is Monday morning now, and the Equinox, the *Vernal* Equinox, is hard by. The name is musical in many ears ; but

the thing is sometimes a hollow mockery of human expectation. White and deep, everywhere, the snow lies to-day; for a little space, now and then, the thick flakes come whirling down, as when one was a boy. But they fall untimely, now the yellow crocuses look through the earth's white covering; and the living shoots of the flowering currants are laden down with snow. Last evening it was a howling storm; and the heavy sleet melted dismally as it fell. A church well known to the writer, usually very full at every evening service, showed unwonted blanks; void of intelligence as the stupid face under the Archbishop's statue. And, whereas a friend, strange to this place, and of strong musical sympathy, had come to hear the hearty music, the diminished choir was by no means at its best. So things happen here. Not always, indeed. One has known the stranger find things at their very best. Somewhere else (we trust), in a region where Goethe specially asseverates that *there shall be no more snow*, they will be so continually.



V.

*CONCERNING A SPOKE IN THE WHEEL ; BEING  
THOUGHTS ON A SINGULAR OBJECTION.*



THE ordinary objection to a man's being stuck into a place, is (to state the fact generally), that he is not good enough for it. I have lately had it very strongly pressed upon me that sometimes a man is kept out of a place simply because by universal consent he is declared the right man for it.

I am not at present thinking of an office to which human beings are nominated by a Syndicate of those who have already filled it: though I know of such a thing. That is far from my mind to-day.

Nor am I thinking of one I knew in departed years, who was often consulted by such as appointed men to places in his own vocation. I have been behind the scenes: and I could tell very curious stories. Of course, I am not going to do so. But I am quite free to speak generally: for that matter,

particularly: if I thought it worth while. Many a time have I heard the respectable dull man, when consulted concerning somebody's qualifications, burst out in the familiar formula, *He would never do!* This was because the respectable dull man knew that the mortal in question was so much better than himself. In my experience, respectable dull men have a deep hatred for brilliant men, and a profound suspicion of them. You remember how the stolid squires kept back Disraeli as long as they could. What may not a clever man say and 'do? The man I have in my mind had a further reason. The better men whom he worked unscrupulously to trip up, would not abjectly humble themselves before him, as a man of much lower intellectual, moral, and social standing would. He liked a toady. And he found but few: and these very abject bodies, with no apparent souls. Yet the days were wherein that mortal was able to promote divers deplorable sycophants and sneaks, and to put a spoke in the wheel of various men incomparably his betters.

Not for ever, indeed. Not for very long. In that region, an appeal lay from respectable dull and envious men to the decision of mankind at large. And the judgment of the respectable dull men was contemptuously reversed. It was but a lowly sphere to which their influence extended. What may be called *Fame* was not attainable there. Yet I have known one rise into a blaze of light to which that



Miltonic word might almost have been applied, at whom these had gnashed their teeth in fury, and moved heaven and earth to trip him up. Several of these worthies informed me in my youth that the most wretched and contemptible preacher ever known, was a man named Caird. The incredible venom with which one declared that his sermons were *Trash!* Another said they were *Pewrile*: he meant puerile. Another said, *After I had heard him for five minutes, I should not have been surprised if he had cursed and sworn in the pulpit.* Another, the dreariest of them all, always present to my mind when I have written of Dr. Log, said, solemnly, of a sermon preached on a great occasion, which was the most striking I ever heard in my life, *I trust I am incapable of writing such a discourse. But, had I written it, I hope I should have had sense enough not to preach it.* I quote nothing but what I have myself heard. I must forego the pleasure of appending the speakers' names. And no reader ever heard one of them. But I fancy that most readers know where the vilipended Caird is now. Also what he has been, for thirty years and more.

All this is preliminary. My mind is filled, to-day, with quite other thoughts. I am thinking of certain high places to which men are nominated by a very respectable Syndicate of Patrons, and a very small one. And a good many people know how a man has been excluded from such a high place, simply because he was



so good ; so manifestly fit for it, fittest for it. It is not here, as of old, *He would never do.* That could not be said by any rational being. The words here are, *Hang it, he shan't have it ! We won't be dictated to.* You see, everybody, who knew anything, had been declaring he was the very man : had declared this loudly on occasion of divers vacancies. And the magnanimous feeling arose in the Syndicate's breast, *We will chew them !* Whoever may be promoted, it shall not be he who is indicated by the universal voice. Anybody rather than he.

Does any reader say that it is incredible that motives so petty and so spiteful could weigh with any mortal who has grown up to maturity : with any mortal who has the giving what any other mortal would wish to get ? Let the writer say that he speaks from personal knowledge here. People sometimes talk before children without thinking how sharp the children are : and how long they may remember. One has heard those who had much to give, discuss with perfect frankness the considerations on which they were to give it. I do not mind stating that it was a Duke who had a pleasant office whereto he had to appoint. There were many candidates. One was by far the best. But that unhappy man thought it would be wise to "leave no stone unturned." He overdid it. He got about twenty of the Duke's friends to promise to "use their influence." Thus, every morning for a week, three letters came, each

pointing out that of the human race, Snooks was the very best man to fill the vacant and pleasant office. The Duke was a really good and conscientious man : but he grew impatient under this treatment. And a morning came on which, having read four specially-important letters, one of which (from another Duke) stated that unless he were an idiot he would appoint Snooks forthwith, the Duke burst out. He exclaimed, *Hang it.* These were the words : there is no question as to that. Then he went on. *Do they think to thrust that man down my throat? They want to take the selection out of my hand. They shan't !*

And poor Snooks suffered. It is the terrible uncertainty of human affairs. The means which you use may work the wrong way. They may do the very opposite of what you designed.

That Duke rarely acknowledged that he had done wrong. But years after, when Time had brought out, conspicuously, the character both of Snooks and the man preferred before him, the Duke said, *I never made a greater mistake in my life than I did then.* A good many people responded, *Amen.*

I will say, strongly, that I cannot imagine a less worthy motive as swaying any patron, than the determination not to prefer the man whom all competent persons declare to be the right man. There is something inexpressibly petty in the state of mind which breaks out in the not-unfamiliar cry, *We won't be dictated to !* Observe, you cantankerous Dignity, it

is not Tom, Dick nor Harry who is dictating to you. It is God Almighty : by making the man the fit and right man. The tools to him who can use them.

Of course, if you honestly think that the general voice is wrong, that is another case altogether. I am speaking to the cantankerous Dignity of an instance in which he (or she) knows perfectly well that the general voice is right ; but is resolved to defy it. You might just as wisely refuse to be dictated to by the Multiplication Table. Yet I have known those who would say, *Hang it : does everybody say twice two make four ? I will say twice two make twenty !* The formula *Hang it* was invariable.

There is no more startling experience to quiet and homely folk, than a frank talk with an extremely influential and remarkably injudicious mortal, who speaks out and tells you, from his long experience, something of the reasons which have in fact decided the giving of what are esteemed the greatest prizes of human affairs. It will take your breath away. You will discern not merely with how little wisdom the world is governed ; but with what a lamentable amount of petty temper. And your only consolation will be to think that there is a silent Power which is high above Prime Ministers, Archbishops, and Princes of the earth ; and whose behests they will have to carry out, willingly or unwillingly. It was one who had risen about as high as may be, who after listening silently to certain strange stories, related on

indubitable authority, broke out, *The fact is, it is a miracle that anybody ever gets anything.*

Eleven years past, upon a very rainy afternoon, I walked for a measured hour round a famous quadrangle with a man who, in a certain great sphere, exercised more influence than any other living. He told me (undrawn: I had not ventured to draw him) a good many things which, if they were written on this page, would make it to be more curiously read than any other page published this month, perhaps this year. And divers, known to me, would in mortal terror hasten to declare that he never said them. At length, looking upon the stern face, I presumed to say to him, *When is my old friend Jenkinson to be made a Clefrag?* Jenkinson was not the name. Nor is the office (which is a great one) so denoted in human speech. The great man glared at me a space; and then said, in a loud voice, *Never!* I replied, *But why not? Surely he is the very man.* The great man responded in words I have never forgot: I hear them now. *Yes,* said he, *gloomily. He is the very man. His exclusion is a scandal. But I tell you his preferment will never be.*

I need not say that the event proved the great man was right.

No doubt there are men who would rather that people should wonder why they don't attain some dignity, than wonder why they do. But one is not thinking, now, of trumpery decorations. One is think-

ing of material and most substantial advantages. And it is hard that the entire career of a very eminent and deserving man should be prejudiced by pure wilfulness in any other human being.

If God Almighty did it, I bow. But I know nobody else to whom I would say, *Fiat Voluntas Tua*. No : we shall judge the wisdom and read the motives of any other patron, from the Pope (who is certainly the biggest mortal man) downwards. Knowing that even a Pope (we have all seen it), though holding a big position, may be, as an individual soul, incredibly spiteful and small. The name of Cardinal Newman may suggest a good deal. Extreme stupidity in one who claimed to be infallible. And contemptible jealousy in one whom some thought impeccable. Of course we all know he was very stupid and very spiteful. Yet, through many years, he could both set up and put down, in a vast sphere of possibilities. And, unless you grovelled before him, abjectly, he would put a spoke in your wheel. No toadyism could be too fulsome. The old man thought it only what he was entitled to. I do not say that the Pope is the Man of Sin and Son of Perdition. But I say he is placed amid surroundings which tend to make him a conceited and obstinate old Fool. It may be admitted, that the stupider the Pope is, the more will his decision appear to be the result of Chance : like the casting of lots, to which you bow as you would not bow to the judgment of the House of Lords.



He has taken a thraw against you : he might have taken one in your favour : *Roma locuta est* : the matter is ended. And you had your chance. But this is not satisfactory. A stupid Pope has a strong bias *against* the better man. He would rather set up a stupider than himself. He is not merely in terror of his betters : he hates them. He may indeed be managed by a skilful adviser. But the skilful adviser has commonly been a being of very low moral tone : profoundly dishonest, and absolutely selfish.

I know, I know, it is all in kindness that the deserving man is smashed : it is the very best thing for him. And it is an omen of final reprobation that the leary dodger is set on high ; and driving about with four horses, splashing dusty and deliquescent virtue. But oh, success is pleasant. And it makes one feel good. It makes one cheerful and kindly.

In the Chancery above, it may appear that the prizes and the blanks drawn here are of little account. Even at a lower level the wise man sometimes discerns it. But it is a glaring scandal when the Wrong is set in chariots, and the Right is abased : when the *Detur digniori* is openly flouted : when a lifetime of wealth and consideration came through a man's gaining the favour of a woman and then of a man whose favour was infamy. I have beheld the carriage and four : also the green glades and the startled deer. I recall a summer day when from the window of a fair dwelling I was looking out on as lovely a scene as is



in Britain. A solemn old man approached and said, *I suppose you think all this very fine.* I replied that indeed I did. The old man looked at me intently and put a startling question: *How would you like to have all this for thirty years and then go to Hell?* All I could say was that I hoped a human being was no likelier to go to that End for living among those trees and flowers. My interviewer uttered a snort, and without another word withdrew: leaving me somewhat flabbergasted.

It was a wise saying of a very successful man: that not only is it a very irritating thing to see a mortal stuck into a place desired by many, he being notoriously unsuitable. But it is almost equally galling, when you cannot quite say that the mortal is scandalously incapable, but only that men immeasurably superior could easily have been found. The people put over the head of a recent great Prelate whose biography is quite outspoken may none of them have been shamefully unfit. But no well-informed man will deny that they were immeasurably inferior to him. So inferior, that it was cruelty to the victorious inferior to name the names together. He ought to have taken his disappointments better. They might have sweetened. They soured a little. And in his case, the rough and smooth should have been taken together. If in his latter years he got scandalously less than he deserved, in his youth he had got scandalously more. It was a touching sight to see

Henry Melvill come to hear his junior and inferior preach in lawn sleeves with a blue ribbon round his neck. It was a strange thing to think of Keble, Double-First and Saint, who gave to the Church the volume which the devout Anglican places next to his Bible and Prayer-Book, never receiving the smallest recognition: diligently kept back from honour. A good many have read the cynical letter in which a small man, several times Premier, said that when it came to be well understood that no preferment whatsoever should ever go to any parson holding certain views, these views would come to be held by few. Was it so? Let history say. No doubt, for a while, the cause had its martyrs. But among the many silly blunders which that small man made, this was the greatest. And in the following generation, there was a most singular irony in the event.

As for the great man who has not been named, the trouble reached him (and it reached him to the quick) solely through what his enemies would call his self-esteem, and what his friends would call his sense of what was on public grounds right. Materially, he was remarkably well placed. You remember how a certain big man said that if he himself had the higher stall, somebody near him had the better feeding. Here, the feeding was quite beyond question. An old Scotchman once said to the writer that a humble friend was "no ony way terrible weel meatit." But none could be better meatit than that Prince of the

Church. The entire question was as to the height of the stall. It was not here as when a man who deserved anything, and was fit for anything, had to turn his back on all the old familiar faces, and go away to the antipodes to find his niche. It did not embitter him. But many who knew him, and who did not know him, felt the thing bitterly. It was sore, to picture what might have been and ought to have been: and then vividly call up the existing facts. Likewise, to place in the balances that most admirable and deserving man, and the respectable dull mortal on one special occasion preferred before him: preferred on the express ground that the inferiority was so great. The stronger the slap in the face.

It is a terrible thing to think of possible cases, where the great motive in the giver's mind was the desire to mortify the right man. You have heard of the brutal old Judge, not a century ago, who said, when about to deliver judgment, *We'll give it against him, to see how he looks.* Oh for the knout, and leave to lay on! Little epidermis would have remained to that old brute. But the lamentable fact is, that not venomous brutes, but fairly decent folk, are often swayed by the desire to cast cold water in the face of their betters. They do not realise the pain they cause. As Keats has it,

Half-ignorant, they turn an easy wheel,  
That sets sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Sydney Smith was a really amiable man : and he had gone through so much trouble that he might have learned to feel for others. Yet in his venerable and prosperous age, he related with great enjoyment how, long ago, he had written a most venomous article in the *Edinburgh Review* on a silly yet harmless book by some poor youth who might have been let off with a little good-natured chaff. He said that after making the review the very bitterest he could, he and Brougham went over the proof together, "to see if there was any chink where it was possible to pour in a little more venom." And as the benignant old clergyman, soon to go before his own Judge, said these words, he held up his hand with the gesture of dropping poison out of a vial. Most of those present laughed pleasantly. One or two did not. And I think their looks made Sydney feel uncomfortable.

Let me frankly say that when Sydney, joyously-beaming, told that story, he was possessed for the moment by a devil, and a specially mean and malignant devil : whose proper place was *at home*.

And when I have heard a gray-haired parson, talking of a lad in the same vocation who has failed of a living on which he had set his heart, and who is quite beaten down for the present, say, *Oh, he's a conceited creature : Very glad he has met with this mortification : It will do him a great deal of good :* I have wished for the knout again, with leave to apply it

freely. Malignity, and hypocrisy, being united, make a very disgusting compound. *Anathema sit!*

Now, turning from a subject which has not been a pleasant one to treat; and in treating which it was needful to exercise a most stringent self-restraint lest I should relate facts which I know: let a more cheerful truth be suggested. If there be rebuffs about (and I have known one keenly felt at four-score), let us rejoice that one has seen a very small matter cause a pleasurable exhilaration even in a very great man. Long ago I wondered much when Dr. Guthrie (who was a great man beyond question) stated in a speech to a vast multitude how lifted-up he was when he opened a letter sending him a thousand pounds for a good work of which he was the eloquent advocate. *If I had worn a wig*, said he, *I should have sent it spinning up to the ceiling.* But I have learned that as we grow old, we come to be thankful for a little thing. I have seen an unexpected subscription of twenty pounds cause manifest exhilaration for more than an hour: and that in evil days. Here, again, I should like to relate facts known to me. It must not be done. It would not do.



## VI.

### *THE NEW HYMNOLOGY OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK.\**



HE Scottish Hymnal was first used in public worship on Sunday, August 14, 1870; being then a collection of only 200 hymns. At the end of the year 1888, the Hymnal had grown to a volume containing 442 hymns; and two millions of copies of it had been sold. Such a sale is a noteworthy fact, as many authors and many publishers would acknowledge.

A word may fitly be said of a volume which, in a small country with a population less than that of London, and claiming to serve hardly more than half that population, has attained so considerable success. It may be permitted to the little brotherly band who prepared the Hymnal to look back upon

\* The Scottish Hymnal (with Appendix incorporated). For use in Churches. By authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. (1870-1889.)



*New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.* 77

hard and discouraging work which began twenty-three years ago: and while, with a single exception, they are still spared, one of the number may relate the little history. Henry Wallis Smith of Kirknewton, devout, cultured, sweet-natured, lovable, an expert and an enthusiast in Hymnology, has been too soon taken: but after these years all the others abide; doubtless a good deal changed.

A revengeful spirit is many times the function of a good memory: and there are folks who, looking back upon regrettable behaviour over twenty years, feel just as angry as they did when that behaviour was recent. Time does not run to some offences: and what is morally wrong ought never to be looked at but with reprobation. The writer has a remarkably good memory. He had very accurate knowledge of many unworthy schemings in departed days. And if he were vindictive, he could tell a very strange story (minutely accurate and fully vouched) of the unscrupulous opposition which the compilers of the Hymnal met for long time. But it shall not be done. There are opponents who are absolutely safe from reprisal. They were few, after all. And as for many truly good men who at the beginning of the work regarded it with jealousy, it is pleasant and cheering for those who prepared the Hymnal to know that they have lived the suspicions of these good men down. The age has wonderfully advanced in these twenty years: as those will conclude who shall peruse

78 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

a remarkable paper on *Church Worship* read by M. Bersier of Paris at the Fourth General Presbyterian Council held in London in July 1888. For one-tenth part of what the eminent preacher said without rebuke, faithful ministers have been solemnly excommunicated, and informed that they were perjured persons, inspired by the Devil. These things may be smiled at now: but they were very serious in days when it was proposed that "execution should be done," and when the best and ablest men in the Kirk were informed that "surely there was room enough for them without." Norman Macleod and Tulloch were told so. The survivors of that time have grown wiser. In any case, they have discerned which is the winning side. Much worthier considerations have swayed men, both learned and conscientious, who long looked unfavourably upon both the Hymn Committee and the Church Service Society. The disfavour of such was a cause of real regret to the active workers in each of these companies: and the removal of misapprehensions and suspicions has brought both cheer and thankfulness. It is pleasant to hard-working men who for a season were occasionally accused of Popery, Episcopacy, Arminianism, Socinianism, and even of Bourignianism (this last accusation, it must be confessed, did touch them to the very quick), to find it acknowledged by all whose estimate they value that they are heartily loyal to the Kirk and devoted to her service: though possibly they think to serve

her in a way of their own, which may not please everybody.

Let it be said here, in the most serious earnest, that the charm of the old homely worship of the Church of Scotland has never been more deeply felt, and never more frankly acknowledged, than by some of those who prepared the Scottish Hymnal. They would have kept the dear old way had it been possible: the old way which was hallowed by their earliest and tenderest recollections. They desired nothing better: and they knew that their fathers were far wiser and devouter men than themselves. But change had to come. A new generation had risen, that never had known the pathos of an Ayrshire *Tent Preaching*: whose eyes had never moistened as the voice of a great multitude went up through the calm July evening, stirring the air sweet with clover and thyme and all the fragrance of living and breathing Nature, in homely Martyrdom: in *Such pity as a father hath, Unto his children dear*. Not on this side of time will the hearts of some of us be so touched, as it seems to us now they were then. We would cast all Hymnals into the ocean, and entreat forgiveness for all our labour upon our own, if you could give us back those departed days, and their pure feeling of devout and peaceful elevation: bringing back, too, from the rest where they have been at home for long years, dear old faces (now no longer old), by far the kindest and sweetest which our aging

## 80 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

eyes have ever seen. But the old order had to go. In truth, the old order had gone before we thought of making our Hymnal. And what remained was that we should try to guide the inevitable change in the direction of that which is in the best and the true sense Catholic. Let these words be taken by some dear friends as said from the very heart of those who gave the Kirk its beautiful Hymnal. We confess, not without some disposition to the tears which come in the thought of the days that are no more, that we know moods in which *The Lord's my Shepherd* and *I to the hills will lift mine eyes* seem far more to us than any score of hymns ever written: and in which, if you come to hymns, we should rise up in vehemence against *Rock of Ages* and Mrs. Alexander's exquisite *I thirst*, which have been declared the finest in our tongue, the former by Mr. Gladstone and the latter by Bishop Maclagan of Lichfield; and declare that better hymn never was writ than that grand resultant of the severest cutting and carving, *O God of Bethel*. Kind friends, lovers of the old ways of the Kirk, believe that our hearts are with you; and that we have known seasons in which we wished that no one had ever heard of the Scottish Hymnal. It is only honest to say that we were pulled back speedily from sentiment to the discernment of practical exigencies; and that these moods were transient. For they were as though we wished that the children should never grow older; and that nobody should ever die.

Washington Irving, it is well known, writing the History of New York, thought it expedient to begin with the creation of the world. We might, if we were minded to imitate him, begin the story of the Scottish Hymnal by telling of certain preceding attempts to provide the Church of Scotland with a collection of hymns to be used in public worship. We shall not do so. Only one of them, we believe, ever came into practical use. It was used in very few churches: it contained only eighty-five pieces: and it was the keen disapproval with which the compilers of the Scottish Hymnal regarded it, which led to their undertaking the laborious and thankless task of preparing the volume now in general use. Only once, and then for a very few minutes, did the writer ever see one of the preceding collections. But that occasion is vividly remembered. And the glimpse then attained of the fashion in which the compilers set themselves to the work, made it extremely plain to him that they were going on a wrong line. Once upon a time, I entered a steamer which was wont to ply upon a certain noble river, that winds between Highland hills. And, seated on its quarter-deck, I beheld a certain friend, with a little volume in his hand. Never did man look more entirely satisfied with himself than did he: as he turned over the leaves in a supercilious, skipping fashion, and jauntily scribbled here and there with a pencil. On being asked what he was doing, he stated that he was a

## 82 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

member of the Hymn Committee of that day: and that here was a proof of a proposed Hymnal which was sent to each member to receive his emendations. He was beguiling his time, sailing down the river, by improving the hymns. In this easy manner did he scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn-writers. Slowly and laboriously had the authors written these hymns, carefully weighing each word. In the pauses of conversation, with no serious thought whatever, did the critic set down his random thoughts. With no small indignation I took the volume from him, and proceeded to examine his improvements. Not merely was every alteration for the worse: but many of the alterations testified my friend's utter ignorance of the first principles of metrical composition, and all of them testified the extreme narrowness of his acquaintance with Hymnology. Some of the lines, as altered by him, were astounding specimens of rhythm. And I learned, on that day, that not merely were the worthy members of Committee invited to cut and carve upon hymns to any degree, but that they were invited to compose original hymns of their own. This appeared wholly unnecessary. There are hymns enough already. Mr. Herbert Wyatt of Brighton mentions that in preparing his excellent collection, he had carefully examined thirty thousand English hymns. But when the little volume which bears the awkward title, *Hymns collected by the Com-*



*mittee of the General Assembly on Psalmody*, published at Edinburgh in 1860, was looked over, it appeared too obvious that some good ministers had attempted original composition in a field to which their peculiar genius did not extend. And their friends in the Committee did not like to refuse to print their verses. Of the first eighteen pieces contained in this little volume, seventeen were unknown to Lord Selborne: whose Book of Praise does not err on the side of exclusiveness. It is right to state that the Church of Scotland never approved this volume: the Committee published it on their own responsibility. And its use in churches was never authorised by the General Assembly. It is of course known to many readers that the Paraphrases, so long in use, are exactly in the same position. The Scottish Hymnal is the first collection of hymns which the Church of Scotland has formally authorised.

The first step towards the preparation of the Scottish Hymnal was an overture from the Presbytery of St Andrews to the General Assembly of 1866. That overture stated that the Book of Hymns prepared by a Committee of the Church had come to be used by several congregations: that this Book was not satisfactory, having been compiled on wrong principles: and it was proposed that the Assembly should so add to the existing Committee as to make it substantially a new one; and instruct this new Committee to prepare a hymn-book. This new volume to be compiled

#### 84 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

on principles exactly contradictory of those on which its little predecessor had been put together. For, first, No hymns were to be admitted to it, except such as had already found acceptance among Christian people for their acknowledged excellence. And, next, These hymns were to stand in the volume in the exact words in which their authors left them; unless where change was absolutely needful to bring their doctrinal tone into harmony with the teaching of the Church.

Thus the unjustifiable system of altering hymns, all but invariably for the worse, would be ended finally. Every one, moderately an expert in Hymnology, knows the deplorable fashion in which editors of hymn-books have been accustomed to smear and spoil the hymns they published: while still presenting them as the work of authors who would have repudiated these changes with indignation. Even yet, it is a most irritating experience to turn over many hymn-books. There is something intensely provoking in the self-sufficient attitude of an editor who is cutting and carving the composition of another man. For in every case in which change is made, the question comes just to this: Whether the eminent author's judgment, or the fussy editor's, is the better? To which may be added the further question: Whether editor or author has devoted the more time and thought to forming a just opinion? When the respectable Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter added a fourth verse to Cardinal Newman's exquisite *Lead, kindly Light*,

he certainly did not see himself as others see him. Newman and Bickersteth : which was the better judge what *Newman's* hymn should be? Nothing need be said as to the advantage of taking only hymns of established character. A brand-new hymn must be very good indeed, to be tolerated at all. Half the charm of many hymns lies in this : that they have been known so long, and so well ; they and their history. Doubtless an excellent new hymn is great gain : and every hymn was once new. But the original hymns offered by members of a Committee are, almost invariably, inexpressibly bad. And a Committee ought to be delivered from pressure. One has found that frankly to say that a piece is rubbish, tends to wound its author's feelings ; and even to make him a bitter enemy. And you do not wish to make more enemies than you can help.

It was in a crowded Assembly that this overture came on for discussion. It was of course opposed, by one or two good men who spoke in the interest of the existing little collection, and of those who prepared it. But it was approved by an overwhelming majority. And those who had criticised the little collection (some of them, it is to be confessed, very severely) were told to go and try whether they could produce something better. Here were their innings. And various loud Assembly speakers frankly declared that the new Committee's work would never come to much.

## 86 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

Not a word shall here be said of a regrettable attempt to prevent that work from ever beginning. The old Convener had been allowed to remain at the head of affairs: and, for a year, he simply would not call the Committee together. These things are long past. But a year was wasted. The Assembly's decision was made of no avail. The little collection went on being sung in a very few churches. And great indignation was felt among those who had moved for a worthy Hymnal. But the Assembly of 1867 appointed a new Convener (or Chairman): who has held office ever since. A very little band of men, fairly conversant with Hymnology already, and gradually to become Experts in that field, drew together: and the work was begun.

The year was not wholly wasted. Two of the new members of Committee, working independently, made each a large collection of Hymns: aiming at a faithful text. After many months, they compared their work. It was, to a startling degree, identical. But indeed in making a selection of the best two hundred English hymns (such was the number aimed at), there is little room for difference if the workers are in any way competent. It appeared, on careful examination, that one collection was so full, and accurate (the various pieces having been cut out of many books and arranged in a volume), that here was the basis of the coming hymn-book of the Kirk. It had been prepared by Dr. Rankin, now minister of the beautiful

*New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.* 87

parish of Muthill, in Perthshire. And he had already devised the felicitous title of *The Scottish Hymnal*. We hoped well of our work from the beginning. But, times without number, one looked at that title-page in Dr. Rankin's clear handwriting, not thinking that two millions of copies of it would appear in time.

The Committee was a large one. It contained many members, well versed in Hymnology, and anxious that the Church should have a good Hymnal. It is of course no secret that the Committee was not homogeneous. Various excellent men asked to be put upon it, or were continued upon it as survivors of the defunct company which had sent out the former collection; whose object distinctly was to make sure that there never should be any Hymnal at all. No doubt they acted conscientiously. They were absolutely ignorant of Hymnology. But they had a great fear that those who had been active in agitating for a new Hymnal were unduly Anglican in their leanings, and would try to produce a Hymnal of a decidedly Episcopal character. It was true that the men who had been thus active, were most of them members of the Church Service Society: and were known to be in favour of the organ in Church: likewise of that standing at praise and kneeling at prayer which are now all but universal, but which were then called *Innovations*, and declared to be "in opposition to solemn ordination vows." The devoutest and most

dignified of the Edinburgh clergy had recently, by a solemn manifesto in writing, withdrawn himself from religious communion with the new Convener, long a very dear friend. That individual had not (at that period) introduced any innovations whatever. But he had ventured to say that he thought his father and brother had done quite right in having organs in their respective churches. No pope ever held more strongly the doctrine of *The Personal Infallibility* than did the saintly man who excommunicated him in a Document which is carefully preserved ; and which is now absolutely incredible. It is impossible, in these days when the battle of Innovations is over for years and years, to realise how keenly feeling ran : what bitter language was used : and what terrorism was attempted. *Perjured* was a word familiarly applied to Innovators. And the word *Pickpocket* was of frequent occurrence. It was meant to convey that they drew their stipends under dishonest pretences.

The elements of controversy were plainly waiting. And, but that it would have been unworthy cowardice now, there were some who shrank from strife to that degree that they never would have entered the Hymn Committee. The new Convener was the individual who had got the Presbytery of St. Andrews to overture the Assembly for a new Hymnal : and who had supported the overture in the Assembly. It was quite fair, that having keenly condemned the old collection, he should be bidden to try his hand at a



*New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.* 89

better. And though, in those stormy meetings, the obstructive side was always lengthily argued, there was a decided majority on the side of progress when the vote came. It would be pleasant to mention names, now the most outstanding and honoured in the Kirk, the names of those who contended earnestly for a Scottish Hymnal. But, as is common in such cases, a small number bore the burden, and did the hard work.

Dr. Smith of Kirknewton has been named. A word must now be said of one to whom the Hymnal owes more than it owes to any other individual. Dr. Rankin of Muthill devised the name: strange to say, it was severely condemned by some. And the collection which he had made, was the basis of the new book. The great labour of verifying the text, and of compiling a list of authors, was Dr. Rankin's. It is impossible to speak too warmly of his industry, or of his judgment. Neither can too much be said of the brotherly harmony in which he worked, year after year, with the few real co-workers: in a field where there is room for very keen difference. Never was a little company of earnest workers more free from the desire to sound their own trumpet. A great readiness to yield to one another, was a characteristic of that little band. There never was a ruffle, nor a jar: never once, in these three-and-twenty years. They were warm friends when their work began: they were the warmest of all possible friends when it ended.

One among them was too much busied in many public matters to hold quite so tightly at the work as did Rankin, Smith, and the Convener. But the bright intelligence, the large information, the ever-faithful help and cheer of Dr. Herbert Story, son and biographer of the Saint of Roseneath, now the Professor of Church History at Glasgow, and as an Assembly speaker (to say the least) second to none; can never be forgot by those whom he stood by so loyally.

The meetings of the Committee commonly lasted for three or four hours. It was easy work for some to attend them who lived in Edinburgh, and who, though incumbents of large churches, appeared to have any amount of spare time. But the most efficient members had to travel many miles to attend: and they were already overdriven men. Fifteen times, in one dismal year, did one member of Committee arise in pitch-dark at 4.30 A.M., and make a cold journey of three hours to fight with saints at Edinburgh. When the fight was over, a journey of four weary hours in a parliamentary train. Some, too, durst not relieve their souls by breaking out upon obstructors: who fought hymns line by line and word by word: and were ever ready with the mention of ordination vows, and with the charge of a settled purpose to "shirk the doctrine of the Atonement." There was no point so minute, but it was made matter of long debate. It was here that one member objected

to the name of Hymnal, because it was "a Puseyite word." Another maintained that a *Hymnal* meant a *Hymn-all*: to wit, a collection of *all Hymns*: and as the volume would not contain *all Hymns*, but merely a selection, the title was misleading.\* Here one was taught that men of good ability and culture, suddenly called to judge of work which was quite outside their experience and capacity, may express the most extraordinary opinions. It was a man of real learning who wrote out, at length, his objection to Richard Baxter's well-known verse:

Christ leads me through no darker rooms,  
Than He went through before:  
He that unto God's Kingdom comes,  
Must enter by this door.

It seemed strange that looking upon such words, any mortal should have heart to write out that the verse (plainly never seen before) would not do: inasmuch as to make it rhyme, you must read the third line, "He that unto God's Kingdom *cooms*." Yet the present writer read that criticism; and a great many more of which this is a fair specimen. The permitted usage of half-rhymes, as *good* with *blood*, and the like, had never been heard of by that learned theologian. A most amiable country minister wrote to the Convener, that he *would as soon insert a hymn by the Devil, as one by Cardinal Newman*. Even *Abide with me* was matter of repeated and keen debate: a little party

\* See page 44 of this volume.

## 92 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

vehemently protesting against the last verse. As all the world knows, that begins "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes." A most genial Professor strongly objected to the use of capital letters in the words *Thou* and *Thy* in that line: also in all such cases. When asked, repeatedly, his reason, the only answer (given many times) was that he *did not like it*. Some, who did like it, could have suggested a better reason: To wit, that in volumes where you find the language in the perfection of its serious use, such capitals are not used. They do not occur either in the authorised version of the Bible, or in the Book of Common Prayer. Let me not name the Missal: save to recall the day when a conspicuous Assembly speaker picked it up, and said to the writer, *I wonder you would have rubbish like that upon your table*. As for *When our heads are bowed with woe*, it is impossible to reckon how often that famous hymn was under discussion. The objection, of course, was to the last line, *Jesus, Son of Mary, hear*: originally *Gracious Son of Mary, hear*. No objection could have been urged more keenly. Strange to say, in the General Assembly it was hardly raised at all. It was pointed out that as the New Testament says *Mary the mother of Jesus*, these words appeared to justify *Jesus the Son of Mary*. Tulloch, at one of his rare appearances, said in a loud voice, "You may doubt whether He was the Son of God, but surely not whether He was the Son of Mary." And as the appeal in the hymn is

to His real Humanity, this is quite lost in the common *Son of David*. Dean Milman's own alternative reading, *Jesus, born of woman, hear*, sings very awkwardly to Redhead's fine music. The last occasion on which the line was debated in the Committee is vividly remembered. The objection was being most tediously urged that the use of the line would tend to Mariolatry. Whereupon the gentle Dr. Robertson of Greyfriars was roused to unwonted wrath. Rising with a flushed face, he cried aloud, "That line can only lead to Mariolatry if our congregations consist exclusively of born idiots!" These words, from that good Protestant, ended the long debate.

After their severe condemnation of tampering with the text of hymns, the few workers were necessarily extreme purists in the matter of giving each author's work as he left it. In the earliest Proofs, the grand lines with which Baxter's famous hymn ends were printed "But it's enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him." Some of us still quote them so. But now that *it's* is only used in conversation, and that *'tis* has become the literary use, the fact had to be accepted. The principle of a faithful text has never been fallen from. But it was found that certain changes (not one of them devised by the Committee) had been made needful by the common consent of Christian folk. They are very few. Some are needful through this: that the homely quaintness of certain old hymns would not now tend to edification.



94 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

In Baxter's fine hymn, already twice alluded to (which he certainly began "*Now it belongs not to my care*") he wrote,

If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey :  
If short, yet why should I be sad,  
*That shall have the same pay ?*

No doubt, the logical coherence of the verse is quite lost in the universal reading of the last line, "To soar to endless day." But Baxter's own line was impossible. Lord Selborne escapes the difficulty, by omitting the verse. Then, in *Rock of Ages* (described by a critic as *Tillibody's* fine hymn), the last verse was given in the earlier Proofs as Toplady wrote it, beginning,

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
*When mine eye-strings break in death.*

But here, too, the Committee had to yield. Letters without number came to the Convener from persons recently bereaved, piteously entreating that these words should not stand : the imagery was too painful for them to bear. And the regulation line was given : "*When my eyelids close in death.*" The Christmas hymn always ascribed to Charles Wesley (which one of the most eminent ministers of the Church insisted to me was by Dr. Macduff), began "Hark ! how all the welkin rings, Glory to the King of kings." Universal use has forced a version which misstates the fact : "Hark ! the herald-angels sing, Glory to the new-born



King." And there are other changes. But even in a volume which lies before me, *Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists: by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., some time Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford*, the hymn begins in the familiar way. In the first Proof of the Scottish Hymnal, Charles Wesley was given accurately. But to almost all save curious readers, it was simply a brand-new hymn; and it would not do.

In the few instances where the author is not faithfully given, the Hymnal gives the reading commonly received. The compilers never once devised a reading of their own. Faber wrote, "*All* journeys end in welcome to the weary." The Kirk has not come to that: it is "Faith's journey ends." It was a different thing when all that had to be done was to omit a verse which would have condemned a hymn, from a hymn which was quite complete without it. Thus, the last verse of Faber's "*Sweet* Saviour, bless us ere we go" (the *sweet* is very Faberian, but it had to yield), would have made short work of the Hymnal when laid before the General Assembly. Yet it is very beautiful:

Sweet Saviour, bless us: Night has come:  
Mary and Philip near us be:  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.

And we wonder how many of those who have known an evening service begin brightly (there is no other word) with the pleasant "Brightly gleams our

96 *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

banner;" or even of the crowded thousands who heard it as recessional hymn when the vested choir of fourteen hundred singers defiled out of Lichfield Cathedral on a magnificent July day; could repeat the omitted second verse of that hymn.

Mary, God's dear Mother,  
Israel's Lily, hail!  
Pattern for Christ's children,  
In this sinful vale.  
In our times of trouble,  
Whither can we flee,  
But to our dear Saviour,  
Who was born of thee!

That would not do. Yet you had but to take this fly out of the ointment, and you had a sound Protestant hymn. For that matter, the stately old Professor Jackson (St. Andrews and Glasgow) often declared with energy that he was prepared to maintain the doctrinal accuracy of every word in these eight lines. Then he quoted Greek largely, and soon passed ordinary comprehension. And, as we are dealing with audacious statements, we may recall the hour in which it was resolved (for old sake's sake) to put in Norman MacLeod's "Courage, brothers, do not stumble;" but difficulty was experienced in finding a text for it. In a little a grave voice was heard: "Don't you see, *Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light?* Of course the text must be, *Ye are come to the General Assembly.*" It is not decorous to jest on such solemn matters. But as the speaker was the

most brilliant Assembly debater, it will be believed there was no malice in the suggestion. The Assembly may possibly have its faults: but it was not for him to indicate them.

The reader who has had some experience of such matters may imagine what it is to get a book approved by an Editorial Committee at which the average attendance in the latter years was twenty-five. Think of any magazine with twenty-five editors! And there is no matter in which likes and dislikes are keener than in regard to hymns. The Hymnal is a compromise. Many hymns are in it which the writer would have excluded. A few are excluded which he would have put in. "A living stream, as crystal clear:" "The roseate hues of early dawn:" "The King of love my Shepherd is:" come at once. But it is to be remembered that there is not a poor hymn in the volume, but some devout soul declared had given more help and comfort than any other fifty: and it was helpfulness, not literary elevation, at which we had to aim. It was well, too, to err in the direction of inclusiveness. Highly cultured souls need not use pedestrian hymns, though they are in the book. But it would be hard that good folk should look in vain for what they dearly prize.

The Hymnal was sanctioned by the General Assembly in May 1870. The majority was narrow. But it was eminently a case in which votes should be weighed as well as counted. And hostile criticism

may now be forgot. At this point, it would be pleasant for the writer to say a great deal which it is kind, and possibly wise, not to say. After some years of education, the day came for a larger volume. The same men who had prepared the original Hymnal compiled an appendix, which was soon incorporated. This was approved by the Assembly in 1884. Its preparation was easy and pleasant work. And the opposition to it, though extremely bitter, had little weight. The volume met a most cordial reception from all competent judges, and its compilers were specially cheered by the warm approval of the most eminent in the Anglican hierarchy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Lichfield, are specially remembered. But neither compilers nor publishers have once published any puff of their work. And they will not begin now, nor here. Some severe critics of the Hymnal have indicated what, in their judgment, are the finest English hymns. Some have composed original hymns of their own. We were thus enabled to estimate the value of their criticism. And we could not insert their hymns: though we have preserved them, carefully. The provision of suitable hymns has in a measure necessitated some kindly recognition of the main events in the Christian Year. Not indeed in all cases. A genial and prominent Assembly orator informed the writer that he would sing "Jesus Christ has risen to-day," upon any day in the year except

Easter-Day. Another good man gave out "Hark, the herald-angels sing," upon a bright day in June. I have heard "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," on a sunshiny August Sunday. But I have likewise been present when "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide," was sung at a quarter past twelve upon a blazing Longest Day. These things are strange. But they must needs be. The compilers have endured worse. To be called Ritualists, Rationalists, Romanists: wholly ignorant of Holy Scripture: despisers of their ordination vows: high-handed and insolent: to be told their Proofs were read with indignation: to have objectionable lines quoted from their book which never were in it; and to be accused of contemning vital doctrine by excluding hymns which had been present in every Proof ever printed: were all taken with a smile. Though discouraged, many times, they never thought of giving up.

To have done this work for the Church of our fathers, is a great reward. And it is the only one. From the first, the compilers resolved that they never should parade their names on a single copy of their book. Really, they thought this was modest, was self-denying. But the day came on which they were violently told that the reason why they suppressed their names was that they durst not state them. As the words were said, some good men looked sorrowfully upon one another, and sighed. It seemed hard: after all that had been gone through.



100. *New Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk.*

The present writer is one of the little band: and he would fain have told the story of the Scottish Hymnal at ten times the length. For many reasons, it is best told briefly. I do not say we are proud of our success: for we are too wearied, and have been too much beaten about the head to be proud of anything. But we are thankful: very thankful. Never were happier relations than those which have been, from first to last, between us and our publishers. When it is said that you may get the 442 hymns, beautifully printed, on good paper, for a penny, and this at a small profit on a sale of two hundred thousand, you will understand that things are well managed. We gave infinite trouble, by the innumerable Proofs which were asked for. Though the upshot be these 442 hymns, at least 700 were put in print. And arranging and rearranging were carried to a needless degree: for Hymns, like Psalms, come to be known by their numbers. Yet there never was a complaint. It is fit that this should be warmly acknowledged. And it is pleasant to think that a relation, most cheering to the working members of the Hymn Committee, was not wholly unsatisfactory on the other side.





## VII.

### HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

**T**HE Editor of a Periodical, published in Britain (*no matter where*, as the author of *The Elegy* puts it), some time ago sent to very many human beings a Document to be filled up by them.

We all get many Documents to be filled up: and the writer, for one, hates them most heartily. But this paper was one of exceptional and even startling character. At its beginning stood the general question, *Why are you a Failure?* And there were leading inquiries which followed, meant to suggest the likeliest reasons for a man's making a poor thing of this life.

This Document was widely sent. I do not know whether it was generally answered. The Editor explained, with entire candour, the principle on which he went in selecting the men to whom he sent it. They were men who, after a certain number of years in their vocation, had not attained a certain level which the Editor regarded as the dividing line between Failure and Success.

Possibly many who opened that paper, and of a sudden met the query which stood at the top of it, were surprised. *Not such a failure, after all*, were the words once said to the writer by a man whose failure was very patent. There are the two kinds of failure. The first, Never to attain any considerable place at all. The second, To attain such a place, and then hold it in conspicuous incapacity. A briefless barrister (and what clever fellows are such) who is never entrusted with any case at all (not even with Charles Lamb's *great first cause, least understood*), is not so sad a failure as a man who attains the Bench, for reasons which had no relation to his merits; and who, every time he takes his seat on it, makes it plain he had no right to be there. In my youth, I have seen such a Judge; and beheld the young Templars (of whom I was one) laughing at his idiotic remarks. They dare not appoint such Judges now.

One reason why many men who had that startling question proposed to them did not answer it, was doubtless that they did not regard themselves as failures at all. Another was that even men wise enough to know too well that they were failures did not choose to inform mankind, or a portion of mankind, whom it did not in any way concern, why they were failures. Many, who received that paper, had they answered it, would have stated reasons which might all have ranked under the great head of Ill-Luck. No mention would have been made of lack of capacity, of merit,

of sense, of temper. *That* would have been the last thing.

But my purpose, just this morning of a July holiday on which a heathery Perthshire hill looks sombre through my window, is to say something quite away from all this. There are human beings who are sometimes faced by a question far more difficult to answer; a question in the answer to which it often seems to them that personal qualities have little weight. I know more than two or three who sometimes put to themselves, in amazement, a quite different question than that sent out by the pushing London Editor: the question *Why are you a Success?* And the answer given with wonder upon many days, is *God knows!*

You are to remember that there are a good many successful men about. For men may have attained success without having reached anything like eminence. They may have got as high as they can: yet it may not be the top of Mont Blanc, but of a mole-hill. But if, looking back on the ruck with which a man started, we see he has gradually drawn ahead and is now running first by several lengths, we cannot but say such a man is such a success as his modest lot permitted. And how came it to be? Looking back, to-day, on one's old companions at school and college; and thinking how they turned out; there is great perplexity.

On a day in this summer, I entered into a quaint old dwelling: and sat for a while in earnest talk with one who put away from himself the greatest place in

a great vocation : a place (if worthily filled) as great as can be held by mortal man. I see the sensitive, worn, beautiful face : I hear the low and sweet voice, to-day. Something was suggested which made the writer say, *O that another man had been there !* And the quick answer came, *That man would have disappeared ere this : he would have been in his grave.* Then he passed on to speak of another, well known to both. *When I knew him, at such a place, so many years since, he seemed the coming man : there was nothing he might not have looked for.* No wonder that sometimes, in presence of the awful irony of the event, that coming man has said in the writer's ears, *I played my cards very badly.* Badly, doubtless, for worldly elevation : for the transient prizes of this Vanity Fair. Not badly at all, if the reverence and affection of the best of the Race are a reward worth the having.

If I were free to tell things which I know, I could tell what would startle many.

But not that, just to-day. Few things more touch one, than the unfeigned modesty of successful men. If the Document had asked such *Why are you a Success ?* they would have been startled. *Not such at all,* the answer would be. Far, far short of what had been aimed at. And the seamy side of the work known to the worker only. Think how Keble durst not look into the *Christian Year*. For it seemed to him as though the oblique revelations of its author's heart and experience set him far higher in the reader's

judgment than he deserved to stand: he, a poor weak sinful soul. I have known one to whom in a season of depression it was said, *Why, you are an awfully successful man:* and the only answer was a desolate moan. And whereas there are those who arrogantly set all success attained to the score of super-eminent merit, I have known those, beyond comparison more elevated, who set all to favouring circumstances: at the base of their theory of how things go here was an abiding belief which is hinted at in a phrase of devout music which the least-learned quite understand. It is *Fiat Voluntas Tua*. *You were Head-Boy at school*, one has said, and the answer was, *Yes, but I know the average was low that year.* One went on, *Then at College, you were first in every one of these huge classes; and you wrote many prize-essays and got all the prizes without one exception.* The reply came, *Yes, but there were no strong rivals. You know the Senior Wrangler of one year might not be the seventh of the next. There is no standard implied.* And there was added, with a sad smile, *You know the winner of a Donkey Race is only a Donkey.*

Such is the writer's experience of the few tremendously successful men he has known. In reply to the suggested question, *Why are you a Success?* just the two alternatives. One, *Because there was a poor lot of competitors.* The other, *Because everything was in my favour.* Which last means, as Southey put it, touchingly, concerning the poor idiot lad, *IT HAD PLEASED GOD.*





## VIII.

### A NEEDFUL CAUTION.



LITTLE while since, some words appeared upon a page like this, touching the pathetic and tragic question, *How they turned out?* I have somewhat to add to these: somewhat needful to be said, and (it seems to me) worthy of attention.

It would be pleasant to think that modesty always goes with merit and success: and in many cases, specially where the merit and success are of the highest, one has found it so. But not always. There has been a vapouring Lord Chancellor: There has been an Archbishop whose head was, for a time, distinctly turned. It is a book of enchaining interest, Mr. Macvey Napier's *Correspondence*; but it is a very sad one to read. Sad, that is, if you desire to think highly of poor human nature. And not merely has one known the story of an eminent and successful man who was extremely self-conceited: one has known the story of such a mortal who could not



bear to hear a good word said of any other mortal : and who spoke, habitually, in terms of extreme depreciation of the entire human race, with a single exception. One thought of the occasion on which Carlyle had a visit from Mr. Trumpington : Mr. Silas Trumpington. "I was much interested," said the sage, "in Mr. Silas Trumpington. The general impression left upon my mind by all his talk was, that if it had pleased Almighty God to consult him before creating this universe, he could have shown Him how greatly to improve everything in it :—except Mr. Silas Trumpington."

Of course, a French monarch had uttered the earlier part of the sentence, on the occasion of somebody offering an extremely absurd explanation of the manner in which the Creator had caused the planets to whirl round in their spheres. But to Carlyle alone pertained the suggestion that not even Silas Trumpington could have undertaken to point out any respect in which Silas Trumpington was capable of improvement.

Thinking how *God resisteth the proud*, and takes down the self-conceited in divers ways : a truth entirely reconcilable with the fact that such black-marked souls may many times attain to high places in this world :—one turned up certain familiar lines of Cardinal Newman. And, musing upon these, one felt how liable they are to be misapprehended : how capable they are of misleading : if they be accepted

as certainly true : if they be accepted without a good deal of explanation.

Should we set these lines before a young fellow, hopefully entering on the work of his life : and thinking to himself how glad and proud his father and mother will be if he gets on creditably, and attains what may be called success and distinction ?

I take it for granted that there is no harm in a boy's working hard to get the medal at school. I venture to predict that the forthcoming Life of good Archbishop Tait will not suppress the fact that he was Dux of the Edinburgh Academy. Neither is there any harm when a lad at College aims at the coveted *First Prize in the Moral Philosophy* : or at a Degree *with highest honours*. Mr. Arnot wrote his pleasant Life of James Halley from a distinctly Christian point of view. Yet he emphasised, strongly, the facts of James Halley's University standing. And when College days are past, and the young man enters on his profession (be it whatsoever), I assume it as certain that it is to his credit and not to his discredit that he do his work to the very best of his ability : and that, though his work is not done for human praise, he is pleased and thankful when it is so done that it gains the good word of good men. There is nothing in all this which is inconsistent with the crucifixion of self, or with the cultivation of true humility.

So we come back to the Cardinal's words. And

we are to consider them carefully. Anything from his pen deserves to be considered carefully.

"The way to mount up is to go lower. Every step we take downward makes us higher in the kingdom of heaven. Do you desire to be great? Make yourself little. There is a mysterious connection between real advancement and self-abasements.

"Here is a rule which extends to whatever we do. It is plain that the spirit of this command leads us, as a condition of being exalted hereafter, to cultivate here all kinds of little humiliations: instead of loving display, putting ourselves forward, seeking to be noticed, being loud or eager in speech, and bent on having our own way, to be content nay to rejoice in being made little of, to perform what to the flesh are servile offices: to be patient under calumny: not to argue: not to judge, unless a plain duty comes in: and all this because our Lord has said that such conduct is the very way to be exalted in His presence."

The *rule* which is so extensive: the *command* whose spirit leads us, with an eye to being elevated, to put ourselves in the way of all manner of little mortifications here: are the outcome of Christ's parable to people who chose out the chief places at a certain feast. It is far too familiar for quotation. And no one ever forgets the *Go and sit down in the lowest room*: nor the moral which ends the whole: *For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*

The *Speaker's Bible* (I say it with sorrow) is giving to fencing with words: to evading saying either Aye or No in cases where the true answer must be either Aye or No. But even that painfully-cautious Commentary has an intelligible sentence here; though it follows it up with no explanation. "It is not, as might perhaps be inferred, a mere counsel of worldly politeness grounded on selfish motives, but truly a parable teaching the great lesson of humility." I know the writer of the notes upon St. Luke's Gospel: he is one of the best of men: but one would have liked something more here. But that I specially hate the word *desiderate*, I should use it now. Dean Alford is much better. He says, "All that *false* humility, by which men put themselves lowest and dispraise themselves *of set purpose to be placed higher*, is, by the very nature of our Lord's parable, *excluded*: for that is not *bonâ fide* to humble one's self."

Well and truly said, careful and conscientious scholar: gone where the mists have lifted, and everything is perfectly clear.

True humility, following upon a real discernment of what we ourselves are, our own littleness, sinfulness, and ill-deserving: is a grand thing. To take the lowest room because we feel in our hearts that we deserve no better: because we are well-content to be there: because we are aware that if all the truth were plainly revealed, we might be held unworthy of any place at all: therein is reality: therein is Christian

humility, that vital and fundamental grace. But I do not believe that any one, thus indeed taken-down, will fuss about looking for gratuitous humiliations, and then putting himself in the way of them. There will be no heart for that kind of thing. And that kind of thing evolves a subtle self-consciousness and self-conceit. Number One is uppermost in the thought of him who is evermore seeking to "make himself little." Even this is bad enough: is very bad. But there is worse. Take Dr. Newman's sentence complete: "Do you desire to be great? Make yourself little." If we make ourselves little to the end that we grow great: if we seek these little mortifications, mainly with an eye to subsequent elevation, whether here or hereafter: we are merely Pushers of a specially mean and tricky type. We are selfish schemers, eager for self-advancement: though we have been led to take a somewhat unusual and eccentric mode of attaining it: forgetting that the great laws of the spiritual order, and He who is above them all, cannot possibly be hoodwinked by any measure of false pretence.

Wherefore it seems expedient to say to all devout and earnest readers of Cardinal Newman's words, Beware lest you take them in a wrong sense: a sense in which he did not mean them. Doubtless he is a Roman Catholic: and days have been in which the Roman Church made much of austerity, of voluntary suffering and self-denial: even to the



degree of appearing to imply that by self-inflicted punishment a poor soul might in some measure make satisfaction for its wrongdoings: that God would never be hard on a tortured creature who had been so awfully hard upon himself. But surely the Cardinal never would teach anything so flatly contradictory of vital Christian doctrine: never would fail to press on every hearer or reader that the awful cup was drained for every man by One who finished His atoning work long ago. It is for discipline's sake, not as anything meritorious, that the willing endurance of all mortification is commended. And this must be repeated, over and over. For something steals in, which would tell another story. And even as discipline, it seems to me that tribulation, of what sort soever, is not for us to seek but for God to send. We desire earnestly, and each hour as it passes, to be nearer to our Saviour. But, when we really think, there is something very awful in adding *Even though it be a cross* that lifts us near. And there is the cross of sordid mortification and care, as well as the cross of heroic endurance. Furthermore (and this is to be remembered) the cross may come, yet fail to lift us near. It will lift us near, only if sanctified by the Blessed Spirit. Apart from Him, it will sour, it may madden. O beware, my brother, how you invite any suffering, greater or lesser, which you may honestly escape! Beware of presumption.

In any case, it is not in human nature, even when



in some lowly measure sanctified, to "like to be despised." And an awful suspicion of insincerity gathers about the quest of gratuitous humiliations. Enough will come, without seeking. And humility comes of the deep sense of unworthiness. It is a thousand miles apart from a readiness to take slights with a deep inward sense that we deserve quite other things; and with an eye to make capital of this, in this world or in another. Popes and Emperors never did anything quite so conceited as when they washed the pilgrims' feet (already washed with extreme care). For the suggestion was, *See what great folk we are!* And the counsel to be ever seeking little humiliations, for the sole end of being afterwards set on high, is simply the counsel of a specially mean way of self-seeking. The setting on high which we look for is not the elevation to a higher room, to a material throne. It is the gaining some lowly measure of the mind which was in Christ. The question is not *Where we shall be put.* It is *What we shall be.*



## IX.

### A PLEASANT ILLUSION.

**I**T was a beautiful Sunday afternoon: autumnal, sunshiny, still. I had been at church in the morning: and now there was an hour of rest. For the rational arrangement of morning and evening service prevailed. The morning service had been specially hearty and helpful. One had reason to hope that the evening would not be less so.

The sermon had been upon *The Discipline of Sorrow*. The preacher had tried to show how plainly it is God's purpose that sorrow should come to us all: and how much good comes of trouble, disappointment, and bereavement: provided (and this is a great provision) that they are rightly taken. And of course they cannot be rightly taken unless by the help of the Blessed Spirit.

It was within the knowledge of many that a special cloud of sorrow and care had darkened down upon a good many homes in that little place. Times come

(you will find as you grow old) in which many things will go against you, in a very vexing and mortifying way. I have just been re-reading a biography, wherein a chapter gives a touching account of *The Saddest Year*. But at that morning service, it appeared as though divers stricken hearts were lifted up for the time. You get glimpses of the rightness and kindness of Christ's ways, under which you can honestly acquiesce in things: to a degree which your friends would not believe. There is a grand meaning in the word *Islam*: it names an attainment which is just as vital in Christianity as in the false system which has wrongly appropriated it. It means *Thy will be done*. And beyond any intellectual effort to see the case rightly, and so discern that *the right way* leads through this dark valley, there is the direct uplifting of Devotion. Too often, indeed, *that* puts us for an hour on the mountain-top where it is good to be: and then we come down-hill again to where it is cold and dark. The worthiest and noblest cheer is transient: just as truly as that lamentable kind of uplifting which a broken-hearted genius declared could make somebody victorious over all the ills of life. It is the inexorable condition of our life here that the Best, even in the realm of spiritual influence, must needs be a Blink: must flit away. When the last hymn was sung on that morning, beautifully and heartily sung, by a reasonable multitude which might have been numbered if you had taken time, trouble and

care and disappointment were beaten down under foot for the hour. Many hearts were, in plain fact, *lifted up*. Sir Arthur Helps was not a professional preacher, though he was one of the best that ever instructed his fellow-men. And he said that *the consolations of religion are the grand support of human nature under trouble*. This is just as certain as that we live by food : or that two and two make four.

Many people came away, feeling very kindly towards every mortal known to them : very peaceful and resigned. Let it be confessed the writer was numbered among these.

But while resting on that quiet afternoon, the bright autumn sunshine looking in ; feeling calm and content, and (sad to say) not without a certain disposition to feel somewhat pleased with one's self : thoughts of caution came.

We had been shown how good it is that things should go against us, with reasons so adequate and so warmed with feeling, that we thought we could acquiesce in anything it might please Christ to send. We would not even wish that things should go in our way : but only that we might be reconciled to all that might come, and sweetened and subdued thereby.

To begin with, one thought of the pleasant and cheering surroundings amid which we thought all this. Do not fancy this is a small matter, though it is only a beginning.

We had been thinking that we could take little

fretting cross-incidents and worries (and no doubt greater opposition and mortification too) bravely and sweetly, and be the better for them: just in a place where everything was going exactly right, and as could be wished. Everything present to us was most cheering. There was not a solitary cross-incident or cross-influence.

We had gone away to church on a bright beautiful morning: the last of September. The crisp bracing air strung body and mind. The way was along a solemn and beautiful street: the memories of long ages linger there. You remember, my friend, the evening before, how we walked along it as a magnificent red sunset filled the whole western sky to the zenith. When we turned, under a great pointed arch of inexpressible perfection, and looked due west, the vast expanse of red sky, the rows of fading limes, the gray long street, bending naturally as mediæval streets bend, we both exclaimed *A glorious sight!* I have seen the street on raw rainy days since then: but these are forgot, and that aspect of it abides with me, and will abide. You were to preach next morning, and you preached wisely and admirably. I remember your sermon well; but that sunset even better. And you will not blame me.

We had entered into a church which in our region would be called very impressive. Its size is great: and those ancient arches have bent over many generations. The congregation was large: and a great



many were present who need not and would not have come but that experience had made them like to do so. For their homes were far away. The music was touching and hearty : and you and I, my friend, had been able to have exactly what we wanted : a privilege not given to all : and a great privilege. The prayers were most beautiful : circumstances make us free to say that. The sermon was listened to in dead silence, and deep attention : there was not a stupid nor uninterested face. Everything, to the least detail, went exactly as one wished : while it was pointed out how good it is for us that things should go as we do not wish : and, in fact, the opposite way. We came away very pleased with everything : for everything was so pleasing.

But, in the afternoon rest, it occurred :

Suppose, even in the matter (the small matter, some would say) of the outward surroundings : that we had been brought to the proof.

If we had found an empty church (and men as good as you and I have that) : a handful, scattered sparsely, of heartless hearers : terrible praise : and extreme inattention to the sermon : Here would have been the chance to find if it is really good to be disappointed. Ah, I know how one there would have felt ! Very beaten-down indeed : in truth, flattened. One would have tried to acquiesce. One would have asked special help. And it might have come. It has come. But it would have been needed, sorely, to make a hearty and uplifting service. And, to say



the fact, the service would probably have been very heartless and disappointing. There shall be no conventional sham. We know poor human nature. When I was a youth, and first read the story of Dr. Arnold's death (he died on a Sunday morning), I was startled much by the mention Stanley makes of "the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day." It seemed there was something wrong. Ought not the services to have cheered some little under even that awful blow? Ah, not at first. And, for many days, only a saintly soul here and there.

The upshot of my entire reflection was, that we can acquiesce beautifully in God's decrees when peace is appointed to us. We bow, sweetly, before the *much tribulation*, when it is absent just then. We bear up, wonderfully, in being disappointed of some thing we did not much wish to get, and never expected. We can stand the troubles which do not reach us to the quick, and which leave a strong balance on the right side. The resultant of the entire state of matters is not tribulation at all, but just the opposite. And then we fancy ourselves very resigned, and think we are entitled to credit for not having a rebellious spirit.

Let us think what are the things we ask, in great trouble.

1. That it may be taken away. And quite right to ask that. But there is no submission here.

2. That we may be reconciled to it: being made quite resigned to God's will. Quite right to ask this too. Only it practically comes to the same thing as the first. For it means that *suffering* is removed. Each of these prayers is a prayer for *ease*. \*The great conquest would be,

3. That it should *not* go away; and that we should *not* be reconciled to it: but that we should be helped to endure, patiently, what is felt as keen pain; a daily thorn in flesh or spirit: an awful blank that makes the world empty: a thirst unslaked. Then, that by all this we should be weaned from things here, and made heavenly-minded: also that our temper be made sweet, sympathetic, forbearing, unenvious, unselfish. Which is not natural: Which can be only by the Holy Spirit's help. And by much pains of our own. And very imperfectly then.

I remember vividly, a fearfully wet Sunday when a fine one was greatly needed, and reasonably looked for. I hear a voice, yet, saying, "Now don't you tell me this is all very kind and good: It is not." I remember, too, a man who, after a life of great toil and self-denial, was able to buy a sweet little country place, hoping for a peaceful sunset. He had not entered his home a week, when he was stricken down by most agonising illness; and in another week he was gone. They told him what was coming. All he said was, "It is very hard." I knew another who when an awful blow fell, said just three words: *Fiat*

*Voluntas Tua!* But he never spoke of that trial again. I am sure he had his lonely struggle.

More than this: When you fancy that, like Van Artevelde, you have "tamed your sorrow," you will find you have not. One recalls Miss Procter's touching line, which says how when a certain season comes back, "My old sorrow wakes and cries." Things which you thought you had got over, sting again: the cicatrised wound smarts and rankles, sometimes. One of the sweetest-natured of men, and the humblest (to be an able man), once told me how an early disappointment which had changed all this life was keenly felt after more than forty years. And take a great trial devoutly as you will, you must suffer, sorely, till time does its anodyne work.

That a trouble is good for you in the sense in which that morning's sermon said, does not mean that you come to like it, or to persuade yourself that you like it. Ah, the broken-hearted formula, *It is far better as it is!* You do not like it. You do not like the cold fireside. You do not like the failure of faithful work. But you bow silently under the rod, taking the stripes with a moan, and feeling them very sore: yet aiming at the three words which in our language grow to four: and say *Thy will be done.*

Do not think that either pains or prayer will make great sorrow cease to be great sorrow. For the present, it must needs be *grievous*. The good comes *afterward.*

It is a pleasant illusion to think otherwise : and it can never be good to be deluded. When real painful illness lays its awful grasp on you, you find it an immense deal worse than you had fancied it could be. Even so with real great sorrow. You find out how wrung a heart may be, while yet you do not die.

You think you are beautifully resigned to sorrow and disappointment (when God may send them), because they are not present with you. You think you could bear anything (even a cross) that might lift you nearer to Christ ; because it has been skilfully and sincerely shown you what good may come (afterward) of being stricken and bereaved : you meanwhile being neither.

Another thing I am obliged to say. And I say it unwillingly. But you need not shut your eyes.

An expression of entire resignation to all things going wrong, beautifully and accurately sung by a fine choir and a great congregation in a solemn church where from first to last all things have gone perfectly right, where there has not been a fly in the ointment, but everything has smoothed you down into calm satisfaction, all outside trouble being quite forgot ; is not an act of resignation at all, but one of exultation. Thankful joy is an excellent thing. And we may hope for it in God's house. But when we find it, let us not take credit for lowly submission.

I have seen *that* ; and been rebuked by the sight. But the patient sufferer was *alone*.

Nay : not alone.



X.

*AFTER A YEAR.\**



HE name must not die out of common speech. And it will not, while some of us remain.

It was a dark week in this little place, this time last year. It was on Saturday, February 13, that Principal Tulloch died. It was on Thursday, February 18, that he was buried. The day of the week, just at first, is more than the day of the year. Here is that Thursday back again, though February 18 is Friday.

First, the little gathering on that gloomy afternoon in the antique room where he worked : worked by the fire in winter, by the window in summer. The light-oak coffin was placed just where, through the bright half of the year, the bright face used to look up as one went in. The little gathering of the very nearest ; and of just two or three friends who in fact broke down worse than they did. And then the

\* 1887.



simple customary service. Some hopeful passages of Holy Scripture : and all knelt in prayer.

But there must be a special observance of such a day. Carry him out over the threshold worn of his frequent feet for these thirty years. Under the old archway over which he slept. Borne on the shoulders of six of his students, he was carried the little distance to the Parish Church ; and laid down hard by where Archbishop Sharpe (four years older : Tulloch was but sixty-two) was laid 207 years before. The church looked black as night. More than two thousand were there : real mourners : among them the Bishop of the Episcopal Communion and the Priest who represents the Mediæval Church, united in doing honour to that true Broad-Churchman who desired to see good in all honest souls. The opening sentences of the Burial Service. The ninetieth Psalm touchingly chanted (not in the metre of Francis Rous). A lesson from Old Testament Scripture : another from the New. Then fit prayers solemnly read by the Moderator of the General Assembly. Next, to Redhead's music, Dean Milman's grand hymn, *When our heads are bowed with woe*. Then the blessing ; and the congregation silently went.

No one who saw it will ever forget the procession along South Street. It is a beautiful street ; even when the limes are leafless. An academic procession. Red robes, black robes, bright bits of colour, in the darkness, of many varied hoods indi-



cating as varied degrees. Not often has the like been seen here for three centuries. No one living is likely quite to see the same in St. Andrews again. The boy who came to St. Andrews at thirteen, and whose life has been bound to St. Andrews ever since, was carried through characteristic St. Andrews to his rest: not through modern streets the like of which you can find anywhere. Under his beloved home: under the University library where we have all so often seen him preside at stately functions: under the Western front of the Cathedral: through the Pends, beautiful in desolation. Then laid to his rest under the shadow of those two famous (but ruined) churches: His friend Dean Stanley used to say, *No sacred spot in Britain*. And beneath, but a little way off, *the sea which he was so fond of*. So one of his boys said to me, standing the day before upon the spot.

In a heavy drift of sleet the coffin was lowered down: the grand words of Christian hope being said over it. Of course (as Tulloch sometimes said), there is but one Burial Service possible at the grave for such as speak the English tongue.

In a little while, a great cross of gray granite will be set up to mark the place. Already, a great many people go and stand silently there for a minute. He is not in the very least forgotten. He is not less missed (by some) at all.

No worthier, brighter, or better successor could

possibly have been found than Principal Cunningham. Learned, able, liberal, sympathetic: the Kirk has given him her best, and he deserves it all.

But when the Old Guard, still surviving, was brought forth to propose the health of the Third Napoleon on his ascending the throne, he spoke warmly of the new Sovereign. Then the old man added, with a sob, *Mais sans oublier l'autre !*



## XI.

### *THAT WINDOW.*



T might not be very much elsewhere ; but it is a great deal where it is. It is indeed a stained window of three broad lights, about fourteen feet high : and its eminent makers are in the belief that they never made a finer. But the outstanding fact is, that here is something designed to be beautiful, something in the nature of Ornament, where nothing of that sort has been aimed at for three hundred years.

This is the huge parish church of an ancient University city, which it is quite unnecessary to name : the Church of the Holy Trinity, founded by Bishop Turgot in the year 1112. Probably a great mediæval church was never more dismally transmogrified. The writer will not forget how the distinguished Bishop of Carlisle, Harvey Goodwin, Second Wrangler, after a "round of the ruins" (so Chalmers called it), ending in the parish church, said to him with a rueful countenance, "Well, it is very sad to

see your Cathedral in ruin, but it is much sadder to see the parish church as it is to-day." It is still 163 feet in internal length (only 40 fewer than glorified St Giles' Cathedral): and it has a great Transept, in which is the huge and tasteless monument of Archbishop Sharpe. But monstrous galleries all round give the church, as seen from the ground-level, the aspect of a Circus: and it is only by going to "Ten Commandments," high up in "The Believers' Gallery" at the West end, and gazing towards the East, that one can make out the long, narrow-looking church of the twelfth century: narrow-looking, like all Cathedral Churches, which in fact are very broad: but the arcade of shafts, dividing them into centre-alley and side-aisles, gives that aspect: producing what the Philistine calls a "Gothic Vista."

It is many years since the designs were prepared for restoration, so far as that may be. For, a hundred years ago, the church suffered horribly at liberal but ignorant hands, and there is no practical hope of bringing it back to what it was when John Knox preached in it, with vehemence so extreme that he "was like to ding the pulpit in blads:" or to what it was when Archbishop Sharpe's raiment, stained with blood, was spread down there before the same pulpit, while the Bishop of Edinburgh preached the funeral sermon, presumably in calmer strain. "Cold water to the thirsty soul" we know on venerable authority, is pleasant. But cold water, in excessive

quantity, to the church-restorer is disheartening. The question of Money never arose. We did not get that length. The *Preleminaries* tripped us up: tripped us up for the time. Yet a single subscription was offered—offered in a very modest way. For when the writer one day showed the design to a liberal man still happily to the fore, he looked intently on it, and, without raising his eyes from Mr. Lessels' pretty drawing, he said in a mild voice, "Put me down for five hundred pounds." Would we had many such men! I need hardly say it was soon put about that the solitary subscription was Two Guineas: the more spiteful gossips adding that the subscription expressed the writer's personal liberality. Who invented the story I know not. But I read it in print the other day, and never dreamt of contradicting it.

The church-architect had little heart to try for lesser items of improvement, all of which would be swept away in a general restoration. Even an organ would, in present circumstances, of necessity be built where only the most blinded Philistine would leave it when these frightful galleries go. As for the pulpit, those who speak from it have no more than the gloomy satisfaction of thinking that it is possibly the ugliest in Christendom: all save the dove with the olive leaf, *pacis nuncia*, which is a beautiful survival of better times.

But the window was offered: and it was possible so to place it that whatever of good may befall the



church it may abide. It is the costly gift of the family of an eminent Doctor, long an Elder. And it is a beautiful window. The central light has a grand figure of the Saviour healing the sick. It is the traditional Face, which must express the truth: it is shown at the very best: sweetness, authority, compassion are there. The form is majestic: and the beneficent Hands stand out from the painted glass in a wonderful way. You will hardly find a worthier representation. On the Saviour's right hand, occupying that light, is St. Luke, the Physician: the right saint here: a venerable but firm face and figure. And in the light on the left hand, of necessity, St. Andrew leans upon his cross. *That* had to be. *He* is our own. Ask any Sunday scholar here *Who was the first-called Apostle?* and you get an instant answer, indicating a personal concern and a pardonable pride. All the treatment is fine: the colours are rich but subdued. Wooden mullions, of incredible shabbiness, were taken away. They gave place to graceful tracery in stone: bar-tracery: severely simple, but indicating the competent hand of one who knows. You might not make much of it in the Cathedral Churches of either Glasgow or Edinburgh. But understanding souls are thankful for it in the gray place to which both had to rank second of old.

Surely this is the beginning of better things: a hopeful start. People here, a few, of unutterable ignorance combined with great self-sufficiency, are



ready to express a judgment on matters which they do not understand. I have heard one such say, with confidence, "It is a very fine church as it is." He said this to a great Anglican prelate, who made no reply to him. But, turning away, the prelate said quietly to somebody else, "His opinion is of no value."

To see that solemn light, those beautiful and sacred figures, is a great thing indeed here. Human beings who have abundance of grand stained glass would doubtless smile at our simple enthusiasm. Let them. It may please them, and it will not harm or hinder us. Here is our first recognition, for centuries, of the fitness of Beauty in God's house. That is a great thing.

The late Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, wise and cautious Scotsman, declared, on a solemn occasion, that "It is debasing, not to say demoralising, to look daily at an ugly object." Indeed it is so. But the pathetic beauty of *THAT WINDOW* will help us all.



## XII.

### HOW THEY DIVED.

**U**NLESS some of us manage to be easily pleased and interested, we are not likely to be pleased or interested at all. So does our lot circumscribe us.

But to a being of moderate expectations, this is very pleasant. For the time, one does not want anything more. This is the Step Rock at old St. Andrews: at high water the best bathing place (for good swimmers) in this world. And this is a perfect August day: warm and bright, with just a bracing suspicion of the crispness of the coming Autumn.

There is deep water at this moment all around: the tides rise and fall vastly here. You shall not have the feet, for I have forgot them. They are very many.

No fresh water whatever mingles with this salt German Ocean: for the little Swilcan Burn is like the bad corn-field which recurred to the old minister's

mind when he was giving thanks for the harvest, *really not worth counting*. And this steep rock has ledges for divers of all attainments. You may step into the water on the level. You may dive into it from five or six feet above the surface. Then comes the heroic Cleek; and the still more heroic top of the rock, which terrifies one to look down from. It must be four-and-twenty feet above high water. Yet certain of these lads make little of it. They go down from it like Sappho from "Leucadia's far projecting rock of woe." But the result is more satisfactory.

At one side, against the rock, there is a sheltered chamber, screened off from human gaze, where the youths undress. Then they quietly present themselves here where I sit, a couple of yards off. I have come to see them, being interested in them all, but especially interested in certain of the buoyant array. For, at this season, there are even too many here abiding who bear the writer's lowly name. It is pleasant, too, that it is just the lads who come home from school bringing their prizes with them, and who are bidding for a fair degree at the University, who are the strongest swimmers and the most heroic divers. Pope is quite out of date now.

Into that clear, green, deep water the youths go, head first, at the beginning from a moderate height. They are but a moment beneath the surface: then with strong and deliberate strokes they make for the rock and are out upon it. Nor must it be forgotten

that some sturdy swimmers, as much at home in the water as on land, prefer resolutely to jump in, feet-foremost. They are the exception: and it is certainly the less-dashing way of entering *the liquid element below*. It is a grand thing to have that composed command of drowning Water: to love it, as Byron said he did, and to have no fear of it at all. Did not the writer once set forth in a public discourse the duty of learning to swim: incumbent upon all healthy youths and maidens: specially incumbent upon those whose work is on the waters, and whose harvest is often gathered in at the cost of "lives of men?" I have known a precious life lost for want of power to swim half-a-dozen yards. I shall not forget a bright forenoon on which I unwillingly approached the door of a little dwelling, and heard the laugh of the young wife sitting in the sunshine beside it—I being charged with news for her that ended all her laughing for many and many a day. The writer must sorrowfully say that the discourse in question produced just about as much effect as most of his other public instruction. Our boys and girls swim like ducks: just those who are least likely to incur the risk of drowning. But I fear that, even yet, a fisherman or a sailor who is a good swimmer is an exceptional man. I will confess that, apart from a singular fatalism, fishermen and sailors have several times given me their reason for deliberately choosing not to be able to swim. But this is Saturday afternoon: and I have no time either

to state it or answer it. Only let it be said that nearly every question concerning human conduct has its Pros and Cons.

Perhaps twenty lads are here on the Step Rock at this high water. Every man is an admirable swimmer and diver: There is not a Duffer among them. Indeed a Duffer would not be comfortable here. Five or six youths are outstanding: Two, it may perhaps be said, are chief of all. And not without pride does the writer look at either of them. They are going now from tremendous heights. To see the alert figures cleaving the mid-air, is a sight to see. Surely the race is not deteriorating, physically. Strength, nerve, skill, courage, are all here in any quantity. Sometimes, by a deft twirl communicated by a friend as they leave their foothold, the lads whirl round like wheels in the air. Sometimes a sturdy youth jumps in from a great height with another on his back. Sometimes two or three dive in together, holding hands. This is not without peril. I fancy, somehow, that after a somewhat reckless dive, I saw a head going about on the surface of the sea from which proceeded sounds like those which of old came from the Factor at Dunkeld, when he found the Duke not at home. Only *he* "stood in the middle of the road." But here entire good-nature and kind mutual help are the rule: whether on the rock, or whirling through the air, or in the warm and home-like water. I note that when anything specially daring



is to be done, the lads do not *shiver on the brink*. They *make haste, and delay not*, to get in, which words formed the text of the first sermon preached by the writer's Father: an incomparably better man.

My eminent predecessor was wont to say that when his married friends advised him to get married, and assured him that he would like it, the whole facts reminded him of lads bathing in very cold water: and in reply to a friend's enquiry *Is the water warm?* replying *Oh, delightful*, with chattering teeth and blue countenance. There is nothing of that kind here. The enjoyment is real. And all these gyrations look so easy, that there is great temptation to plunge in too, and to attempt the like. Do not upon any consideration, middle-aged friend. You would repent it.

I have seen to-day just as heroic diving and swimming as may be found in this world, unless indeed you think of London Bridge, or Niagara: which is tempting Providence. And these brave youths, every one of them trained in a Public School, are absolutely devoid of self-conceit: as real merit ought to be, but is not always.





### XIII.

#### THAT BRIDGE AFTER TWO YEARS.



YOU begin to fight with gloves on, when necessity has arisen that you enter into controversy with an old friend, with whom you had long thought and felt alike concerning most things. But gradually the fight grows keen, and you hit just as hard as you can. It is sad: but it must be.

I shall not relate what daily-recurring sensation and perception have carried this home to me. *It has been borne in upon me*, as a friend remarked at a Committee-meeting, stating that he had discovered for himself that two and two make four. No doubt it makes a great difference when any mortal (young or old) finds out even that for himself. But this May afternoon let us turn from such questions, seeking soothing: where it was found before.

It was this day two years that I told *How we built the Bridge*. I look back yet with relief on that little blink of relief from common Worry. And I have come to see the Bridge again to-day.

138 *That Bridge after Two Years.*

Nobody minds it now. It had its little day (like certain departed friends, quite forgotten by many though ever-remembered by some): and now its day is over. The stream of traffic flows over it, calmly and with intermission: flowing upon a dead level: as with a more famous bridge of Telford's of which a farmer complained. *It's no a bridge ava': ye never ken when ye're on it and when ye're aff it.* And indeed in childhood, in quiet Ayrshire, the writer would have held with that farmer. In those days one looked for a rainbow arch: a great pull-up and then a steep fall-down: though needless. For the Lugar flowed over the warm pebbles in May in scanty flood far below. And the blossoming hawthorn hung over. The country blazed with it: and the air was laden with perfume. There is no such hawthorn now. And yet there is nothing that abides so nearly like the old thing as hawthorn-blossom and ungathered primroses.

Now the new face has gone from the Bridge. A black stain defaces it on either side, left by the smoke of the infrequent locomotive, passing deep below. The sides of the deep cutting that stretches towards the South are green. There is much grass in this place, if not many trees. And looking down from the Bridge, towards the North, hard by you may see the bright cheerful Station: at either end of which a gorgeous structure displays a sacred name, never displayed till these days. Simple folk are pleased. And

the reflection arises that whereas days have been in which the great church of London was by many called *Paul's*, and days still are in which some Dublin people object to call their cathedral anything more than *Patrick's*, there never was a time, since it bore the first-called Apostle's name at all, wherein any sane creature proposed to drop the *Saint* from this gray city's designation. Many foolish things have been proposed here, and some things proposed here have been severely castigated elsewhere : but not that.

The little leisurely crowds of two years ago, that looked with a calm interest on the Bridge arising, are scattered. The kind, learned, and sweet-tempered man,\* who in those days, from his Chair here, superintended the growing Encyclopedia, and being a man of real eminence and large soul was not in the least ashamed to tell with what fresh interest he watched the growing arch and read its unpretentious story, has gone away. He has left few abler or better. We who remain have grown unconscious : as we all gradually grow unconscious of a little step in advance ; an organ, a stained window, an additional postal delivery or the like. We take the good of it : we are the better for it ; but we think of it no more. This is the way of our Race. We shall be missed (let us hope) when we have passed elsewhere ; but our presence is not much noticed while we are here.

\* Professor Baynes.

So it is that when we would find some homely retreat from daily vexation and weariness, we shall not find it in the Bridge now. We have left *that* behind; and we must look out for other cheering, fitted for stay-at-home and quiet souls. The Devil and the Beast are still to the fore; and all that Carlyle could propose to Christopher North was to pace about the purple moorlands round Craigenputtock and try to forget them. But the General Assembly, drawing near, is incomparably better than it used to be. Men have come, and men have gone; and the result of either event is pleasing. Sweetness and light (to a certain degree) have come in place of their direct opposites. It is hard to realise that just twelve years since, it was brought as a grave charge against one of the best ministers of the Kirk that he had put a decent covering upon his communion-table, and suffered somewhere in his church a plain cross as a mere bit of ornamentation. Both these Rocks of Offence were ordered out. I fancy they did not go.

But there is better to think of, here and now. That great carpet of undulating turf, square-miles in extent, that after ages keeps the contour of the sand beneath it, shaped by the breeze: how came the grass to root itself: what centuries went to the coming of that velvet sward! The air is flooded with summer sunshine; the vast fluctuating expanse of sea has taken its bright summer blue. Yes, we can manage: though the Bridge has grown old.



#### XIV.

##### *LABORARE EST ORARE.*



WHEN you were younger, friendly reader, I think that there were mornings on which you felt as if the day had come before you were ready for it; before you had strength or courage for it: and you would have been thankful if it had been possible to shrink away, and to get into some quiet corner out of sight. By regular going into harness, doggedly, fit for it or not, through many years, you have got rid of that morbid and half-sentimental feeling. Now, when the day comes, what with taking a day at a time and refusing to look farther, and what with never presuming to set yourself to its vocations till you have very anxiously and simply asked strength and guidance where these are likeliest to be got, you manage, commonly, to have heart for the day: sometimes (I think) a rather heavy heart.

But now, in this season, when time is present which once was often thought of as in the far future (for

these are the latter years), there is another experience. Days come, at whose beginning you think, This is a day just to get through. You feel that it is not in you to do work in it which will be good for much. And somehow you do not expect much of it. As you arise, this conviction possesses you. The experience is not infrequent. Such a morning is present with the present writer, on this late October day. The cold is keen, but it is raw; not crisp nor bracing. The wind is due north; and it is roughly tossing those heaps of dry fallen leaves. The light is overcast and dull. The chill November is drawing near. Waking at five (when things look their worst to some anxious folk) one thought of nine separate little perplexities, parochial, æsthetical, theological, ecclesiastical, personal. The outlook was cheerless. There was nothing pleasant to anticipate. It is a day just to get through.

Wherefore I take it as a fit day on which to think of a matter which must needs be often thought of by one placed like me. I live continually among the hard-working and decent poor: I know their ways, and a good many of their thoughts have been frankly set out in my hearing. I know what they must get through in each day that rather heavily dawns upon them: notably what must be got through by the over-driven wife, with her little home and her children to care for, to do everything for: the anxious thoughts about raiment and about food, and how by unceasing



management to make the little income go the farthest. I have nothing to say against any Chancellor of the Exchequer: I have known two, one of them distinctly stupid. But my sympathy with the careful scheming of which I know this morning in many cottage-homes is many times as great as I can get up for the statesman charged with the nation's income and expense. And a thing I often think of shall be confided to the reader now.

Two things help one, when one is jarred and driven: when the cloud darkens above and within. One is sacred Nature. Days come to some souls, well known to me, on which the question is present, *Is Nature going to help me to-day?* They need her aid specially, being specially worried and run-down. Some cannot go far. Not for such is the Canadian Pacific Railway: nor the Rockies: nor Vancouver: nor Alaska. Such sublime help ought permanently to lift up him who can reach it: it is a grand resort to go to. But the pass of Killiecrankie has sufficed to give a helping hand to some: the Trossachs can give peace, sometimes. Not always. One known to me once said that in a wonderful recess in the Bernese Oberland, looking upon a snowy Alpine range, the thunder of the occasional avalanche coming to the ear, there was only a miserable worry in his soul, of a sordid and degrading nature. Yet, give nature time enough: and surely she will gently speak to you, steal in and possess you: and in all save very extra-

ordinary trouble, you will be calmed. This fact is not what is commonly meant by the *Vis medicatrix Naturæ*. But it is a fact: and I have known it in the experience of homely folk who had never studied Wordsworth.

The thing, however, which I find mainly helpful, is quite different. It is going to church. This will seem strange to some readers, who have found it pleasanter to get out of church. So was it with the writer in his early youth: but going on, one learns much, one is much changed. And I do not think so much, thus speaking, of Sunday services. It seems the regular task to be present at these. I am thinking of week-day services: which, in the regions known to the writer, are generally more devotional, more elevating, than those of an ordinary Sunday. I am aware that they are sometimes carelessly done, and trusted to very incompetent hands. But I know places where you have far greater assurance of finding God's worship at its best, and conducted by his very best ministers, on a week-day than on a Sunday. And it is a sifted congregation. The devoutest souls are there: the sour and pharisaic being happily absent: these jar one a great deal more than the average lukewarm being, who when trouble comes will come all right. The Pharisee will always be all wrong, unless a quite new leaf be turned over.

Let it be said that a little quiet devout week-day service is a singular uplifter and lightener to some.

No doubt, we all depend only too much on external aids. Let the place be decorous: let the praise be hearty and beautiful: let the congregation be respectable in numbers: and I call any number above sixty a good congregation on a week-day: though I do not forget the unforgettable *two or three*. The prayers, at such a gathering, are specially devout. In these regions we like a sermon: but it ought to be very brief, and going wholly into Christian experience. It will not do for a man to come with an ordinary sermon, and read bits of it for twelve minutes. All biblical criticism, sacred geography, theological controversy, diverting allusions to current social or political questions, are excluded here. When the flock looks up, it has got to be fed. These things are to be very clearly understood. All this I say confidently: though I am aware that such likings have been thought peculiar. A dear and eminent friend said to me, of a highly educated layman who began to frequent such a service, and who had even been known to cut short a game of golf to get to it, *Surely his brain is softening*. That was all he said. Then I thought of an ancient king's explanation of anything outstanding in devotion. Even he did not say that their brains were softening, forasmuch as they wished to do something analogous to going to church. But he did say, in language suited to that rough time, "They be idle: therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God." I think I have heard it said, "Go

to church on a week day? they must have very little to do." I have heard exactly the same said of a little service intercalated between Sundays, which good people preferred to call *The prayer-meeting*. The root-idea was, If people have no time to think of fanciful wants, nor to talk with other idle people about these, there will be an end of that kind of thing. Hard and constant work will soon put such nonsense out of their heads.

No doubt, going to such a service as that which has often helped me, one has felt, rather sadly, that most of the worshippers were people who had an amount of leisure which is given to comparatively few. People whose lives are full of work could not have managed to be there. Notably, men and women who are kept continually on the stretch to earn food and raiment and to keep things straight at home, must forego the luxury of regular daily services: must learn to do without even the homelier worship, coming but once in the week, which some in most parishes north of the Tweed prefer to name as has already been said. And very hard indeed it sometimes seems, that just those who are having the best of this world are able to afford special spiritual privileges and luxuries too: and that just those whose worldly trials and hardships make them most need the support and consolations of religion, are constrained by their lot to do without many a means of grace and refreshment which some of them (I know)

would dearly prize. Yes, it is a hard case: though so common: that overworked and heavily burdened men and women, people who seldom have a blink of leisure unless for short seasons, when thoroughly wearied out, the very souls who most need the quiet and the uplifting of God's worthy worship, are so cut off by their occupation from anything special or of more frequent recurrence in the way of Divine service. Scarcely on Sundays even, can many poor oppressed mothers whom I know, find time and opportunity to get to church. I cannot pretend that I do not think this a loss: that is, where the church and its worship are such as all ought to be. A loss, besides the actual deprivation of help and uplifting, through this, that the very wish for God's public ordinances sometimes dies out through the long denial of them.

It is in the remembrance of all this that one cleaves to the belief that busy souls have their own special devotion. An overdriven mother, sorely held down by cares which never cease, is, through all that inevitable toil which God has sent her, offering her sacrifice to Christ in a very real sense, though not permitted to take part in public worship in the sanctuary. That work is worship: perhaps the best worship, because the most unselfish, because purged utterly from the suspicion of self-indulgence. Thus to labour is to pray. I have come to hold, firmly, that the work which man or woman does, faithfully



trying to do the nearest task that comes, is done for Christ; being done for His little ones. The honest work, done to the level best, of quiet Christian man or woman, is done for Christ's sake. Not consciously so, I will confess, on many busy days. When some one I knew said at ten o'clock one night, looking at a great basket of letters, "Now it will be pleasant if we could answer all these before going to bed," he did not quite consciously think, "This work is Christ's, and we are going to do it because we want to do something for Him." But that was what he really meant. I will believe that in all faithful Christian folk, working hard, this grand spring of all good work is always latently there. This is what a man really means, when in this reticent country he comes and says, "I have a little leisure now, and I feel I ought to be doing something for the cause."

I am not going to argue this out, because I have done it elsewhere. But going about continually among the poor and the hard-driven, I find this belief a great comfort. They worship in their own way. Their devotion expresses itself in its own way. Not so pleasant to themselves as another way: but as acceptable as any. There is not a thought which to me, growing old, is more touching, than that of a poor worn mother, who, even if her husband is spared, and is all a husband ought to be, has to bear the heavy charge of the humble home, and of the little children. When can she think of herself? Hardly



ever : only in hasty moments : ay, even directly of her poor weary soul's salvation. She lives for others ; content if it be well with them. But surely Christ will look very tenderly on man or woman who lives and dies for others,—as He did Himself. Her own scant food is hastily snatched, if only the children have enough. Her own thin raiment is hastily cast on : anything will do for her, if the children are warmly and decently clothed. When she comes to die, she will think of herself for almost the first time ; and even then, most by far of the little ones she is leaving, and of who will care for them when she has gone away. Do you think that woman, who never thought of herself, has failed of offering to God devout service ? Do you think that she, who never worked for herself, has failed to work out her salvation ? God be thanked, she was doing more and better than she thought. What she did for those little ones, every weary hand's-turn of it, was reckoned up and stands to her account for ever, as done for her Saviour. She wore herself down to her grave, trying to keep clothes on the back of her little boy and girl, and to send them decent out to school : and she fancied, poor creature, she was working only for them. But indeed it was not so. She was serving One far greater. You know the story. He told it Himself : the words can never pass away. "Come, ye blessed of my Father : I was hungry and ye gave Me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, I was naked and ye clothed Me :

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

They must be *His brethren*, you say. I know it. I am not afraid to meet you on the ground of the austere biblical criticism. Old folk may be His brethren or not. Little children must be !

So, kindly reader, I have revealed to you my theory of the Devotion of Busy Souls. And some of us, who could hardly get on save by the help found in God's house, and who are sometimes ashamed when we think how better people are held back from that help by God's own Providence, comfort ourselves by thinking that He sends help in His own way ; and that all true and hearty service finds its way to the Right Place and is accepted there. Some whom we know cannot come with us to a quiet solemn place, filled with a subdued light, for three-quarters of an hour on a busy working-day afternoon : and gently kneel down for a space in silent prayer. Neither can they know the soothing of nerve and heart as the touching hymn is softly sung by pleasant voices, sustained by the sacred organ : nor can they, then and there, lift up the heart in prayer, casting all upon Christ and leaving everything in His hands. If helpful counsel is humbly spoken, they cannot hear it. Instead of these things, the sister one thinks of is bustling, not uncheerfully, through the day's work : is sometimes hurried and weary : has many things to think of and to do, little things, some of them trying.

There is the house to tidy : food to prepare, clothes to mend : little bargains to be made. The temper is sometimes rubbed against the grain : hasty words are said to the like of which many readers are never tempted. And looking to the unknown future, you remember that even St. Paul was in doubt *how it might go with him*. I dare not say but that I think she loses something. But here is God's way : and nothing can be necessary, or even very desirable, which can come only to the lot of few. Here is worship, here is service : the work done which Christ gives to do. I hold her the priestess of humanity, offering continual sacrifice : the Christian wife of a Christian working-man.



XV.

*A LITTLE OVERDONE.*



SOMETIMES one is even too successful.

You take long pains to correct an error to which you had a constitutional tendency. You succeed in correcting it.

But you go to the opposite extreme.

And the reverse of Wrong is not necessarily Right. It is very likely to be Wrong too.

Say you have grown old: by which I mean you have passed sixty. Many things have happened, in your little history, otherwise than you would have wished: and you have had losses. The children have grown up: the youngest are big boys: and the little fairies that used to run about your house are lost for evermore. You cannot have them again, the little faces, the earnest eyes that used to look intently at you, the voices, the strange sayings the thought of which brings tears—you cannot have these even in

Heaven. They have perished: annihilation must needs be the portion of some of the dearest things in this world. And yet, you are fairly equal to your work, my friend; and you are wonderfully cheerful. Here, to you and me, there has come a bright bracing frosty day, the last of January: and there is a stirring of what may be called light-heartedness. The day has brought a host of things to do: but you are getting through them quickly and easily. You may be in a vocation in which you know that one or two cantankerous persons will find fault with whatever you do: but you do not mind. You have long since given up the youthful hope of pleasing everybody. Things are hopeful and bright, somehow: though you have not made much of your life.

Once you thought you could not be happy unless you had a long look-out. It was not enough that things were fairly pleasant and prosperous to-day: you must have the prospect of all this lasting interminably. For, to some, the Indefinite is as the Infinite: and to see no end of present cheerful surroundings, is like being assured there is no end at all. Your temptation was to carefulness. On each day that dawned upon you, you bore the burden of many coming days. And it was very crushing. You lay awake at night, thinking, thinking: you plodded heavily about by day, wondering (like St. Paul) *how it might go with you*; and more anxious by far as to the future of the little boys and girls at home. The



Future, the awful Future, which has no word to express it save by implication in the languages of Northern Europe, was a present heavy load. But you took yourself in hand, not without very serious request for help. And by long training you have come, as Abraham Lincoln put it, *Never to cross the Great Bigmuddy Creek till you come to it*: as Sydney Smith said, to *Take Short Views*: each good man thus putting in homely phrase the counsel of an Authority infinitely more venerable: *Take no thought for the morrow*. Now indeed it is *Day by day*: as dear old Lady Catherine said to me with a sad smile: adding, *That is how I live now*.

But a fear is coming in: a fear lest we have overdone it. The pendulum tends to swing to the other extreme. The graceless old heathen Horace wrote his famous *Carpe diem*: which may be translated, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*. The Christian resolution not to take undue thought for the coming day must not be suffered to grow into *that*: which is neither wise nor devout, but selfish and irrational. Writing for the good people for whom I write, and earnestly wishing to write what may be helpful, I desire to think seriously of this. For I am sure I have known some whose natural temptation was to over-carefulness, and continual anxiety for the future, who by continual watching, working, and praying, against that error, succeeded only too well: came to live too exclusively in the brief present hour,



and in a cowardly fashion to refuse to look in the face what was sure to come, and to come speedily. Archbishop Whately of Dublin was fond of talking of *Secondary Errors*: errors, to wit, into which human beings fall by too effectually correcting a tendency to which our nature is liable, and so running into the opposite extreme.

Long ago, somebody wrote an essay called "A Long Look-Out." Its purpose was to show that creatures like us cannot enjoy the Present unless the Future be provided for too: likewise that this Future, when you look at your wife and children, when you think of your parents gone, when you recall with a startling vividness the bright look and hearty laugh of a friend missed daily, must be nothing less than Eternity. All true, in a very solemn sense: and all right. But truth is a very strange thing: and it can include things which at first glance seem inconsistent. By and by you get another view. And the experience which led one to this was the experience, unknown till now, of severe illness, which brought terribly acute pain. In those days you learnt how, when a very little space of freedom from agony was given, you took it and lived in it and were thankful for it, not looking forward at all. As the chamber in which you suffered was for months all your world, so was all your life compressed into those minutes of ease. It is a humbling experience to go through. It was a turning-point in your ways of thinking. The ideal

thing would no doubt be, while looking at one red Winter sunset covering all the heaven to the zenith, to have in the second plane of the mind the assurance that you would see the like again times beyond numbering : but we can do with less than that. You find that coming slowly out of that awful time, which set you face to face with the great Change : taking each day thankfully, not thinking of another : knowing that present ease may be a brief reprieve before the savage grasp of pain again takes hold of you : you can enjoy the present peace keenly. You are brought down to where you are grateful for a little thing. And a brief look-out suffices. I have known a laborious man who said that the portion of his life which he most enjoyed in the latter years was when daily, the day's work over, he sat, toasting, before the bright fire, and read the evening newspaper. It was an extremely clever evening newspaper, no doubt. And it not unfrequently copied bits of his writing. You remember how an eminent author said, of his first book, *I never read a more interesting volume in my life*. Such a mortal had really attained very nearly to taking no thought for the morrow.

I begin to fear, too, lest such an attainment comes of something other than long endeavour by God's grace to keep one's self *without carefulness*, as St. Paul said. As we grow old, quite apart from the discipline and the consolations of religion, we tend to look a very short way ahead : and to be content with

what is not much and cannot last long. You see an old gentleman who has gone through bereavements which you think would kill you, and who has (worst of all) seen one or two of his children go to the bad, sit down before the fire in a club and read a magazine, looking perfectly pleased and satisfied: enjoying the genial warmth and ease, though the look-out is of no more than three-quarters of an hour. I once heard a heavily-trying man say, making a speech, that the morning paper always gave him *a happy half-hour*. Sydney Smith, you remember, said that after dinner, he declined to look any farther on than till tea-time. Things are changed now: but even such as have no tea-time understand what he meant. It comes back to me to-day how good Doctor Robert Chambers once told me of what he esteemed a most interesting study of human character. A quaint old cleric, who never got a charge of his own, but toiled on into age under the direction and at the will of another much his junior, complained to Chambers of his poor success in life. He had seen others, innumerable, preferred before him, quite without deserving it: everything he put his hand to failed: and his daily work was depressing, being all among the sick and sinful, and the very poor. But after talking for a while in a fashion which roused the sympathy of one who often spoke of *the dark ages* of his own career, but who had got out of them into warmth and light, the lonely and disappointed old gentleman brightened

up and said, quite cheerfully, that he was going out that evening to dine at a country house near. The fact, Chambers said, appeared enough for the present: it balanced all the sorrows which had been expatiated on. And Chambers summed up by declaring that the good old curate was a fairly-happy man.

It is indeed an attainment for which to be thankful, whether it come of grace or of nature, that one should be delivered from the feverish wear, well-known to many in the earlier years of their professional life, of continually, while at work, thinking of the work which is to come next. One has known a preacher set in the charge of a large parish, and a large congregation of educated men and women, while still (for such a vocation) young: young in this case meaning some years short of what Moses would have called Half-Way. His hours for writing (as is usual with men so placed) were from ten till one each forenoon: then at half-past one he went out to his pastoral work till half-past five or so. Looking back, in after years, he used to say that he worked feverishly, and a great deal too hard; and wondered that he did not break down. And thinking of the remarkably easy way in which certain of his neighbours took their duty, he remarked with amusement that (on public occasions) it was sometimes said that these venerable men had held their places *so long and so worthily*. A very different story was told in private,

by the self-same individuals who had publicly used these words. But the thing he felt most trying was, that all the while he was busy writing his sermon or the like through those sacred morning hours, he could not help thinking of about twenty things to be done outside, and eagerly longing to be at them. All this was the outcome of an anxious temperament, put in a trying position. But things gradually mended as time went on. The lesson was learnt, to concentrate thought on the present task, and to refuse to be distracted by the care of what was to follow. This is not procrastination. You do not put off doing things. But you can train yourself to put off thinking of them till the moment when it is necessary. And I do not think this can be overdone. A conscientious man, set where his own conscience is his only master and task-master, will never take his work easily. To the end, it will be his level best. But it is quite right to come to *This one thing I do: and while I am doing it, with the utmost stretch of my little faculty, I refuse to anticipate anything else.* Let it be frankly said, that the attainment is a very difficult one. There are anxious souls to whom, till nature fails, it is practically impossible. Yet I know what eloquent and even what cheerful pages have been written by men and women at whose heart anxious anticipations were gnawing away. Then the pen was laid down: and with a worn face the poor mortal turned to face the array of cares, waiting by.



But while maintaining, firmly, that it is healthful and good, and never anything other, to succeed in training one's self to bid duties and distractions to stand aside till the present work is done with undivided attention : and while holding, too, that it is well to bring yourself to enjoy the bright sunshine on the turf and the trees around your rural home without sadly wishing, like my old friend long ago, that you *had a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease of it* : I still stand in fear of the possibility of overdoing the resolution not to care for the morrow. And here I am not thinking of heartless parents who gaily spend all they have, never thinking of any provision for their children, but idiotically if not hypocritically declaring that they leave them with entire confidence to God's providence : such wickedness is outside my present view. Neither am I thinking of the selfish wretch who, seeing things going wrong about him, instead of straining every nerve to put them right, says *they will last his time*. Such a despicable creature is to be sharply distinguished from the over-driven man who, being told of something that will have to be done, but finding that six months hence is the time for it, thinks, with a wearied sigh, *Ah, it may not fall to me to see to that*. Such cases are not in my mind. I am thinking of a cowardly putting off : of a shutting the eyes against what has to be faced : of a concentration of life upon the present hour of ease. Some one comes, and asks your plans : and you break out, *Can't you*



*leave me alone and not torture me?* I mean some one who is entitled to know your plans: and I mean plans which in prudence ought to have been formed. You understand what I mean, my brother, my sister. You have been too successful in living in the present. You put away, too much, the thought of what is sure to come. Once, you thought too much of what is Behind the Veil, and of the day of your entering. Now, though it is coming near, you evade the remembrance of it. Which is not wise: which is not right. That is not the spirit of the Redeemer's counsel, already named. It is siding with the polished old Pagan and his *Carpe diem*.

For the Saviour never taught anything but what is wise: and there are many cases in which it would be fearful foolishness not to plan ahead: to plan a long way ahead. Even for yourself: for health, for worldly success, for the kindly judgment of good men. Far more for the children: for the choice of their vocation, for the preparation towards it: though ever latently remembering the awful uncertainty of the event. Yet it is wise to carefully write the sermon you may never preach: to pinch yourself severely that you may send the hopeful lad to the University who may never live to enter on the intended life-work. So far, thinking only of this world. But you and I, my reader, grown old—and far younger folk no less—must day by day be anticipating what is

beyond all this: must day by day, with real purpose, be trying to prepare for it.

It is when I think of this, and when I think of actual facts in our experience, that I have come to fear lest a good attainment has been, by some of us, more than *A Little Overdone*.

From Home.





I.

DOWN THE WATER.



THE great blossoming horse-chestnuts bend over as before. The broad low wall before us is covered with the most luxuriant ivy. Beyond it, the river pauses underneath; and the beautiful bit of rich shrubbery is there on the farther side. Again the silvery bells fill the air at the close of each quarter of an hour; the regular inhabitants apparently not hearing them. And in a wintry summer, a warm blink has come; here are the gleam and glow of the ideal June, which is sharply to be distinguished from the actual. This is *June weather*: in a sense analogous to that in which Fielding said of a good-looking hero that his appearance was that which is called aristocratic by people who have seen very few of the aristocracy.

A year has dropped out of our little life: and it is the self-same day. All the surroundings are as they were. Things have happened, no doubt. And

through the months in which the horse-chestnuts were bare, human beings had their full share of work and worry. One or two had to go. But the under-graduate looks just as he did: buoyant as he ought to be: and getting near his degree, which we shall hope is to be a creditable one. No better youth is a member of this heroic College or of this magnificent University. There had been a space of silence. Then it was that the writer, after some thought, addressed the under-graduate, and said, *Yes, to-morrow we shall go Down the Water.*

Is it thirty years since the present writer composed an essay for a magazine which need not be named, save to say that he has been faithful to it and it has been faithful to him through that period, once inconceivable in any possible relation to one's self? And did he call it *Glasgow Down the Water*? With the proof there came a letter from his dear friend the Editor, wherein the words occurred, *It is sure to take.* And in a little he marked, with a pride not wholly unbecoming in a youthful author, how the chiefest newspaper of Glasgow reprinted that lengthy document word for word. Of course, it praised the scenery warmly; but not a whit more warmly than it well deserved. Where, in this world, will you find anything lovelier than the homely Clyde?

Yes: Down the Water. But the water to-day is not the Clyde but the Cam. And the town from which we descend is not great Glasgow but renowned



Cambridge. It is to be confessed that there is a measure of deception in the title of the present Chapter; but it is an innocent deception, which can do no mortal any harm. I know the casuistical difficulty which attends all paltering with the exact truth; and there are moods in which one blames one's self with severity for things hastily said, and said long ago. My friend Smith tells me of an instance, occasionally recalled not without self-accusation. On a certain morning, twenty years since, approaching an incredibly-shabby railway station, he encountered a friend who was (and is) a Senior Wrangler. This individual had with him another, of sharp expression of countenance, yet benevolent too; and to him the Senior Wrangler introduced Smith, with the words, *This is Professor Sylvester; of course you have heard of Professor Sylvester!* Smith declares that in that moment a sudden inspiration, not supernal in its origin, flashed upon him; and with deep feeling he exclaimed, *Who has not heard of Professor Sylvester?* No doubt, Smith could most easily have answered the question. He could, then and there, have indicated one who knew nothing earthly about that distinguished man; and who in fact then heard his name for the very first time. After a minute of friendly talk the train went; and then Smith said to the Wrangler, *Who on earth is Professor Sylvester?* The answer came: *The greatest mathematician in the world;* and, of course, another Senior Wrangler. Two such

exceptional human beings had crossed that short green turf in company upon that day. It may be said that Smith merely asked a question. I fear that does not mend the matter. For the question suggested that which was not true. It must be relegated to the same category as the *God knows how Holofernes got that*; recorded on a former page.

The day was cold and dark which came next; the blossoming hawthorns looked cheerless against the gloomy sky. In the morning the under-graduate must read; and somebody else must write many letters. Ah, how these increase, as one grows old! Did not Tulloch say, many times, to the writer, that in the latter years they exhausted his whole strength and time? But Tulloch's letters were of more importance than those of some survivors; and there are those who without the smallest apology for abruptness end their letters the instant they have said what is to say. Yet twenty daily letters, even so curtailed, are a weary distraction. And you mow down the crop to-day in vain; it has grown up again to-morrow. There is some sad satisfaction in thus publicly making one's moan; it is all the satisfaction that is going, in any case. I remember how he who is gone laid down one day *Fraser*; and turning to me said, *Do you call that a consolatory essay?* The answer was, *It is all the consolation there is.* And he replied, with a moan, *Yes, that is true.* For a noble life, and a life not without its gleams of joy, may be mainly lived in sombre

twilight. Ay, if some little share of what has been said concerning him since he died could have been said to him while he was living!

It is the early afternoon when we gain the railway station, and enter into an express train of the unfamiliar Great Eastern line. Here is survival of an old idiotcy; the railway must be kept far outside the town; that is, until ugly dwellings grow up near it. The land is flat. Christopher Smart said it drove him mad. But probably any man whom a flat country drives mad was going mad at any rate. I think over the *Song to David*. The single man among those whom the writer calls *Brethren* to whom he would make the like reference with any hope of being understood, is the Junior Clerk of the famous General Assembly. Never yet have I quoted to him an eccentric and forgotten verse, but he could cap it. I am not aware that anything has come of our possession of much entirely-useless knowledge.

Flat and green; and with deep water, reaching far, here and there. Around us spreads the Fen country. When the writer is uncommonly tired, he becomes specially desultory; and the remembrance will press in, how a familiar Scotch word has been taken for the aguish name of Fen. Dean Alford told me how, once going for two months to beautiful Callander, he looked at a list of dwellings from which to select; and saw conspicuous, the *Leny Feus*. Then he exclaimed, *Oh, let us be as far as possible from the Fens*; not knowing

that thus he turned his back on certain desirable villa residences well known to many. Finally he arrived ; and through those weeks he lamented his misapprehension daily.

As we make out our journey at fifty miles an hour, the Cam keeps near. Many boats are being impelled by vigorous arms. Often is my attention called to them. And not without reason ; for my companion is member of a College which in rowing is the Head of the river : and for that matter, Cock of the World in that kind of eminence. Twenty-two minutes, and we stop ; where swelling above the green level of the flat region appears what was once indeed an island in the Fens, by which Danish galleys could row in hearing of the monks as they chanted. Crowning the rise of verdant ground you discern a long and stately church, in several points very different from other great Gothic churches. It is twenty years since the writer studied it, in and out, for five days, and made it a possession ; yet how familiar it looks ! Here is Ely Cathedral, with its great park and little city round it ; often seen in the mind's eye, not unaided by the faithful photograph, in that long intervening time.

We descend a little hill, and climb a longer one, making for the grand western tower. The day has brightened, and we are thankful. It is a good long way, at length through quaint and charming dwellings, new and old, ere we come to a noble gateway, well remembered, and enter the Close. And going along,

I speak of Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*. Wherefore?

I fear my reader does not know. For Buckle flared into a transient fame, and his light seems growing dim. It is an interesting book; miraculous for one who died at forty. But in style it is a prolonged pamphlet. It lacks the restraint of history; even of such urgent history as Macaulay's. But let not criticism be attempted to-day.

It is early in the famous book, that Buckle gives an awful instance of the incredible ignorance and stupidity of the English priesthood before the Reformation. He says that the parish priest of Trumpington was having the New Testament read to him, and came to the place where it is recorded how our Blessed Redeemer exclaimed (let nothing be said of that unutterable occasion now), *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*. "This will never do," cried the intelligent priest. "If my Lord of Ely find such words in the precious manuscript, he will say it belongs to himself. No: we shall strike out the name of Ely, and just put in the name of our own parish." The thing was done. And as Buckle assures us, quoting chapter and verse as is his wont (he was severely accurate in detail, though he might cast a lurid and misleading light over a century), there stands till now in that manuscript the statement that in a tremendous hour of which we dare not yet think, HE cried with a loud voice, *Trumpington, Trumpington, lama sabachthani!*

No doubt, the story is true, and capable of verification. And I do not hesitate to say that I have known old women, of unfathomable stupidity combined with intense self-confidence, make blunders just as incredible. Such was the old person who, getting a telegram from her son, could not take in that the telegram was not in his handwriting; and got into a fury with those who told her it could not be. *Don't you see his y?* she said; and then added that she *would pray for them*. So she did: in words which I could relate, but will not. I got an abusive anonymous letter, just yesterday, from exactly such a person. Never was dense stupidity so saturated with Pharisaic self-satisfaction, as in that little document. *Who* the writer was, I know not. *What* the writer is, I discern most clearly.

Now, the sun has blazed out: and by a passage of welcome shade we enter the Nave. The glory of that church, to one who has not seen it for long! Yet let me record a fact, absolutely certain: yet unexpected. After that score of years, through which many things have been seen and heard, and an immense deal (such as it is) done, this glorious building is exactly what I remembered. It is neither bigger nor less; neither grander nor less grand. It is the very thing. Was it not yesterday I was here? I have just stepped out, and come back: and here is the old familiar face; this church belongs to me, as really as ever it belonged to Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle. He was Dean in



those distant days, which have of a sudden grown so near. I sit down, under that wonderful octagon which has taken the place of the usual crossing. Centuries since the Central Norman tower fell (Norman towers sometimes fell: Do not dream that unfaithful work is peculiar to the nineteenth century): and instead of rebuilding it, they cut away the angles and made this magnificent central expanse, a Gothic *quasi*-dome. Let me confess, I like not the outside effect: but this inner space is grand. The *quasi*-dome is Pendentivé, as is the dome of St. Paul's. It is always a pleasure, specially in rare conversation with Moderators of the Assembly and such like, to use phrases which I know they do not understand. Every school-boy knows the meaning of a *Pendentive* dome. And sitting here, I am at home. All this is just as I had seen it continually (as Hamlet saw things) through these years which have brought such change to us all. There is the sumptuous pulpit of marble, whence I heard about as bad a sermon as ever was preached, from one of the old generation of Canons. I mean the Canons who were stuck in because their brother was an earl, or the like: they being gentleman-like amiable Blockheads. It would not be right to publish a list of such. It might appear invidious: and it might even (in some quarters) give offence. But how easy it would be to write out such a list! I hear that awful sermon again: awful for its dense dulness: I see the mouths of the wretched militia-men opening

in great yawns: they were undergoing torture. So was I. I said, in print, how bad the sermon was. An illustrious dignitary wrote to me that he regretted I had done so. I replied that I should publicly express my regret for having done so provided he (the dignitary) assured me that his opinion of the sermon differed from mine. I received no rejoinder from the dignitary. And there the matter ended. Years after, far from Ely, in a yet more sacred city, we met. The dignitary had grown a very great man now. *Do you remember my writing to you?* he soon said. *Perfectly*, was the response. Then we had much talk of Ely Cathedral, walking in the ruins of another. But of that departed sermon we spake no word.

*Election* again, as Dean Stanley used to say. Strange, that of all the dismal sermons under which I have suffered, one should be thus recalled after twenty tiring years.

I am not going to give an architectural description of this great church: the less so, that I have done so already in pages which may be readily found by such (if any) as desire so to do. That octagon has given the Cathedral a Continental outline: it is the noble Western tower which outstands in the distant view: the erection over the crossing is comparatively insignificant. It is a noble tower. The bit of Western transept to the North of it, once ruined, has been patched up for the time: of course it cannot abide

as it is. And here, amid the lavish glory of the church, it is the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower: I am not sure but that it adds to the overwhelming impression. Enter: walk silently along that narrow Nave. Many visitors were about: their reverence was pleasant to see. But indeed he would be meet for an anti-state-church lecturer who could be noisy here. They say the lovely avenue of trees leading to Trinity College is this Nave, reproduced in the glory of natural growth: I do not know which of the two is the more beautiful to-day. We come to the octagon: you take your time here. Devout visitors are not hustled through these things by a business-like verger. And such as wish it may kneel down and pray. It is not as in Westminster (before Stanley), where a poor old woman, kneeling to pour out her weary heart, was seized by a beadle, and told *No praying allowed here.* A most awful account, surely, of a Christian Church! Here and there, in a quiet corner, you may see a silent figure seeking to approach where all need is supplied as it never can be anywhere else. And on that day there was somebody who, besides thinking of many little personal matters touching him and his, bethought him of the stripped Church of his fathers: and trying to lift up the heart for the Catholic Church of Christ, said, with special feeling, *Where it is in want, furnish it.*

Some decent folk, I know, think it is not in want at all. *They* need to be furnished, in a most especial

manner. Well, meanwhile I thank God for the new *Book of Common Order* and for the *Scottish Hymnal*.

Glowing colour on roof, on walls. The reredos a marvel of delicate beauty. The carving of those stalls: is it second even to Winchester? And the glorious windows: some blazing with splendour, some dim as Milton could have wished: as they are in sunshine or in shade. Specially, pervading the Eastern limb of the Church, one thinks, What happy and holy labour, of innumerable hearts and hands departed, through centuries, left us all this! Even thinking of the College Backs of Cambridge: even thinking of the blossoming horse-chestnuts of Bushey Park this day, and the eerie elm avenues about Ham House: even thinking of Kentish fruit-trees in their bloom, and of Surrey hawthorn: the visible glory of England is in her ancient churches, after all.

All about the Close, as of old. The Lady Chapel, in its exceptional position, parallel with the Choir. Had it held the usual place, this would have been what Winchester and St. Albans are, longest amid the Gothic Churches of the world: now old St. Paul's is vanished. Charming old houses here and there, growing out of velvety grass: covered with climbing plants: shaded by immemorial trees. Palace and Deanery pretty near to the ideal. And here, as we draw near the west front for a final look, comes the Bishop, walking briskly along, and looking particu-

larly active and energetic. We travellers know him not : but of course we yield him the salutation due to his office. It is returned, with a very pleasant and unaffected cordiality ; one departs, most favourably impressed by that glimpse.

Silently we go, bidding Ely farewell. But there was comfort in going to Evensong at King's College Chapel, crowded on that immemorial week-day. The music was glorious. The voices of the Choir, old and young, were even as on that day twelve-months. They could not be better. The anthem yesterday was *In exitu Israel* : it was pleasant to hear the grand Latin words sung. But this evening there was what came more home to many : it was Spohr's *As pants the hart*. And the sweet soprano voice which began it, gently made its way into every corner of the vast house of praise and prayer.



## II.

### *THAT LONGEST DAY.*



WE have had quite enough of this, and must depart. It has all been most interesting. The Bishop's opening address was admirable: very benignant, very wise, and dignified without being donnish. A good many years of use have enabled him to hit the thing off to perfection, both in matter and manner.

There have been many other speeches, not one of them wholly stupid. The subject of discussion did not much come home to one who has seen it settled elsewhere long ago, in consonance with common sense. But it was pleasant to hear it treated by many cultivated men, some of whom did not regard it from that peculiar point of view, but rather from one absolutely opposed to it. Some of the speeches were distinctly crotchety. But here is the weakness of all deliberative assemblies: and it is well that a crotchety man should have opportunity to speak out



his mind, and discover that his views are exceptional. Whoever has had to deal, for many years, with many hundreds of his fellow creatures, has learnt that there must needs be the percentage of crotchety and even of cantankerous souls. God be thanked, it is not a very large one. And the wise man tries to make the best of crooked sticks. Good service may be got out of even these.

It is a Diocesan Conference : and, so far, it has been managed with consummate tact. No doubt it will be so managed to the end. Of all places, it is sitting in Gravesend : a town which somehow one does not associate with such a function : and unseen by the present writer for thirty years. On this gloomy and rainy twenty-first of June he has passed the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent, with thoughts of Mr. Tupman ; and through a somewhat tame and disappointing landscape approached Windmill Hill, known of old to the Cockney. No more remarkable Longest Day has dawned upon some folk. But a Longest Day without sunshine is a sensible disappointment to one who must needs think he cannot see many more.

Before quitting this handsome hall one casts a last look on the assemblage. About three hundred. And in these days of terribly low prices of all agricultural produce, no one so placed as the writer of this page can look upon a gathering of the clergy, without thinking of much anxious care, borne with

little complaint, by husband and wife under the roof of many a country parsonage, ivy-clad or rose-entwined. These last have been heavy years. To bring the income down by half, while expenses tend ever to grow, is tragic. And the sordid tragedy of modern life is incomparably a worse thing than the heroic tragedy of chivalrous times. It is a sorrowful thing to see the lines deepen, year by year, on the sweet young face of the wife: to mark intellectual and moral deterioration in the once zealous and hopeful country parson. Try, young brothers, to put your real life into your sermons: then your cares will make them ever more helpful to people a little worn and weary like yourselves. That which holds you up under what would beat you: that which keeps the nature sweet amid much which might embitter it: may serve another too. I speak as to men who can understand. You know I do not mean (though some spiteful and stupid souls might say so) that you are to preach about yourselves.

There are indeed a few men here who have a provoking air of prosperity. They are remarkably well dressed: their raiment fits beautifully, and it is nearly new. But it is not that. It is the smooth and plump face, whereon is plainly written a famous (and extremely heartless) opinion of Paley: *It is a happy world after all*. Though quite beyond middle age, they have abundance of hair, and it is brushed with an appearance of entire self-satisfaction, provocative

to many. It was while gazing upon the head of a good Archbishop, gone, that I first fully understood the meaning of *the aggerawator curl*. The phrase, I know, is peculiar to the London pickpocket: but I confess that those curls did aggravate me. And the voices of these prosperous men, when lifted up in argument, had a certain rich, full, round, oleaginous and pury character. But for the fact that the writer knew several of them well, and liked them very much, he would have disliked them extremely. Which shows how unfair it is to judge from appearances. And he wore, habitually, a very sorrowful face, who writing a little memoir of his wife said, incidentally and as though naming a common case, that he and she were "always in the enjoyment of ample means." Is it so with one in a million, in this anxious age? I fancy that an instant reflection, following that calm statement, in the mind of many here present, might be set forth in the unenvious words, "How unlike me!"

They are kindly and hospitable people, hereabout: and though we (who number two) go out into the rain, seeking the railway station with the purpose of finding refreshment where Mr. Pickwick and his idiotic friends found it, it was not for want of a pleasant invitation to abide here. But one desired to see his little boy, at school in the quaintest and strangest of ancient houses in the city which Dickens called *Cloisterham*. The name sounds well: though it is

by no means so felicitous as that under which a waggish lawyer introduced a great distiller at a Polish ball : it was *Count Caskowsky*. The other pilgrim, whose home was much farther away, wished to pass, for a space, into an atmosphere pervaded by the personality of the over-sensitive genius who departed from his Kentish home so hastily on a bright June day : Kent, to him, being as Tweedside to our own Sir Walter. There are illusions which abide to the last. They are very few, but we should break down if they failed us. Away from the uninviting station : might not something less squalid be provided at small cost ? Soon, the sides of the deep cuttings blaze with red flowers : and here is Higham. Yes, this is *Higham, by Rochester, Kent* : very familiar the words once were in eyes which presumably have not seen them for long : as many old faces of things and people which we often look at were to some we used to know. Since one read the Biography, and since one came to read the books with eyes no longer young, the old glamour is abated : yet not many more interesting personalities have come within observation. The manifest weaknesses do not make the personality less interesting. Here his little carriage waited : and his large dogs : Gad's Hill is hard by. But that was visited on a bright day of a departed summer ; and we hold on. A dark tunnel, where the railway has displaced the canal. Here is Strood, and we stop. It is not an attractive street on which we enter : but

it leads us to where Rochester Bridge spans the broad Medway. There rises the Castle, magnificent in ruin. But a few steps farther on, is the Cathedral : small among the greatest Cathedrals of England, and with a modern tower which is unworthy of its place ; yet a great church of profound interest and extreme beauty : magnificent is the word which comes natural to one who lives where I do. And then the number of people one knows in Rochester, though with but one solitary acquaintance in the place : the crowd of associations which cluster about the quaint and delightful city ! *Edwin Drood* would of itself make it homelike : though *Edwin Drood* shows startling ignorance as well as intimate knowledge. Then there is *Great Expectations* : all about this town and the extraordinary marsh country near. It was upon these flags, no doubt still the same, that Trabb's Boy walked proudly by, as he exclaimed "Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah !" *Pickwick* shall not be further named : save to say that surely the delight with which multitudes have read the preposterous and amorphous story, came of the manifest high enjoyment with which it was written. Long ago, in the year wherein the writer took his degree, there was but one evening in the week on which the refreshment of light reading was permitted : the evening was Saturday, the work *The Pickwick Papers*. Over and over again the pages were read : the more tragic being generally eschewed : but the



pleasant pictures of English country scenes and country life were as cool water to one strayed on the hot Sahara. Dickens is not now what he was then; any more than are other things innumerable. One must needs be hopeful to enjoy any book with that old zest. But the old time is remembered, gratefully.

Nothing shall be said of our entertainment in the famous hotel. It was simple, but extremely good. An arbitrary commercial traveller sat by himself at one end of the table, and addressed the waiter in strident and commanding tones. Could anything induce the writer to accost a fellow-creature in that fashion? It appears the resultant rather of thickness of skin than of inordinate self-confidence. The apartment was disappointing. Considering how much one has read about it, it ought not to have looked so much like any other. It was small: it was shabby. Yet that is the fireplace before which Pip and Drummle stood shoulder to shoulder, each ignoring the other's presence: and through that window Pip looked with a broken heart; and Mr. Pickwick in cheery perplexity, his idiot friends standing by. All places of which one has heard much, and all people, when actually beheld, tend to the question *Is this all?* Such, dear Dean Stanley told, were the words of one known to him at first sight of the sea. And, just a day gone, one told the writer that he was disappointed in the Pass of Killiecrankie. I have passed through the Trossachs in talk with a stranger who stated that



he had seen something much finer. I had said little to him : but after that I said no more.

Now that old-fashioned street, once traversed by the bewildered David Copperfield. Here is the dwelling, which affords a night's shelter to poor travellers, not being rogues, or proctors. There are no proctors now : but the Founder, long ago, had doubtless suffered from such. Here is Eastgate House. Modern art appears to have helped the charming old edifice. Here is Restoration House. Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys. You enter in, and staircases and passages and wainscoted chambers carry you centuries away. There are human beings who fancy (of course it is a vain fancy) that might they but fly away to such a home, they would be at rest from a weary world, whose burden is beyond heart or strength, and where things in general tend to be gritty.

But we enter the sacred Precinct, looking with interest at this house and that, once inhabited or still inhabited by laborious scholar and divine. *Edwin Drood* gives you, if you read deliberately and carefully, the feeling of the place. By venerable walls ; by bright windows gay with flowers ; by masses of ivy ; by bits of green turf, very green to-day through the recent rain which has now ceased ; we come to the west front of the Cathedral of St. Andrew. As we enter by a little side door, and are in the Norman nave, a hush falls. It was long since the writer was

in an Anglican Cathedral last. And some folk feel, deeply, the genius of the grand house of prayer. The church is exactly as one remembered it; neither bigger nor less, neither fairer nor less fair. And one's heart is lifted up, the heart of one appointed to abide where these things are not, by all the surroundings here. No doubt, had one spent one's days in such a place, and known the human pettinesses which mar both God's work and man's, the mystic charm might, through years, have worn away. I do not think it ever would. But here experiment was impossible: the thing was not to be. Far hence the work must be done, while strength for work abides at all. And here and there, amid those distant scenes (which have their charm and consecration too), the soul may be found (perhaps one should say the body) that will abuse the writer for confessing how beautiful and touching things may be, here on the sunshiny side of the wall. Very despicable creatures are numbered among humankind. And the writer has never concealed his contempt for them.

Such beings, and their petty hatreds and envyings, pass quite away here. Let us quietly take in that we are here; under that roof; on this sacred ground. It is specially pleasant to be here. Yet there gradually presses itself upon an eye, not wholly un instructed, the sense that something remains to be done to the Nave. This is not a day for architectural details; and these interest but few. The Choir is

perfect. And as we draw near the massive screen which parts it from the Nave, we find, seated solemnly on a chair in the Transept, a venerable verger who approaches perfection too. For fifty years his life has been lived here. The quietness and sweetness of the place have given themselves to that kindly intelligent white-haired old man. First, a boy in the choir ; but for forty years his work has been what it is to-day.

The side-aisles are quite walled off from the centre-alley of the Choir. But there is a Choir Transept. East of it is set the pulpit : west of it, under a pointed canopy, the Bishop's Throne. Looking eastwards, the altar-end of the church is fine. Three lancet windows above, three below, of rich stained glass. The writer, as is his way, ascended the pulpit, and thence surveyed the place. It is impossible (an Act of Parliament makes it so) that he should ever preach from that pulpit. The law may perhaps be changed in time, but not in my time. Next to the Throne : lean upon the side and look at it, and wish all good to him whose right it is to sit there. Some like to sit down on dignified *sedilia* : there was a man who once slept a summer night through in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey. The writer, in these latter days, shrinks from going where he has no business to be. The only exception is a Cathedral pulpit. And his transient presence therein can do no harm.

Did Dickens come much about the Cathedral ?  
Yes, was the reply : a good deal. He had to know

it thoroughly, for *Edwin Drood*. The last lines he ever wrote (save certain business letters) were a description of Rochester Cathedral, and its worship on a bright June day. It is the fashion to say that Dickens was minutely accurate. I never can think him so, since I read his awful attempts to represent Lowland Scotch: attempts which have eventuated in a dialect unknown to Scotland, and indeed unknown to articulate man: likewise his accounts of conversation with the great Edinburgh surgeon, Professor Syme. I have heard Syme talk, upon many occasions: his speech bore not the remotest resemblance to that which Dickens puts in his mouth. The pathetic and humorous genius was a reckless caricaturist. And his descriptions of places which I know, and of scenes at which I was present, are the most extravagant exaggerations and perversions of the fact.

The Precinct and the Cathedral are well described, though not sympathetically. And one must love a great church, to put it worthily before a reader. But the great writer's descriptions of the services are terrible. The ignorance shown is quite beyond words. I do not go into details, for these would be wearisome to most. One may suffice. The villain Jasper was evidently the chief Tenor in the choir: and Dickens mentions, as the ordinary use, that when the surpliced train entered, Jasper came "leading their line." No choir ever entered in *line*: of course they come two and two. But this is a small matter. It was pleasant.

to remark the deep contempt of the fine old Verger when he was asked whether in Rochester Cathedral the leading Tenor came in procession leading the Choir. "Never here; and never in any Cathedral on earth." One would have said that any observant person who had been once in such a church would have known that the boys come first. Further, from the last lines ever written of *Edwin Drood*, it appears that the early morning service, on an ordinary day, was full choral. A very exceptional incident if it ever occurred at all. There is no need to go into the question how a consummate blackguard could have continued for a lengthened period to hold prominent office in a Cathedral Choir. The eminent Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle, for years Dean of Ely, and enthusiastic in the charge of his magnificent church and glorious worship, bursts out (in print) upon this point with indignation and derision entirely akin to the feeling of the white-haired expert at Rochester. In truth, the services described in *Edwin Drood* are just as like the fact, as the vile caricatures in the Biography are to the actual language of grand old Professor Syme.

The day is waning, though it be the Longest Day. The writer never can think of it without recalling Wordsworth's most beautiful and touching poem. But Wordsworth's Longest Day was one of blazing light and glowing warmth: these in ever excessive glory: so that *all who breathed* were thankful when



nightfall abated their sway. It is very different now. The rain has ceased: but there is no blue at all in that heavy sky. Very unwillingly the Cathedral has been left behind. The stillness and beauty abide: they will be there when we are far away: but when shall we be here again? Well, may others be helped by them when we shall need help too. Good-bye to the kind and intelligent Verger: he has the very best wishes of an unknown friend. And now we are still to follow in the footsteps of Dickens. For, after all deduction, there is a charm to some about scenes where his step has been, and which he loved. Through Cobham Woods: all readers of the *Life* know what these were to him. And to the present writer they are *fresh woods and pastures new*: more than once seen from afar, but till now untrodden. Could one believe that so near to great London, so close to Cockney Gravesend, there could be so vast a tract of lonely woodland? The extent is immensely greater than anticipation: the trees are glorious, copse and green path and forest monarch alone in his pride, startled deer and the lovely House, the very ideal of a princely English home. There is no special uplifting to the wayfarer in the streets of Strood: and when we pass from these, and enter upon the fields, the chalky paths are slippery and the way is uphill: the first thought was *Now we are to be disappointed, as often before!* It was not so. The five miles were tiring. The heat became too much.



But the great trees soothed and cheered; and the touching associations with the genius who went at fifty-eight. He was to have walked in these woods that evening he was stricken down. And among them, near the Hall, the Châlet has been placed which Fechter gave him: which stood in the little wilderness at Gad's Hill approached through that ugly tunnel: and wherein he wrote, with the June sunshine and scents and birds about him, all that morning and afternoon which were the last in which he knew Kent. Not a word of the Hall; though words might be very many. The writer never will enter a great house unless he knows the people who inhabit it: from that rule he varies not in this life. And when friendly circumstances make one free to enter, the story will not be written of what is found there. But here is the Châlet: altogether a bigger and more substantial erection than expectation. Climb up into the spacious chamber wherein, in the bodily and spiritual solitude needful to the agony of composition, those last hours passed over. What thousands waited with interest for all that came from that pen! And how little real good it did the care-lined driver of it! Let it be confessed: not for long have I been in a nook of this sorrowful world which touched me more deeply. One does not talk, now, of looking on a spot, or thinking of an incident, not without a tear. The pathos, indeed, of the homely event in the little life is infinite. But, quite lately,

when something was said in the presence of a great man of how another man still greater sobbed audibly when a brief story was told him, the calmly-cynical observation followed, *I suppose he was intoxicated.* I was able to testify that he was not. But I once heard the true genius Guthrie say, very bitterly, *There are people who can't imagine a man doing a generous act or showing deep feeling, unless he is drunk.* I think a very brief sentence followed, taken from the Decrees of Trent.

So passed That Longest Day.



### III.

#### THE FIRST QUIET WALK.



ES, things are fresh and strange on this first afternoon among them, though familiar too: for this is the ninth successive May which has brought me to this Garden of Southern England.

Wonderfully fresh and strange, and away from one's daily life and work somewhere else; and they help one.

*It is good for a man,* said Oo Long the Chinese sage, *that he should get back to his own tea-cup.* And Oo Long spoke wisely. But it is likewise extremely good for a man to get away from his own tea-cup. The most congenial work drags heavily, after many months at the collar. And there is marvellous spiritual refreshment in change of scene. Gracious nature surrounds you with an atmosphere of health and hope, and you take it in at every pore. The burden of accustomed duty is strangely lessened. As a general rule, the weight of one's office diminishes directly as

the square of the miles of distance from it. Thus, when five hundred miles away from home, the burden is lighter than usual to a degree which those with a head for figures may readily calculate.

It is only a Surrey lane, open to all comers. For it is singular how those who may walk in princely paradises prefer the common highway. The road is macadamised; but there is not a loose stone, and underfoot it is smooth and firm as marble. It winds through magnificent trees, some of them in the glory of their blossoming; and it rises and falls as though this were Perthshire. A soft shower has come and gone; and the air is fragrant with the breathing life of Spring. There is perfect quiet. The lane keeps to the crest of a range of wooded hills. To the South, you look over an undulating country, vividly green, and covered with great woods. To the North, the like prospect: yet one knows that but a few miles off is vast and awful London.

But the park-wall which bounds the lane on the South is of flints, deftly split, and showing their split surface; and it has dressings of red brick, made beautiful by years. You could not find such a wall in Fife. And this charming little country church to which we have come is of the like material. Split flints: not bigger than a fairly-sized fist: the dressings and the buttresses here are of red stone; and the steep-pitched roof is of russet tiles. The Chancel is as long as the Nave: but the Nave has side-aisles.

and the Chancel has not. The scene is of exquisite beauty, richness, and quietness: but it is, above all, intensely English. No one ever saw such a church and churchyard in Scotland. The writer does indeed know a spot familiar in departed years, which approximated to this. But the pilgrims who visited it, and they came by hundreds in the year, to look upon the resting-place of heroic Jeanie Deans and the stone which Sir Walter placed over her, were wont to say, with one accord, looking upon that sweet and peaceful scene, *How English!*

Here is an interesting grave. A few feet underneath this turf rests the once-lively hand of Sir Francis Head, which in its day so brightened the *Quarterly* with vivid description. *Descriptive Essays*, he called the collected material: and indeed they were such. Then the Reviewer had to be reviewed: Ah, the long years since the present writer produced a lengthy notice of the volumes for that which Mr. Bright called the *Saturday Reviler!* But that notice was wholly complimentary. Under the same stone is laid the faithful partner of Sir Francis's joys and sorrows. No one ever forgets the touching *In death they were not divided*. One would have said that sentence was unimprovable. But Sir Francis has varied it: and his words are touching too: *In death, as in life, united*.

Standing here, in this churchyard, under trees of gigantic girth, the fine Lych-gate hard by, and the



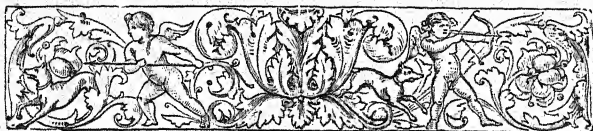
great red Hall a hundred yards off (*Court* is the name, here), one thinks of the kindly condescension with which English folk sometimes enlighten the deep ignorance of the Scot. It was in Cornwall, many years ago, that the writer was walking, on a still Autumn day, with the Squire of the parish. He *would* make things plain and intelligible: good man. *That*, said he, pointing to an ivy-grown edifice, very beautiful, *is the parish church: "The Kirk," you understand.* Next, *That is the Rectory: "The Manse," you know.* He went on, *Here comes the Rector: that means "The Minister."* He added, finally, *All this land about belongs to me: I am "The Laird," you understand.* I assured him that I did understand, most distinctly.

There are things which it is needful you be told, if you are to know them: as for example that the pretty suburban region of Carshalton is called *Case-Horton*. There are things, too, for which one may be trusted; if of average intelligence.

And there, as the light lessens, a sweet sound falls upon one's ear, which, after all illusion, never was heard North of the Humber. It comes from many green copses around.

Spring song, charming beyond words, of Surrey and Kent, O Nightingales!





#### IV.

##### DISILLUSIONED.

**S**YDNEY SMITH, to the end of his cheerful life, was wont to declare that there remained with him one Illusion: to wit, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

That special Illusion does not much prevail with certain unhierarchical Scots. For we know what Archbishops are "before they are made:" and are aware that (wise and admirable men as they generally are) there are very many who might have been developed into beings quite as good as they. It is well known by some, too, by what strange caprices of fortune they reached their great place: the outsider winning the prize while the favourite is left nowhere. It was a great Prelate, who had risen about as high as man can rise, who once said, in thoughtful tones, to the present writer, *The fact is, it is a miracle that anybody ever gets anything.* Once upon a time, the writer walked for an hour (there was drenching rain) round the cloisters at Windsor with Dean Wellesley,

listening earnestly to his outspoken talk. Such, in effect, was his conclusion likewise.

The writer has good reason to venerate the Anglican Hierarchy. And he does so as much as is reasonable. Yet he cannot shut his eyes. The undecorated Norman Macleod: the overburdened Tulloch: was not either of them a far greater man than the average Archbishop? It is invidious to give names, but is fit: say far greater than Archbishops Howley, Sumner, or Longley? Will any one, fairly informed, gainsay the fact?

My Illusion was different from that of the great Joker of Jokes. Since the day when Archbishop Howley solemnly, in presence of a multitude, placed in my hand the prize for a Latin essay, saying to me, in a mild tone, *Three excellent books* (I have them yet: utterly unreadable all of them); I have beheld, near at hand, too many of such dignitaries to be over-much impressed by any one. And when man or woman publishes a book, you can take their measure: Talleyrand was right, there. But I did believe, till a very recent period in my life, that in this Garden of England no keen north wind could blow; no bitter sleet obscure the landscape on a morning far on in May; no November fog hang over blossoming apple-trees; no savage moaning blast strew these sweet lanes with green leaves, reft untimely away: no railway cuttings be whitened with hail, lying for an hour unmelted, on a day whereon (in these parts) I have known it blazing

summer. As I write these lines, the room is suddenly darkened: a hurricane of sleet is driven past the windows, hiding the huge trees, clouds of bright green. I hasten to look forth: the great lawn, a velvety expanse, lies white, on this Saturday, May 21, as under January snow. And this is softly-wooded Surrey: That horizon (again grown visible) is blossoming Kent. The state of matters is (as was remarked by a Professor when a guest got tipsy at his table) *Most Unsatisfactory.*

Now and then it clears for a blink: and though the atmosphere abides cold as death, the sun shines out, and that great expanse of park smiles in one's face, greener far than emerald, hopeful and beautiful. More than once, a rainbow has filled the sky; and one hoped that (as Campbell put it) the storm was preparing to part. But it was not to be. In a little the wind moaned, wintry: the bitter plashes of rain and hail were driven against the panes: blackness as of night came down. Things could not have been more cheerless, had a fierce north-easter been roughening St. Andrews Bay.

*Which is better*, said the nameless Eastern sage, *the attainment of happiness or the attainment of truth?* Wherefore should the stranger abide under the Illusion that anywhere on earth it is always summer? For the fact is not so. The most amiable human face does not always smile: I am thinking not of frowns but of tears. And though this be the sunny side of

the wall, spiritually and materially, it is not all sunshine, even here. The churches are beautiful. The services are perfection. The music is hearty and pathetic. And though sometimes the sermons are extremely good, much more frequently they are extremely bad. Even summer Surrey is not Paradise. And even in flowery Kent, the woods do not "ever blossom, like our orchards here in May."

There it comes again, the *Mild Arch of Promise*; as Southey called it in his finest sonnet. It assures us, to adopt his words, that *The Flood shall not return again*. But it does not assure us that there may not be what the rationalistic writer in the forgotten *Essays and Reviews* declared was meant by the universal deluge: "A continuance of extremely inclement weather, rendering a large portion of Asia quite uninhabitable."



V.

*THAT SPOT ONCE MORE.*



WE have come slowly down the hill, we two : the great green woods faced us, curiously dappled with shade and shine. It is a summer day indeed ; and it looks like one. But it is an eerie day, and the country-side has a weird look : like a story by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

We have reached the level : on the left hand swells the great Park, and the lane is shaded by gigantic elms. The cottages are exquisite for tidiness : the chimneys are wreathed : they rise out of a thick undergrowth of climbing plants. The country carts one meets have four wheels : they are drawn, each of them, by three plump horses, in single file. A considerable share of the leader's strength seems to go to pulling about the other two. But old abuses die hard and slowly.

Here, on the left, is the church : a beautiful church, of no small architectural dignity. Flints, of course,



showing a flat split surface : they make a pretty wall. Great buttresses ; and a massive square tower, roofed with red tiles. The churchyard is perfectly level : not an acre, all told : it is kept with special care : a decent old man is touching up the grass with a little mowing-machine, capable of getting into narrow spaces between the crowded crosses and grave-stones. The church-door stands wide open, as every church-door ought to stand ; and the solemn tones flood the still air of a very sweet and powerful organ. Some enthusiast is practising : there is no mistaking that skilful and sensitive hand. Generally, the music is soft and low : but now and then it breaks forth into melodious thunder. And that glorious and sacred Instrument, one thinks, is what somebody (I don't care who he was) called in contumely a *Kist of Whistles*. Likewise, when it was proposed, five-and-twenty years since (no more) to have its unspeakable help and uplifting in the Kirk, a saintly clergyman of four-score declared oftentimes in the writer's astonished ears, that *All this was of the instigation of the Devil*. He likewise wrote me a long letter to the same effect : which, some day, should I be sufficiently provoked, I shall publish. It would indeed be cruel. But some of us have suffered persecution in our day. And though our natures be sweet, and our hearts forgiving, *we have remarkably good memories*. I fear that what looks like a revengeful spirit is the outcome of a good memory.

But it is barely possible that such a spirit is



possessing the writer at this moment : just where place and time least befit it. I have come to a spot which I visit at intervals : always finding it strange to be here : always learning something : always aware that here one is chastened and subdued. One gets plenty of Taking-Down elsewhere, doubtless, in these latter days ; even more than is needed : and all personal ambition is outgrown, long ago. No Bogus-Honours could in any way tempt the writer : he would not make urgent entreaty to a Western University whose Degrees are being trailed in the mud, though so doing might lead to his being made a Doctor of Divinity to-morrow. It is easy to live without being such : and very speedily it may indeed be a proud distinction. Already, it might be well that a black cross be appended to the names of Pushers who got Degrees by asking for them.

This is not quite a common country churchyard. Here four men rest, on whom worldly dignities fell very thickly, and who bore them very meekly. Without asking, they got Degrees beyond numbering. They were Doctors of every imaginable kind ; and each had the power of making any man a graduate of any sort whatsoever. The power was, and is, a strange survival of departed ages : it does not quite befit these times. They were not, of necessity, extraordinary men : but each, in his day, filled a very extraordinary place. Each, in his day, was Chief Shepherd of the greatest National Establishment in Christendom. Each was Archbishop of Canterbury.

Very modest indeed are their tombs: and therefore incomparably more impressive than anything ambitious could be. One always goes first to that of a countryman: a plain cross of grey granite: only green grass covers the grave. He set it up himself: his wife and son were laid here first. All that is said, in addition to the simple inscription concerning them, is *Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop*; and the day on which he died. A few yards distant stands a perfectly plain cross of white marble. It bears several names of those who rest beneath: and at the foot of all, just a line: *Charles Thomas Longley, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury*. At the other end of the little churchyard, a long block of white marble lies flat: *John Bird Sumner, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury*. Within the church there is a modest tablet on the wall of the Nave: the words here are in Latin, but equally brief: *Carolus Manners Sutton*. Not every visitor, indeed, feels that solemn simplicity as in any degree impressive. As we two stood silently over the grave of Archbishop Tait, one who had been directed to it plainly for the first time pointed eagerly to the lowly Cross; and said, in earnest tones, *Is that Aberdeen granite?*

Now let us go into the church, very dark and solemn: the Organ, happily, goes on: played most beautifully. Let us sit down here for a space, far to the West under the tower, each on a rush-seated chair, and be still. Centre alley and side aisles: a

long chancel, with three low Norman windows in the Apse, filled with good stained glass. Close to the Altar, on the right side looking towards the congregation (which is on our left hand : I notice some good folk are confused when you speak of the right side of the Chancel or the Altar in any church) is set, sideways to the congregation, the plainest possible Glastonbury chair. In this, each good man sat in his day : when, after the Royal Family, he ranked as the first subject of the British Crown.

If one could be here often, the impressiveness would go. But to one who can be here only at yearly intervals, and who, departing, thinks he may never return, this is a touching place. We too have our work and our worry : and both are hard for our small strength. But one thinks, not without awe, of the heavy burden which (at least of recent years) weighed on those here quietly at rest. It must have been a remarkable day in their house, at least to wife and children, when the Premier's letter came. You remember in Lord Denman's *Life*, a letter he wrote, on his elevation, to somebody very dear. It was simple, and natural. *I can't take it in, that I am Chief Justice of England.*

Then away through the great Park : the long green glades that extend into *the Archbishop's Woods* : the large house, inexpressibly ugly : by and bye, ascending, the great fir-trees, the heather, the furse, amid which you say, *Perthshire !*



VI.

AN UNWONTED SUNDAY.

**P**ENTECOST, *day of rejoicing, has come,* said somebody of no special account, as under a very gloomy summer sky, wherein no blue was visible anywhere, and in a very desponding mood, he set forth this morning on a lonely walk; making for a little country church three miles off. You may indeed make up your mind to rejoice upon a certain day; and you may try to revive the associations befitting. But this is a perverse world; and it is extremely likely that the desired lightening of heart may refuse to come. Things in general do not come when wanted. The individual in question came forth from a beautiful country house, characteristically English, leaving a cheerful party behind him: for on this day he wished to go to a church unsought by any of that little company. And walking along thus solitarily, he remembered how a good lady declared to him that she heard it asked in prayer in a High-

land kirk, that *As there was but one Shepherd, so there might be but one sheep.* If the story be true, the officiating pastor had obviously blundered.

Going along, with thick green woods on either hand and meeting overhead, down this steep hill and then up a longer and steeper ascent which faces it, the solitary pilgrim felt that it was a strange Sunday morning. A stay-at-home mortal is easily put out of his way; and the present writer will never be anything but a stay-at-home mortal. *The morning was dark* (the Cardinal did not write *morning*), *and he was far from home.* It was a curious feeling, to be walking away, solitary, through these unfamiliar fields and woods, on the Sunday morning, to one who on such a day is always pressed with responsible duty, nearly five hundred miles away. The cottages are few: they are beautiful, but they look strange. Here is a pretty one of red brick below, then red shingles of wood, and in the upper storey white-washed plaster crossed by great beams painted black. Tidiness is perfect here: one sees no trace of Mrs. M'Clarty. Many blossoming trees, which have come to their glory without the aid of sunshine, show singularly against the leaden sky. The mild humour of the district is shown in the occasional wish of *A Merry Christmas*; here in the last hours of May. The silence is audible: the solitude complete. The inhabitants of these pleasant little homes do not appear to be out of their beds. It is hard to take in



that just three miles off begins the greatest of great cities. Yet if you should walk that distance due North from these lanes and fields and commons, you would encounter the first outlying line of that awful stone and mortar sea.

Here is a Common, irregular in its form, and of many acres' extent. Notwithstanding Mr. Outram's pathetic lyric, which appears to imply that such are familiar things in Scotland, one's own experience goes quite the other way. Possibly these expanses, once trodden by the cows and geese of many *decent old women*, have all been *Soured* and *Roomed*. The result is regrettable; however and whatever. And now a sweet little bell suddenly rings out: and two or three small boys of a sudden appear, as making towards that sound. Such is the homely material of the angelic *surpliced-choir*. They enter into their Vestry, ordinary little school-boys. They abide there a space, not unfrequently kicking one another viciously in the narrow bounds. For Vestries are often a tight fit for a considerable Choir: and Mr. Dickens has said that nobody knows how difficult it is to keep one's temper under provocation, who has not lived in the over-close proximity of life in a travelling van. The trial here is highly analogous. But Rector and Curates enter: all sounds cease: I have seen the kick stayed in its mid-career. The bells cease: the organ rings out: and singing some touching processional hymn the white-robed crowd slowly passes along the



Nave towards the Chancel; all the congregation reverently rising to welcome them. And now the homely singing-men look like saints; and the little chorister-boys look like angels. Would we had all these things in Scotland too: only stupid prejudice prevents them. Likewise the light, cool, fresh surplice, instead of the hot, heavy, stuffy black-gown. Wherefore not? Specially as the surplice is very much cheaper.

Here is a very plain and homely little church; yet decorous too. The Chancel is as long as the Nave: Choir-stalls and Altar are seemly. A quaint old clerk stands inside the door, ringing the bell: he greets the stranger with a kindly good-morning. The little flock gradually assembles: twenty-five all told: yet the church looked well-filled. The Rector enters: once he came in, following a vested choir of fourteen: but in a country parish with a population of seventy, the boys go elsewhere and their places cannot be filled. A bright, clever, energetic man in middle age: Too little to do, surely. No Bogus *Literates' Tippets* here: the dignified M.A. of Oxford. The Prayers are extremely well read: the responses are hearty. The *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* are pleasantly chanted: two pretty hymns are sung. The Rector, as befits his name, is *High-Church*: but both hymns were written by a Nonconformist hand. A nice little sermon: just ten minutes: not a scrap of paper: it would have done for Ayrshire, long ago. Then the

o

Communion ; Twelve of that little congregation received : It was most solemn and cheering. Would we had it in the Kirk as frequently, and as quietly. Then all depart. And the Anglican Rector and the Scotch minister pass, in brotherly relations, through the quiet fields. It was a typical English Sunday. And it was very restful. How different, if all goes well, next Sunday must be !

Away homewards through blossoming trees and hawthorn hedges ; not a soul in view. Sir Walter could not have been lonelier at St. Mary's Lake. This is not a Diary. Yet, let it be said that, as the Evening fell, the writer went again to Prayer. Principal Tulloch used to say that the writer had a morbid appetite for going to church. The appetite is there, though I do not admit it is morbid. Five times on a Sunday I have managed to go. I grieve to relate that on such a day, in such a place, two or three irreverent lads from London, having a holiday, gazed on two friends passing by ; and one of them, plainly unfamiliar with the peculiar dress of the Anglican Hierarchy, exclaimed in a loud voice, *Blazes, see his legs !* On that evening, things were statelier than in the little sanctuary in the morning. We are here, in a beautiful church, while the air is still flooded by the silvery bells. As they cease, with a punctuality difficult to attain North of the Tweed, the first mighty notes of the organ swell forth : the long surpliced train appears at the western door : the clear boyish

voices ring out, *All hyle the power of Jesu's Nyme, Let Yngels prostrate fall*; and they come on in solemn procession: the pleasant English accent falling welcome on the ear. Call it Cockney if you like. No doubt it should be *hail*, and *Name*, and *Angels*. That is quite understood. But, to me, it is more musical than it was to hear an eminent theologian preaching about *The Thoat of Gudd*; or even to hear a critic complain of that man's *Hoarrible Pronounciation*.



## VII.

### THE WATERWORKS.

**B**Y far the pleasantest, cleverest, and kindest set of men whom I have companied with for very long, are the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Councillors of the great city of Glasgow. The same I am free to maintain. . And occasionally I am compelled to hold intercourse (as little as may be) with men who are unpleasant, stupid, and unkind. I dislike them most especially. So I know the other thing when I see it.

And I have seen it for part of two days. On this Friday afternoon I have, a minute ago, descended from a coach, the foremost of five, each drawn by four plump horses; and, constrained by the call of duty, I have most unwillingly bidden these civil magnates farewell. Each coach, passing, bestowed a cheer upon the lonely wayfarer, departing, as though that might cheer him up. Now, quite alone, and distinctly down in the mouth, I am traversing a

narrow road which winds through the heather, and amid the great hills. It is strange to be here ; strange to one who has been in few places, and these not far away. That dark water which spreads below, half a mile off, is famous. That is Loch Katrine. The great hill on which I have turned my back is Ben Lomond. I am coming down to the Stronaclachar end of the lake, which is the end (as all the world knows) farthest from that indescribable and bewildering Pass which Sir Walter made known to all English-speaking souls. To-day I have stopped at Coilantogle ford : have waited by Loch Vennachar : have passed along Loch Achray : have come, with astonishment as fresh as ever, through the miraculously-lovely Trossachs, never beheld under a more blazing sunshine : have gazed upon Ben Aan and Ben Venue, not to name Ben Ledi : have sailed all the length of the lake : These things can be done cheaply, and easily. That does not make less of them. Not on God's earth can you see anything more fair.

Once in each year, the Glasgow Water Commissioners (who are not personally to be distinguished from the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow) visit their waterworks : which yield that vast city the grandest supply of water known to man. They came yesterday by rail to Aberfoyle : saw all they had to see in that region : and at six in the evening reached Callander. Who knows not the Dreadnought there ? At half-past six follows one of those pleasant banquets



which old Lord Eldon said do so much to *lubricate business*: such was the Chancellor's phrase. Every soul at that board beamed, as Major Costigan said, with jovialitee and genialitee. Learning that a nameless sojourner, whose heart will ever warm to Glasgow, was there, they asked him to join their party: the which he, being specially weary and run down, was charmed to do.

The story of that dinner cannot be written. Who can worthily expatiate on the learned, the genial, the bright, the warm-hearted Lord Provost? \* He looks young for his responsible place: but all honours, academic, civic, and national, have been showered upon him with universal approval. There was Glasgow hospitality: Highland warmth: there were many speeches, each of them admirable in ability, tone, and temper. Can Worrie be known in Glasgow? Can difference of opinion ever arise in its Council? Would that the General Assembly were such! Then the writer might occasionally go to it. Specially if speaking were severely forbidden, save by men who had somewhat to say.

Next morning, at eight, did ever so brotherly a breakfast party assemble? Then away, in divers carriages and four. Admirable are the dinners and breakfasts of the Dreadnought: admirable the horses it turns out; a pleasure to sit behind and to see.

\* Sir James King, Bart., LL.D.

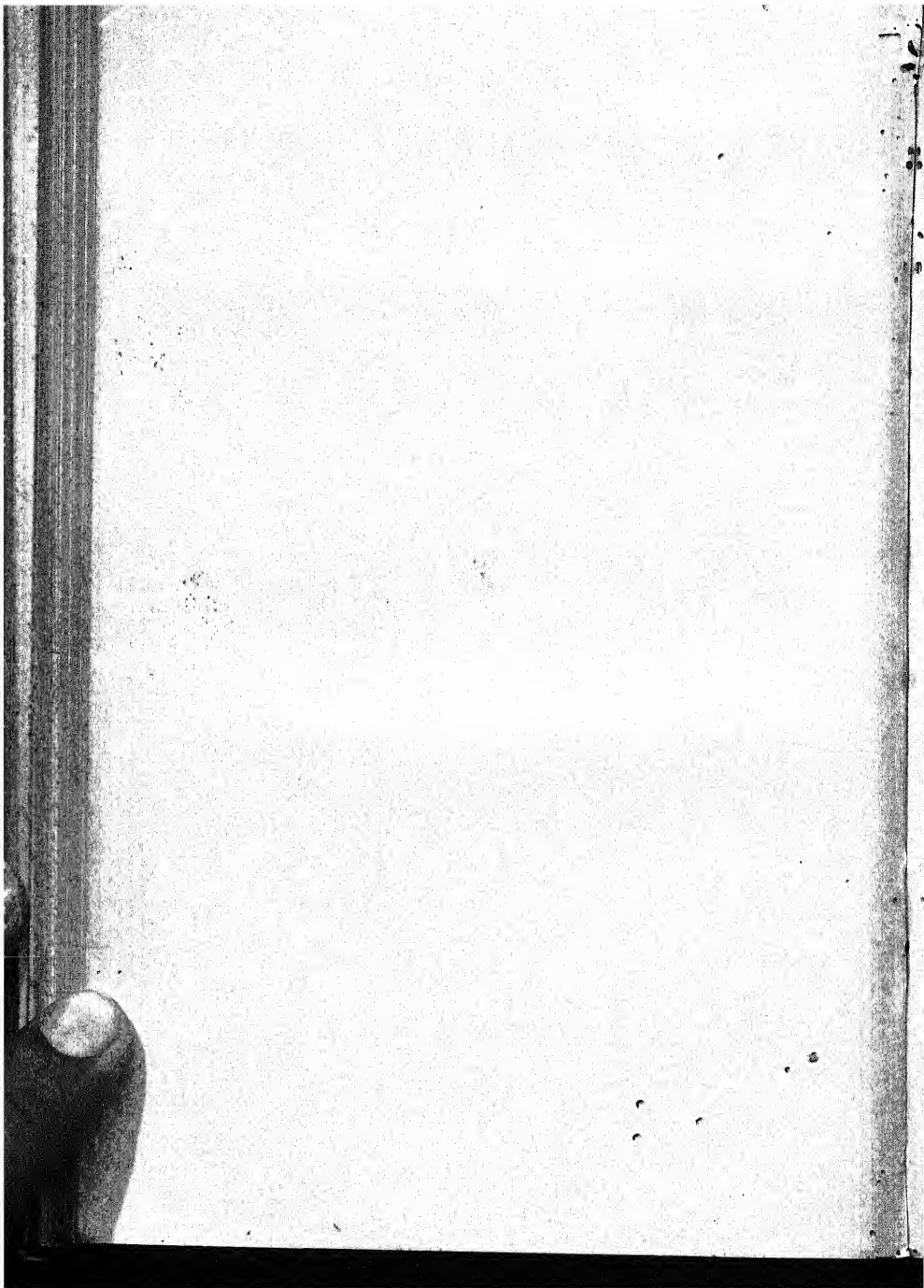


Inspect the Vennachar sluices : onward, till we pass slowly through the Trossachs : Launch upon the lake, under the most glorious of summer suns. Here were three bright American girls, on their travels quite without male protection : modest, cheery, self-possessed, making friends with their countryman, that best of Consuls, who started the *Atlantic Monthly*, and abides in Glasgow for these present days. Lunch at the Royal Cottage, where begins the eight-miles tunnel. Would that Mr. Rider Haggard saw it ! Boats to Stronaclachar : there coaches for Inversnaid, from one of which the writer, after a mile's drive, sorrowfully came down.

I hate saying Good-bye : unless to people whom I would rather never see at all. But it has to be done : done continually. And here I am sitting above the lake, waiting. The splash is in my ear : I who have had to listen to Doctor Log. The great mountains are all around me : and they help one who has occasionally spoken to a being whom the classic American author would have called *an uncommon small piece of a man*. Might not one seek accommodation in the pleasant little hotel hard by : a pattern of tidiness and comfort : and return to work no more ?



Two Diverse Lives.





I.

*PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.\**



T is an admirable Biography : most interesting from the first page to the last : very frank in its disclosures, but not too frank : and every sentence of it true. It founds upon full knowledge ; and it has been prepared with painstaking accuracy. We all know Mrs. Oliphant's qualifications for writing just such a Life : and here there was a very intimate acquaintance with that Home. There is no more remarkable woman now living. She has produced what might have made half-a-dozen high reputations, in divers fields. Those who knew and loved Tulloch will say she never did better work than she has done here. She has given to homely fact the charm of the most attractive fiction.

\* "A Memoir of the Life of John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews : Dean of the Most Ancient and Honourable Order of the Thistle : one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland." By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," &c. &c. Edinburgh and London : Blackwoods. 1888.



The book's only want is the inevitable want which is in all Biography: the Man's living presence is away. Hawthorne said that our mental picture of a departed friend is *a little wanner* than the fact. And no page that ever was written can look at you like the old familiar face: can speak to you like the voice which even yet sometimes draws a tear. So it is that we, who knew Tulloch in daily converse, and felt his going as so much irretrievably taken out of our life, thank Mrs. Oliphant for a Biography which does for us all that Biography can do. Even the portrait which faces the title-page, though most striking and characteristic, the very man, is the man in a single mood. And it is a very fit face to set before the outer world. Thus he looked, meeting a stranger. But those who saw him continually, in all his varying moods, and in the extremest intimacy and outspokenness, would need a score of portraits at least to reproduce their remembrance of that ever-changing face.

Nor can I pretend to write of this Volume as a stranger might: holding the balance even, and trying impartially to estimate the man: his power, his work, his influence. That is not for me. Everything around one is still full of his personality. By this fireside near which I write he has sat times without number. The hearty laugh has been here: hearty, and loud, but never coarse nor cynical: a wonderful laugh: there was nothing about him which the boys of this house so remember. And under this roof,



too, I have seen that fine face look just as sorrowful as human face can look, and those big eyes filled with tears. Walking about the gray St. Andrews streets, one recalls, with startling vividness, what he said standing at that corner: what he said looking at that clump of trees: what he said under a bit of ruin, the red sunset on his features: perhaps with a laugh, perhaps with a sigh. There were those to whom he described his darker moods, with a great frankness. I can certify, from my own knowledge, how true the story is, of the latter five-and-twenty years. One sees him yet, sitting in the light of the club-room fire, in the daily little space of quiet, after the morning's work was over, and perhaps the afternoon round of the famous Links: then "coming up" together, in winter dark or summer daylight, as it drew near to seven o'clock: and the grave fashion in which, issuing forth, he would turn his money in his pocket at first sight of the new moon: the absolute frankness, too, with which at such times he would tell what he felt; and what he had been thinking upon all things, the very gravest. Such details drew him very close in affection; but never lessened respect. He was a good, truthful, warm-hearted, loveable Man. But he was impatient of personal gossip; of which this little city in former days had its share. It is dreadful to remember that Professor Aytoun, returning from a few days with his brother-in-law Professor Ferrier, told divers folk in Edinburgh that "Hell was a quiet and

friendly place to live in, compared with St. Andrews." *That* was long ago. It is a kindly family now: not without the characteristics of a family. And Tulloch did much to make it so.

Do not dip into this book. It will not be fair to Tulloch: not fair to Mrs. Oliphant. To feel the charm and power of this *Life*, you must read it through, from beginning to end. In this respect, it is singularly like to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's wonderful "*Cloister-Life of Charles the Fifth.*" You have a most elaborate and finished picture of Tulloch: but it is given on no single page. The picture grows on you, by innumerable vivid touches, coming continually. Carefully read the book through; and you will see the man as he lived, vividly shown. This is Principal Tulloch: as much as it ever could be Principal Tulloch when he was himself away,—when the grand presence, the bright face, the great voice, the hearty laugh, the warm hand, were gone.

He could condemn severely: but it was an outburst of feeling, and over. And when he had for just a moment flown out at a special friend (as he sometimes did) it was most touching to see how anxious he was by extremest kindness to make up for it. Never was eminent man more beloved by those who knew him best, than Tulloch: and he was beloved the more for these momentary flashes of lightning. A self-contained, cautious mortal could never have gained such warm affection. I have stood by his

grave with each of his few chiefest friends: no one could trust himself to speak, then and there. We do not claim to have such big folk among us as the great genius who wrote "In Memoriam": but one has thought, in our grand churchyard, of Andrew Lang's exquisite verses by the resting-place of Arthur Hallam: and of *This is the grave which has been wept above, With more than mortal tears.* A word's change will do. Two friends who stood there together were once on a time returning in the June twilight along magnificent Princes Street from a "Moderator's Dinner." One of them, after that dinner, had made a wonderfully clever but not conciliatory speech. Tulloch joined them: and the three walked on in silence. Something was plainly wrong. At length one said to Tulloch, *That was a clever speech of Jabez Gilead's.* Tulloch burst forth at once. *No, it was not. It was disgraceful. And you (growing in wrath, and turning on the innocent friend), you are worse than he: for you encourage him to make a fool of himself, that you may laugh at him.* Far indeed, I can testify, was that purpose from the innocent friend's heart. And the too eloquent friend, though of the very dearest, was by no means one to laugh at. Speedily the little thunder-clap was over: and Tulloch with a wistful face and voice proposed to *smoke the pipe of peace.* The two friends, thus assailed, had never dreamt of being angry. But it brought the lump to one's throat to see the great man's eagerness to make up. For such things we loved him.

Nor can one forget the awful seasons of gloom, far transcending ordinary "depression of spirits." They were most characteristic of the man : and sometimes they lasted long. That finely-strung, sensitive nature could enjoy, and could endure, as few human beings can. One sees him, to-day, at his brightest and most hopeful, eagerly talking of the University, in which his heart was, and of gleams of prosperity : notably of one hope, hitherto unfulfilled, which might have made the faded city glorious with its mediæval glory. Then ruffled and wrathful, at something which concerned the Kirk : quite as often at things within as at foes without. For Tulloch, though an ecclesiastic, was absolutely truthful. Anything tricky or pettifogging stirred him to angry contempt. And he saw a good deal which was both tricky and pettifogging : not to add stupid, illiterate, bigoted, obstructive, and malignant. Everybody cried Tulloch up when he died. If in some quarters the kindness and fairness had come sooner, it might have saved that sensitive heart some pain. We do not forget that rancorous abuse and such persecution as was possible were for years the portion of the man who died as the greatest churchman in Scotland, the glory and defence of the Church where he was so long a suspect ; and most distinctly *of the opposition*. It would be pleasant for me to put upon this page facts within my personal knowledge, which, in the light of after-time, might make some ecclesiastical spouters and tricksters

blush through skins of incredible thickness, if indeed they were here to blush. But the day came when they were no longer spared; and they might well have been spared much sooner. But Tulloch (no doubt others helped) educated the Kirk: and there is no more tolerant, advanced, and progressive communion than he left it.

Then one sees him at his very lowest: when the mysterious "horror of darkness" had come down, God knows why and how. I have given the words he often said to me: "blackness of darkness" he wrote, in a heart-breaking record. That sensitive nature was all jarred and miserable: the sweet bells were jangled out of tune: every prospect was black. "I sat in the Assembly all day," he said to me: "I did not know what I was doing." Yet on such a day he did the Clerk's duty to perfection: no one guessed under what gloom. Yet, at the worst, though he would have been thankful to be delivered from this life, there was no delusion. He was perfectly sane. Talk to him for a while, and you would find he could grasp difficult subjects with all the wonted power. And when, with his transparent frankness, he would speak of his share of earthly troubles and anxieties, you could not but feel they were there. It was in such dark days that the sweet, gentle, self-sacrificing woman on whom he leant for forty years,—his first love and his last,—seemed to such as knew her well as but a very little lower than the angels. Every



word Mrs. Oliphant has written to her praise is literally true. Many a time one has heard the *Never mind about me*. Sometimes, in extreme bodily weakness, the heroic but most womanly spirit within her bore her up to do what would have been too much for the strongest. It may be permitted to one who knew her through many years almost as a brother, to say that though she must have had her faults, for every human being must have faults, not one of us can remember any. And her wisdom was as her sweetness. From the day when the girl of nineteen became Tulloch's wife (and he was twenty-two), on till his failing voice when he was dying, and hardly conscious, called continually for his Jeanie, she was the angel in that house. She remained thirteen months behind him, living for her children and content to live for them: but her heart was elsewhere: and in death the husband and wife were not long divided. I looked upon the sweet face when every line had been smoothed out of it in the last sleep, and she looked years younger than she had looked for long. The worn expression that told of pain as well as of sorrow had passed: and the abundant hair had hardly a thread of gray. All the cares and troubles of a life of sixty years were traceless. Never did one who had seen these years look so young. The expression was of peace and happiness: these only. Never was mother more mourned. Yet her children felt they must not grudge her. Not



even where Tulloch is to-day could he be quite himself without her. That tie was eternal.

John Tulloch was a son of the Manse. His father was parish-minister of Tibbermuir in Perthshire. Tulloch was born at Dron, in that magnificent county, on June 1, 1823, and he died at Torquay, on Saturday, February 13, 1886, having lived some months less than sixty-three years. His life was associated with St. Andrews, from boyhood to the close. He was educated at the Madras College and then at the University, which he entered at fifteen. No one enters at so early an age now. He cost his family nothing during the whole course of his study. Outstanding among his College friends was he who must be called Pat Alexander, son of the Greek Professor. Alexander had a spark of true genius. He wrote as exquisitely touching verses as were ever written. But he had the waywardness of genius. He was not fitted for prosaic plodding. And all he did was no more than the indication of how much more he might have done. Yet it was not a wasted life. He did what he intended: and he was beloved by all. The writer read the burial service over him, over Tulloch, and over Mrs. Tulloch, all within a few months; the mourning was real by each grave. Very early, the life-long attachment was formed between Tulloch and Miss Hindmarsh. It is a touching story, and Mrs. Oliphant tells it as she was sure to do. Tulloch was "licensed" as a

probationer of the Kirk at twenty-one, the earliest possible age, and on March 6, 1845, he was ordained to a Dundee parish. After the terrible '43, Scotch preachers found livings early, for a time. The young couple, twenty-two and nineteen, were married in Jersey, in July of 1845. Of course, *imprudent* is no word to use in such a case. And when they came into residence at Dundee, it appeared that the expected living of £275 a year had been cut down by a hostile Town Council to £105. This was illegal, and the Courts decided so: but not till Tulloch and his young wife had passed through some straitened and anxious years. It must have taken very hard work to keep the wolf from the door, by writing for newspapers and magazines. It does not seem that the congregation to which Tulloch ministered thought of supplementing the minister's inadequate stipend. The strongest Churchman will acknowledge that Establishment and Endowment often freeze up voluntary liberality, and develop an expectation on a congregation's part to have everything done for them. The Church of England, and the Kirk of Scotland, have much to learn from the grand liberality of Non-conforming Christians. In some quarters, they are learning the lesson. In many quarters, they have not yet begun to learn it. One could record instances of an incredible lack of consideration for struggling ministers, in extremely high quarters as well as in extremely humble.

Yet in the spring of 1847, after an illness, Tulloch managed to afford a holiday in Germany. This left its impression. The "miserable sojourn at Dundee" (his own words) passed over: and in 1848 Tulloch was presented by the Crown to the rural parish of Kettins, in Strathmore. Like most eminent men in the Kirk, Tulloch never owed anything to private patronage. *That*, as the rule, always pressed forward inferior men, but subservient: sometimes well-connected, and of kin to the patron: oftener of lowly extraction, but of kin to the patron's factor, lawyer, or grieve: not unfrequently thick-skinned beings, who would never miss anything through not asking for it, and who could push their claims as worthier souls would not. It would be pleasant to give instances. But it is conceivable that it might give offence in quarters easily indicated. Patronage in the Kirk had to go, under pressure of political alarm: some of those who agitated for its abolition being men who enforced it in its most high-handed form, as long as they durst. Of course Patronage was precisely as good when they cried it down, as it had been when they cried it up.

It seems strange to such as knew him in the latter years, but it is certain, that in those early years he was not attractive as a preacher. Caird was as popular a preacher in those days as he is now: Tulloch was quite unheard of. Of course, in the four Dundee years with a living of a hundred uineas

a year, he was a removable to any better benefice. In these years, desirable vacancies were many; and the very attractive preachers of the Church were very few. We Glasgow students knew well the names of Caird and Norman Macleod, of Dr. McCulloch of Greenock and Mr. Stuart, even of Dr. Crawford and Mr. Macduff. But Tulloch we knew not. When Caird left Edinburgh, the compass was boxed to find a successor. Among those who were said to have declined the living were various good men, who, when a few years more had passed, would not have been named, even as preachers, in the same century with Tulloch. And Caird's Edinburgh church was given to a man who was Tulloch's junior in age. Tulloch was not thought of. Yet an Edinburgh living of £600 a year would have made an unspeakable difference in that home; or a country living of three hundred with a pretty manse. The Arbroath living which was offered was a very poor one, and the position in every way undesirable. And, to my own knowledge, Tulloch "preached as a candidate" for a church which few would have wished, and was rejected. To us who knew him at the end, and for a quarter of a century before the end, the thing is simply unintelligible. Yet Sir James Simpson, at the zenith of fame and fortune, driving through the village of Inverkip on the Clyde, told me the great disappointment of his early life was when he failed of the office of parish doctor, to attend the paupers of

that parish. In Tulloch's case, the thing has an irony stranger yet. There was always the high ability: the grand presence and voice: the capacity of intense pathos. I have often heard him speak with overwhelming feeling, almost breaking down: though, curiously, he did not sympathise with the display of feeling in another. He said he held it barely decorous thus to reveal the inner nature. All the elements of the most popular preaching, you would say, were present: and I can testify what was the effect, in after-time. Never have I heard the service of the Kirk (far too dependent on the individual) gone through from first to last with greater brightness and interest: passages of the sermon often delivered with tremendous vehemence and overwhelming impression. High and low felt the spell. Good Dr. Paul, of the West Church of Edinburgh, once said to me, "What a misfortune it is that that man does not preach regularly! He would be the preacher of the age." Plainly he had not found his feet in the first years: whereas Caird preached just as well at the beginning as at the zenith. One who heard Norman Macleod's first sermon, said, "It was very tame." Or Tulloch may have thought it right to be dull in the pulpit: some preachers do. I believe there are those who, if they heard (for once) the audible hush which some preachers always command, and expect, would fear there was something wrong.

Doubtless there is a difference between making a

great appearance twice or thrice in a year; and keeping up to a popular level twice each Sunday, where the preacher is no novelty, and can be heard any day. And Tulloch's sermons were not many. But, on the other hand, their interest did not lie in extreme elaboration; nor in the selection of specially striking subjects, which are few. Tulloch could have treated any subject whatever with liveliness and popular effect: in his own special way. There were no purple patches: no "bits of glory," as he said. There was no whipping up of violent climaxes, of purpose prepense. There was a sustained level. And sometimes a startling use of homely asides, which could not be printed. Once, in the parish church of St. Andrews, he was showing, with immense "go," the folly of fancying that vital Christianity had anything earthly to do with outside details like Presbytery and Episcopacy. Then, pausing, he said, in a low voice, as if aside to himself, "God bless my soul, what kind of head must the man have that could think so?" When the sermon was published, the sentence was eagerly looked for. Of course it was not there.

Tulloch often said that his quiet years at Kettins were the happiest of his life. In that leisure he began to write more elaborate articles: he found space in the *North British Review*, and the *British Quarterly*; and began to be known as a writer. He desired a Professor's Chair, rather than the pastorate; and looked for possible vacancies. He began to write an



essay on *Theism*, for the well-known Burnett prize : his wife acting as his amanuensis. The manse was a happy home. Children grew many ; and the cares which came of them. But in 1854, Dr. Haldane, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, and first minister of the parish, died. Pluralities were no longer permitted. But Tulloch aimed, not indeed at the Principality, but at a Chair, to be vacated by the transference of its holder to that dignity. It would be easy to relate, more fully than Mrs. Oliphant has done, the circumstances. But it is enough to say that the Principality, having been declined by Dr. Robert Lee, and by Dr. Barclay, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was, to the general surprise, conferred on Mr. Tulloch. The College is a small one : being practically the Divinity Faculty of the University. Besides the charming old house, the income was but three hundred a year, which was ultimately raised to five hundred. And it is always understood that these appointments are political. In a Tory Church, Tulloch was a Liberal in politics, as were Barclay and Lee. Still, to make a man a Principal and a Professor of Divinity at thirty-one, was startling to many. A considerable outcry arose. It could not be known then, how magnificently Tulloch was to justify his appointment. I am old enough to remember the event. The Whig Ministry was just going out of office. And the phrase on the lips of good old Tory clerics was, *A political job.*

It was in May 1854 that Tulloch was gazetted. In January 1855 something came to make the selection appear less startling. The second of the Burnett prizes, £600, was adjudged to the young Principal. The first, £1800, went to an Anglican clergyman, since unheard of. The competing essays numbered 208. This success came most seasonably. And the money was very welcome.

The Principal's Introductory Lecture made it plain that a new force had come into Scotch Theology. The Broad-Churchman stood revealed. Yet, though a murmur of heresy came from old-fashioned ministers, the Lecture met general applause. Then Tulloch quietly set himself to his duty. He was to hold the Chair in that Divinity Hall for thirty years. And it was soon confessed that no more stimulating Professor held a Scotch theological Chair. By none but fair and manly arts,—indeed there was no art at all, Tulloch simply was himself,—he hit it off with the students to perfection. Their admiration of him was delightful to see. There never was a ruffle or a cloud. It was not tact nor management: it was the outcome of a noble nature. One has known a Principal of fine genius and disposition, one of the best of men, who would have done anything for the good of the young men under his charge, somehow entirely fail here: to that degree that the public gatherings of the College were most painful to witness. There is such a thing as bad luck, too.

It is true, as Mrs. Oliphant points out, that the income of the Principal of St. Mary's was very inadequate: being barely larger than the small living of Kettins, and very much less than any one of the better livings of the Kirk. And Tulloch had always to add to his income by his pen. When asked (very unreasonably) on several occasions to write for nothing, he told me he frankly declined: saying that he lived partly by his contributions to the press, and could not afford it. Ridiculous misstatements were put about as to his earnings. I remember hearing a country minister say, with authority, that "Tulloch made five hundred a year by writing for the magazines." When I came to know Tulloch well, he told me a very different story. No man could be less given to vapouring about what he did. You could rely on him implicitly: which you could not do upon certain of his contemporaries. But though the earlier years at St. Andrews must have been years of struggle, better days came long before the end. He came to hold various offices, the pay of which is matter of public knowledge. Tulloch never got what he deserved. Yet in the latter years his income was equal to that of a fairly paid Anglican Dean.

St. Andrews need not be described. The writer has described it too often: and there is not room. Dean Stanley and Lord Cockburn have been beforehand with Mrs. Oliphant. And indeed she has herself anticipated the charming picture she now draws.

The place is unique. Mr. Freeman has called it "a cross between Oxford and St. David's." And the society has always been remarkable; though in these days of easy and continual intercourse with the outer world, the corners are smoothed off, and the quaint characters and sayings of old time can no more be found at St. Andrews than they can be found anywhere else. The order has changed. Some of the judgments of early days there are preserved. Dickens was "a sort of mixture of the waiter and the actor." Macleod's preaching was "nothing to his conversation." The grand old member for the City, Mr. Ellice, is most unjustly called "a bit of a humbug." Spurgeon was frankly praised: "very fat and podgy; but there is no doubt of the fellow, look as he may." For a while, in the long vacation which makes a Scotch Chair a prize,—with Tulloch it reached from March to November,—he preached to a little Scotch congregation in Paris, laying the foundation of a permanent church. And he delivered in Edinburgh some lectures, afterwards published under the title of "Leaders of the Reformation." "Most undignified for a Professor of Divinity to lecture for pay," were the words of another such Professor who was rich. But ideas have changed upon such matters. Sydney Smith thought he must leave off writing for the *Edinburgh Review* when he became a dignitary of the Church: the dignity being Canon of Bristol. Now, Archbishops and Bishops of the highest degree

are advertised as writing for sixpenny monthlies. And nobody blames them: unless indeed undignified contributors who think they can write better.

In 1859 he was appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland: and after two Macleods had held the office, he became Dean of the Thistle. His visits to Balmoral became a feature in his latter life. Some frank records are given: from which Tulloch himself would assuredly have deleted certain words.

But he was outspoken all his life. "The Bishops are blockheads for their pains in meddling with *Essays and Reviews*." He heard Disraeli make a great speech. "What you instinctively say of Disraeli, after such a two hours' laceration as he inflicted on Lord John, is, 'that he hath a devil:' but as for patriotism or statesmanship!" "The Treasury Bench, with the blockhead-looking figure of Sir C. W. very conspicuous, presents on the whole rather a sad spectacle." Nothing is easier than to supply the name.

In May 1862, he became Second Clerk of the General Assembly, in due time succeeding to the chief place. And he was appointed editor of the *Mission Record* of the Kirk: not very congenial work for him. Both were offices of emolument. So far, things had steadily brightened. Now the shadow fell.

His spirits had always been unequal: but now came a long season of deep depression. And, in the singular way of this world, when he was morbidly sensitive to adverse criticism, and vexed to the quick by what was

really beneath his contempt, a clever Bohemian, a Cockney Scotchman, who had been brought down to edit the respectable *Edinburgh Courant*, a Conservative daily paper, laid himself upon Tulloch's track with an extraordinary malignity. One is surprised at finding so much made of the ribaldry of Hannay. One could not have imagined Tulloch as "tortured" by anything so contemptible. And, often speaking of those attacks in after years, he spoke of them without feeling of any kind. We all remember how, each morning, as the *Courant* came, there was some ill-natured hit at Tulloch. There were various "epigrams," some of which were forwarded to at least one Fife paper, with a request for insertion, which was declined. The sum of the whole matter was, that once or twice Tulloch had made a false quantity. Of course he had. I have heard him make a false quantity: as I have heard divers Scotch scholars. Tulloch did not pretend to be a scholar in that sense. Scotland has had great scholars, like Veitch and Professor Crombie; but Scotch Universities do not give time enough for the supreme scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge. And though Tulloch was not as "he who can express No sense at all in several languages," yet assuredly he "could speak the strongest reason in his own," and he knew well the best thinking which is in classic tongues. Nor did Hannay use the *Courant* to attack Tulloch alone. More malignant venom was poured on that gentle and loveable genius



who wrote "Rab and his Friends." Systematic attacks were made on Robert Lee. One morning an explanation was given of the phrase in the Shorter Catechism : *Works of necessity and mercy*. "If Dr. Lee had to read an easy bit of Greek, it would be a work of necessity for him to use a lexicon, and a work of mercy to give him one." But Lee, in firm health of body and mind, cared for none of these things. I will not mention living friends, though I could name more than three or four to whom the Bohemian gave vulgar nicknames. The present writer fared just as badly as his betters. But nobody was a penny the worse. And though we wondered that the respectable proprietors of the newspaper permitted it to adopt such a tone, we all admitted Hannay's cleverness : and some knew that he had troubles which might well sour a spirit never of the mildest. He could get up and make an extemporaneous speech, fluently, in good Latin ; which not many Professors of "Humanity" could. And he was very hard-working. But he had got into a wrong groove. And he was so badly off that when he stood as candidate for Dumfries, somebody said to Thackeray that he wondered where Hannay had got the money to carry on his election. "That is not what surprises me," said Thackeray ; "the thing I cannot understand is where he got the money to pay his railway fare to Dumfries." It was a bitter pleasantry.

• The cloud remained for a year, and Tulloch was

ordered away. He went to Greece and Constantinople. Though still suffering, he did some good literary work. At Athens he met Norman Macleod, his brother Donald, and Strahan the publisher, coming back from Syria: and "discussed theology and church affairs." A curious reminiscence of that time comes to the writer. Tulloch had come back, perfectly well: and during the General Assembly there was a cheerful dinner-party at the University Club at Edinburgh. Tulloch and Macleod were there, and Robert Lee; some Edinburgh Professors, and men at the Bar, more than one of them now on the Bench. There had been talk about Greek brigands. Norman of a sudden said that he knew the Greek brigands well. "You remember," he said to Tulloch, "when you and I fell into their hands." Tulloch gazed blankly. "You remember that bridge across a little stream, with trees hanging over. That was the place." Then addressing the company, "They seized Tulloch and me, and carried us away to their cave in the hills. They had just three books in their possession; the Confession of Faith, the Free Kirk Catechism, and the Recreations of a Country Parson. They were decent lads, but they had been demoralized by reading these books. They gave us Athole brose for refreshment, seeing we were hungry. And the moment they found we were ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, they felt it was so absolutely hopeless to get any money out of us, that they not merely set us at liberty, but tipped

us something handsome for ourselves. To the end of my life," Macleod went on, "I shall never cease to regret that I did not ask them for a subscription to the fund for supplementing the small livings." Tulloch's face was a study as the story went on, many circumstances being added : and the young advocates, gradually discerning that the story was not historical, howled. The great preacher and orator they all knew ; but here was another phase of the renowned Celt. The story may not seem much in print ; it was a tremendous thing to hear.

Tulloch's influence in the Kirk gradually and steadily grew. He was always at the General Assembly, and in the eye of the country ; and he never made a poor appearance. Now and then there was a brilliant speech. After Norman Macleod's death in 1872, Tulloch was, taking him all round, the most outstanding man in the Church of Scotland. Caird, who might have been anything, did not choose to have that eminence. And other men, widely known, hated Church Courts and shunned them : thus placing themselves in a position of isolation. Tulloch did not like Church Courts : but he attended them regularly ; and he was an ecclesiastic, which Caird never was. The yellow hair slowly grew gray : the deliberate step a little more so. We did not much mark these things here, for all were growing old together. But one, returning from India after five years, said, *How the Principal has aged !* He strongly supported the move-

ment towards improvement of the public worship of the Church, identified with the name of Robert Lee. Not that Tulloch really cared much for the details of worship, though long President of the Church Service Society. He had not the eye for little matters which some innovators had. The very last time he preached in St. Andrews (October 11, 1885), it was in a church where for many years the lessons have been read by laymen, who walk out of their pew to the lectern, Anglican-fashion. And Tulloch, who had often preached at St. Mary's before, thought he was to announce the lessons; and a Colonel with a magnificent voice was then to read them. He had forgot all about it. He would not wear bands, which men in full orders in Scotland always do. "They are Puritan," he said. And, like other Broad-Churchmen, though he would go any length in improving the services, it was only for freedom's sake, and for decent dignity's sake: he repudiated anything sacerdotal: going on one occasion so far as to deprecate the necessity of ordination by the laying on of hands. Anything that was understood to convey the commission was enough for him. It was for liberty in doctrine that he really cared: and the loosening of over-tight subscription. He held theology a progressive science, and objected to being bound by formulas centuries old. He had no objection whatever to Episcopacy, as a fair working system with a long record: but nothing would have made him submit to

it as of Divine right. His own orders, he held, were exactly as good as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet he regarded, not without sympathy, the continual pleadings of Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews for union between the Churches of England and Scotland. And when the Bishop preached to a congregation of two thousand in his parish church, Tulloch was a most attentive listener ; and remarked how in five minutes after the sermon began, the lawn sleeves in a Scotch pulpit appeared as a matter of course.

It was pleasant when he was elected to the Athenæum : though he did not much like the reason which an eminent but very unsound member of Committee gave for his election : " We thought you were in a state of grace."

It was in the *Contemporary Review* that the chapters were first published which grew into his most important work : *Natural Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*. The two volumes were published in 1872 : and though never widely popular, they gave Tulloch an assured position as a scientific theologian. The title of the book was cumbrous. It was dedicated to Dean Stanley, who in the autumn of that year had preached to a great multitude in the parish church of St. Andrews. Tulloch records that his sermon " was very fine, and seems to have pleased every one here." •At different times, Tulloch thought of Edinburgh and

Glasgow Chairs: but never earnestly tried for any. The Glasgow Principality in 1873, and that of Edinburgh on two occasions, had been thought of. But his heart was in St. Andrews: and I recall vividly the hour when walking over the daisied turf of the famous Links, he said, "It is better to live and die here." The inducement was the larger income: but he did not like either Edinburgh or Glasgow: a strange thing to some. He hoped for an Educational appointment, which, held with his Principality, would have made him comparatively rich: but "the old idiots, the peers I mean," stopped that. However, the income, a good deal reduced, came later: and had to be earned by hard work in the re-arrangement of schools over the country. There was a short visit to America in 1874, which somehow seemed to leave less impression on him than one had looked for.

Henceforward all went smoothly in the Church. The battle of *innovations* in worship had been won. As for doctrine, unless a man were quite lacking in sense, he might preach what he pleased. The successive marriages of his children were great events: all of them were happy. In 1878, amid extraordinary enthusiasm, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. Nobody expressed wonder at Tulloch's elevation, or had the smallest difficulty in understanding why he was placed in the Chair. Many friends remember that pleasant time. The Principal liked the office, and held it in great dignity and efficiency:



His closing address was a noble one. He looked wonderfully young as he gave it: and the fine face beamed with a kindly light. Everybody was proud of him now.

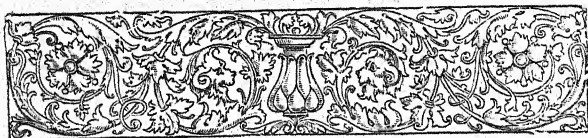
At the beginning of 1879, he became Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*: entering on his task with great zeal and enjoyment. But much work and worry came: and in December 1880 the darkest cloud came down, and lasted for a year: "the darkness at times reaching a horror of madness, in which suicide presented itself as a welcome relief." Strange, that such should be the portion of that noble intellect and that kind, warm heart. There are those who never will forget incidents of these dark days which were infinitely touching. He leant heavily on his more intimate friends, and trusted them utterly. A thing often said was, "What I fear is, to die under this darkness." And he was eager to know if his friends had gone through the like. Many have done so. But they do not speak of it. The cloud passed over. After a time under Dr. Ramsay's care at Torquay, Tulloch came back quite restored.

But he began to grow weary, with the weariness which only one thing can cure. He made a great speech in the General Assembly of 1885, on Church defence: the disestablishment agitation had been tried in Scotland, with little effect. In September of that year, he felt deeply the death of his brother Principal, Shairp, of St. Salvator's College, Professor

of Poetry at Oxford. Mrs. Oliphant, who spent that month at St. Andrews, was struck by his weary look : and "the headache" began to be always there. But Bishop Thorold of Rochester, who paid a first visit to St. Andrews at the same time, thought Tulloch very bright and cheerful. He was working on his last book, *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*. There was no appearance of failure there: the volume was effervescent with life and interest. But he never could devise a compact title-page. The volume consisted of Lectures delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. But bodily strength was ebbing. On November 22 he managed to read his last Lecture at St. Giles', hardly knowing how. He could not undertake his Divinity Classes at St. Mary's College: and in January 1886 he went to Torquay, as before. But it was fatal bodily illness now. He had worked that finely-strung system hard, and he had lived an anxious life. His eldest unmarried daughter was with him, a young woman worthy of such a mother and such a father. She saw the steady sinking, the ceasing to read, the dozing for hours in his easy-chair. The daily letter to his wife went no more. And as the gathering weakness came over Tulloch, the pathetic cry of *Jeanie! Jeanie!* was constant, though he seemed unconscious. I shall not forget the telegram that came one evening from Miss Tulloch, asking that her mother should be told she must come

at once: nor how, when I went to St. Mary's, and asked first to see a married daughter who was at home, first the daughter and then the mother hurried in with the same cry, *I know he's dead*. They were shown the telegram: it was not as bad as that. And next morning, in the bitter frost of an awful season, they set off in the dark, and travelled on for twenty-four hours. Tulloch was but half-conscious: but the heart-breaking cry ceased. This was on Wednesday morning. His two sons, William and Frank, had arrived from Glasgow: and for a day there seemed a gleam of hope. But it passed, and in the early morning of Saturday, February 13, he was gone: not having been able to tell of the new feeling, never felt before.

"I hope I shall be laid in my grave by a few friends, without any ceremony:" Tulloch had written years before. But it was like Beattie's beautiful wish for a country grave. It was not to be. A multitude of real mourners bore him through characteristic St. Andrews; and laid him in that solemn churchyard which no visitor forgets, with the sublime words of Christian hope. A great cross of gray granite marks the place. The inscription beneath the cross is the simplest. A blank was to have been left for his wife's name. But it was not needed: the complete inscription was graven at once. And there these two, so linked in life, rest together.



## II.

### LORD WESTBURY.\*



HIS Biography is wisely, truthfully, and vividly written. This is the Man we knew. Mr. Nash is a warm admirer of Lord Westbury. But the shadows are given too. It is admitted that there were spots upon the sun. And indeed the failings were apparent to the most cursory view. Then Mr. Nash knows what he is writing about. He is familiar with the outs and ins of the profession of the law. It was necessary that the volumes should give some dry details of legal legislature. But, to many readers, this will prove a most interesting and life-like story. It was fit that a memoir of the great lawyer and remarkable man should be written. And it has been written well.

The time was (strange to look back on it) in which

\* *The Life of Richard Lord Westbury, formerly Lord High Chancellor: with selections from his Correspondence.* By Thomas Arthur Nash, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. Two Volumes. London, 1888.

I saw and heard Bethell daily : being indeed so young, and so patriotic, that I felt *drawn to him* for his name : which, for the sake of a beautiful hymn in continual use in Scotch parish-churches, was music in a lonely Scotch lad's ear. The Welsh *Ap Ithel* had grown into Bethell : the choleric Welsh temperament had come with the name : but there was no relation whatever to the solemn Hebrew monosyllables. I see to-day, over all these years, the face : Bishop Wilberforce was far wrong when he spoke of it as "wicked" : condemning a portrait because it did not make Bethell look wicked enough. The face was not wicked at all : it was smooth, calm, almost benignant : very rarely ruffled. He had trained himself to this. His most provoking sayings were uttered with an unmoved countenance, and with mellifluous fluency : though I have seen him get peppery too. "Is it a fit thing to snap a judgment in that way?" he said to good Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, when Purton Cooper, Q.C., had (as Bethell thought) been rather too sharp. And when Cooper said that Bethell and he had been friends at Oxford, the answer was, "I have no pleasure at all in recollecting it." Indeed he added more : which made Cooper say, "I trust your Honour will take judicial notice of these remarks." Whereupon Shadwell, V.C., said with a peace-making smile, "I shall take judicial notice that the weather is very hot." Was it not yesterday they thus spoke together? It seems so, now.



Bethell's flow of language, absolutely perfect in adaptation, was marvellous. No mortal ever knew him fail to come triumphantly out of the most involved sentence. The voice was silvery : it could rise to great power. But the deliberation was provoking. And, at first hearing, people called his manner mincing and affected. You got over that : and, in fact, it was a second nature. It was a great day in the writer's little history whereon, in Sir Lancelot Shadwell's court at Westminster Hall, an important Chancery suit unexpectedly came on for hearing, in the absence of the solicitor who was in charge of it. I was in those days reading law diligently in that House : and Bethell, who held our brief for the Plaintiff, deigned to discuss it with me. I was a youthful student for the Bar, a member of the Middle Temple like himself. He was very sharp and keen, but no man could have been more frank and pleasant. His bumptious airs were kept for the irritation and confusion of big people mainly : though not exclusively. A poor lawyer's clerk, being at a consultation, ventured to correct the Attorney-General in a date. A blank stare was the reply. The youth, not taking warning, in a minute corrected another small blunder. Then Bethell, in silvery tones, addressed him : "Will you be so good as to go outside that door ;—and shut it?" The punishment was too severe. It was savage. But that was Bethell. And while Bethell speedily forgot the things he had said, other people did not. It was



all mildness, happily, with me. I remember, "Who is on the other side?" Mr. Stuart, afterwards Vice-Chancellor. "I'll speak to him and put it all right: It need not take long." Neither did it: although there were at least a dozen counsel briefed: half of whom, taken by surprise, were absent. Bethell, with entire good nature, managed everything: of course to perfection. But he sent a smart message to the solicitors who ought to have been watching. For the case was in the paper: though far down. And how Bethell managed the rosy Shadwell, V.C., was known to all. Shadwell had an odd fashion of continually nodding, to convey to the counsel addressing him that the point was apprehended. And young Templars used to be told that his rubicund visage came of daily descending into a well at his country home. "Much too wise to walk into a well," was written by Pope before the days of tubbing.

It is a strange experience, this fashion in which, out of the past, an unimaginable past to the present writer this morning, one's early life comes back, reading the Life of the great Lord Chancellor. We did not know the straits of his boyhood: the anxious father's pinched home, and weary struggles all doomed to failure: the Oxford Scholar at fifteen (at Wolverhampton, on the hustings, with undue humility, he stated that he had himself been a *charity boy*, like some of the crowd before him: a terrible way of putting the case). It was at Wolverhampton, stand-

ing for the seat, that he said the main reason of his getting on in life was that he was an earnest practical Christian, seeking ever to carry out the golden rule to love one's neighbour as one's self. I never forget how, sitting next to his predecessor on the Woolsack at his dinner-table, the Chancellor related this legend of Bethell with great amusement. And indeed the chief newspapers had each a leading-article upon the startling statement: and Bethell was chaffed everywhere. No mortal had ever surmised the actual reason of his elevation: which at that time was nearly as great as it could by possibility be. A guest at that table, in a little time to be a Chief-Justice, said to the Keeper of the Queen's conscience, "Did Bethell expect that to be published?" The Chancellor said, "I am quite sure he did not." There were incidents in Bethell's career which prevent one being startled by Mr. Jowett's paradoxical statement, "Notwithstanding his great experience of life, he was childishly ignorant of human nature." One recalls the awful saying of Frederick the Great, when somebody said something hopeful of poor humanity. More awful words were never uttered by mortal man. "You don't know the damned Race." Well, it is not the best of the Race who have thought the worst of it.

Then first-class in Classics and second in Mathematics at the age of eighteen: soon Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College: helping, liberally, his poor parents out of his hard earnings by tutorial work;

and never costing them a penny after he was seventeen: the kindest and most dutiful of sons: thoughtful beyond his years. It is a touching story: nowhere more than in the picture of the little boy driving home, miserably, in a gig with his father, after the reading of his grandfather's vicious will:

. . . . "How his father sat absorbed in overwhelming anxiety for the future, only now and then muttering, 'We are ruined! We are penniless!' In his childish way the boy tried to divert his father's thoughts by calling his attention to various objects on the road: but his efforts were unavailing, and at length he was awed into silence by the force of an affliction he was unable to understand or soften."

The premature care and the hard struggle of those early years left an abiding trace on Bethell's character. But the resultant effect was not merely hardening, like John Knox's twenty months as a galley-slave on that stern soul. For four years, twelve pounds a year was all that could be spared to the education of the boy who at fifteen carried off the Wadham scholarship, and who was declared in after-life by a most competent authority to be "the finest classical scholar he had ever yet seen." The remembrance of those days was sacred. And while he lived, Lord Westbury gratefully cherished the thought of his parents' self-denying efforts for his training. Two months before his death he wrote to Lord Selborne:

"When I was made Lord Chancellor, I may truly

say the chief feeling that arose in my heart was not that of pride or gratified vanity, but of sincere gratitude that I had lived to fulfil the predictions and the fond hopes of my father, to whom I owed all my education, and all the means that had enabled me to fulfil what, when they were formed, were but wild anticipations."

Few, indeed, of those who listened with admiration to an argument by Bethell, knew the fund of tenderness which lay under that supercilious demeanour. If but a little of the stream of wealth which rewarded his labours could have come to the pinched parents of earlier years! When he became Solicitor-General his professional earnings were twenty-four thousand a year. And when he was raised to the Chancellorship, they had risen to near thirty thousand. No greater or more successful counsel ever practised at the Chancery Bar.

The moral of this biography is outstanding: 1. That the very ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low. 2. That virulent enemies are made by sharp words more than by any other means. If you allow yourself what is doubtless to some the luxury of an unbridled tongue you will have to pay for it. Some day the enemies you make will have their innings and may trip you up. Men who have been guilty of infinitely worse than supercilious epigrams may, in certain walks of life, rise to any possible

elevation, provided they make themselves pleasant. But contemptuous words rankle in many minds. They arouse bitter hatred. Even though a man is a blockhead he does not like to be told so. Some day a storm arises from some unexpected quarter; storms must needs beat from time to time upon all public men. The blockheads, and the clever men too, whom you offended have now their chance of paying off old scores, and under a blast from which a popular man would come out not a penny the worse, you will go down. "He's a superceelious deevil," said a very rich man of one who had criticised his doings. And then the rich man bided his time. It is very easy to say that such and such a syndicate of men are "a parcel of contemptible fools." Possibly it is true. But it is unwise to make bitter enemies of even a parcel of contemptible fools.

No doubt, too, blazing success, coming early, and holding on unbroken, is a great offence to some : even though it be borne meekly. Much more when the head appears to be carried very high : and when there seems to be habitual and contemptuous depreciation of nearly everybody beside.

Possibly he did not mean all he said. But it is certain that no great man ever went through life more frankly expressing his contempt for most of his fellow-creatures ; and that in the most pungent terms. Either he could not keep back the word, whatever it was to cost him : or he did not take in that he was



giving such mortal offence. When he became Chancellor, his Solicitor-General, Atherton, would naturally have become Attorney-General. But Atherton was so weak an officer that it was proposed to make Sir Roundell Palmer Attorney-General *per saltum*. Some one asked the Chancellor how Atherton would like Palmer being put over his head. The conciliatory answer was, "I never knew Atherton had any head at all." The good-natured friend would hasten to carry the saying, and Atherton might not like it. A brilliant debater did indeed once say to me, "Stiggins seems to have taken offence at me : I can't understand why. The only thing I can think of is that once I said I would have nothing to do with that leein' body Stiggins : and, unluckily, he was standing at my elbow and overheard." It appeared to me that Stiggins's lack of cordiality was not so unaccountable.

The eminent London solicitor would not forget how, when he said he must turn the matter over in his mind before acting on Bethell's advice, Bethell replied, "You will let me know when you have turned it over in what you are pleased to call your mind." A homely Scot, who had a case before the House of Lords, under the impression that his counsel had personally and keenly taken up his cause, told me how "his friend, Beethull," when the Lord Chancellor (Cranworth) was named, held up his hand and mildly said, "Poor thing !" When some one asked him why the same amiable judge always sat along with the Lords



Justices, the answer was, "I fancy from a childish fear of being left alone in the dark." All the clergy were annihilated at one fell swoop. And this in writing : it was a letter to the Bishop (Wilberforce) of Oxford. "As for the mind of the clergy : I never knew any clergyman (except your lordship) who could be said to have any mind at all." Not even the large addition he made, when Chancellor, to many small livings, ever banished the remembrance of that sentence. It is needless to quote the expressions of his utter contempt and dislike, moral and intellectual, for all Bishops : these are beyond numbering. And they were unlucky, coming from the Speaker of the House of Lords, in whose quiet, after the strife of the Commons, he said he might have fancied himself in heaven, but for the sight of so many lawn sleeves. Then, when a Bishop's Resignation Bill was proposed, he said it was needless : "The Law, in its infinite wisdom, has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a Bishop." His very first speech, presiding in the House of Lords, was really contemptuous in its tone : his greatest admirers admitted that it was a bad beginning. He never hit it off with that dignified assembly. Lord Derby complained that he made it too apparent how cheaply he reckoned the brains of everybody there. It was from the Woolsack, too, that he poked acrid fun at Convocation in words which have grown historical. He never gave a judgment affecting the Church of England which was not spiced with hits

which roused mortal wrath in all High Churchmen. It was a most painful scene when the calm sneers of the Chancellor drove poor Bishop Wilberforce to madness. The violence of that altercation beseeemed not the place or time: and the application of the word *saponaceous* to a document drawn up by Wilberforce was liker a specially-vulgar member of a Scotch Town Council than the first of all lay-peers. It was simply calling by an offensive nickname: and neither Bishop nor Chancellor came out of the fray without something to regret sorely.

One has known men, great and small, more commonly small, who went through life steadily depreciating and vilipending all human beings who could be regarded as in the running with themselves. But among such, Bethell was *facile princeps*. He despised his predecessor as Chancellor, and spoke with contempt of his judgments. One day, under the impression that a judgment quoted was Lord Campbell's, he hastened to condemn it. But the laugh was turned when it was at once stated that the contemned judgment was his own. He was indeed beyond comparison, in his proper sphere, greater and brighter than most of those around him. But he showed far too plainly that he knew it. Modesty would have been a glory, being combined with that magnificent ability. And his tongue was incredibly sharp: and absolutely unbridled. It looks as though he never kept back any keen saying which occurred to him.

And the serene, deliberate, and seemingly-affected manner in which he spoke, gave tenfold bitterness. It did not look like the outburst of a hasty temper at all. They did not seem *obiter dicta*, these vitriolic sayings. No mortal can afford thus to indulge his idiosyncrasy. He made enemies on every side : enemies who hated him with an incredible malignity. Each of them had a poisoned dart ranking in his soul. And the day came when this great lawyer, though holding his place in magnificent competence, was surrounded and assailed by a crowd of foes who were able to force him to descend from the highest place in the law.

It was all very well to say he was really a kind-hearted and almost a simple-minded man, who knew nothing of mankind outside a court of equity. Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, from either side of politics, could testify how helpful and considerate the great advocate had been to them in their struggling days. And it might be true that it was mainly pretentious people, would-be big people, upon whom his lash fell : though poor souls, no worse than stupid and inefficient, smarted under it too. The resultant, in fact, was, that rarely has mortal man made so many and such rancorous enemies. It was personal hatred that drove him from the Chancellorship : personal hatred which his greatest admirers must confess he had taken pains to draw forth. Possibly without intention : and, if so, Jowett was right. He ought to

have known. Many school-boys could have told him. It is a sad story, the story of the stupid squires in the House of Commons when the vote of censure was moved against him: howling down all explanation, whipped up from the ends of the earth to join the attack on him, listening with peals of derisive laughter to the statement of a case they could not understand, and did not try to understand. Only this was sure: the Chancellor had frankly despised them all, and had hit many of them incredibly hard: and here was the chance of revenge. And the bitter hatred was by no means confined to one side in the Commons. The most vicious words came from Bethell's own. The upshot, by a narrow vote, was that the Chancellor had to resign the office which no man in Britain was so competent to fill. On the merits, there was no case earthly against him. The charge was a farce. A popular Chancellor might have done a hundred times worse, without a word of reproach. A popular Premier, with a majority (how stupid and inarticulate however) at his back, a thousand times.

There are places, too, in this life, where the "startling disregard of the conventionalities," to which the biographer pleads guilty, is not wise. Though here, too, we have what Dean Stanley called *Election*. Things fall out very capriciously. Lord Lyndhurst rushed into white trousers when he was Master of the Rolls, without rebuke. But when Lord Westbury appeared in tweeds, constituting what a Lord Justice called

"the shortest Chancery suit ever seen," it gave offence.

Further, every clever, ill-natured saying which flew about the courts, was put to Lord Westbury's credit. He said many: but he was blamed for others innumerable which he did not say. These were diligently put about by his enemies. Something irreverent: something trenching on the blasphemous: something bitter beyond verjuice: let all be fathered on the Lord Chancellor. One has known the like among much smaller men in an infinitely lower sphere. There are persons, to whom it is a delight to repeat some falsehood, to the hurt of an outstanding man among their "Brethren." It would be easy, and pleasant, to relate instances. But the insignificance of some slanderers is their protection. They are not worth powder and shot.

But this moralising has run to inordinate length. We must briefly tell the story.

Richard Bethell was born at the quiet town of Bradford-on-Avon, in an old gray-house by the Saxon bridge over the river, on June 30, 1800. The year, the last of the eighteenth century, is convenient when one desires to note his age at the great points in his life. His blood was good: it did not help him much. He had to become an ancestor himself. The most outstanding of his race in later years was Bishop Bethell of Bangor, who, presumably from an excessive study of the epistolary style of the elder Weller, began



an indignant letter to the *Times* in the third person, and soon passed into the first. Bethell had weak health till six; after that age his vigour and endurance were extraordinary. His austere boyhood has been named. At fifteen, a small, eager-faced lad, in a round jacket and frilled collar, his father, the struggling Doctor, took him to Wadham, and presented him to the Warden. A scholarship was his only chance of University training. To the Warden's surprise he won it. "Children are not admitted to the College," was Dr. Tournay's first word. He lived to know the little boy's calibre.

He studied, never sparing himself. A row on the Isis was his sole recreation. On May 22, 1818, he took his B.A., first class in classics, second in mathematics. For four years after he read with men for honours. He pinched himself severely to help his parents: yet before leaving College he had laid by £150. In June 1822 he became Fellow of Wadham. He was entered of the Middle Temple: and with his brother John lived on the third floor of Brick Court. On November 28, 1823, he was called to the Bar. At this time he was remarkably good-looking: a massive head and fine blue eyes: the fair curly hair had to go early, so that brain was driven. His serenity seemed imperturbable. So speedily did briefs flow in that within a year he contemplated matrimony. After the third year he had as much business as he could do. His wife was charming: in writing



home he mentions that "Ellen's uncles are solicitors." His mother died in September 1825. A brilliant success in managing an Oxford case at once trebled his practice, and he took silk at forty. There is only one account of his playful and affectionate ways among his children at home. And he speedily gained the leading work in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor of England. For the ten years till 1851 there was no important case in which he was not engaged. Not only was he a counsel of matchless skill : the scholar always appeared in his finished diction. "Speak coolly, composedly," was his advice to a Scotch friend. His extraordinary rapid rise was an offence to some. And his sharp tongue was soon painfully known to many. He did not care whether he gave offence or not.

In 1852 he was elected member for Aylesbury as a Liberal. Not unnaturally, a motion was made to remove him from the Conservative Club. While defending himself, a fox-hunting squire roared, "Speak up." "I should have thought," said Bethell, in sweet tones, "that the honourable gentleman's ears were long enough to catch my articulate utterances even at that distance." He retired from the Club, but was forthwith elected to Brooks's. He was never a clubbable man. He soon made his mark in Parliament ; and Sir Richard Bethell was Solicitor-General, under Lord Aberdeen, before the end of the year. His work was now excessive. His income was in propor-

tion. He got up his briefs in the library, and he could sleep at will. "What fools these judges are," was his sole remark on a great occasion. And it was said that Mr. Justice Maule, Senior Wrangler, complained that the Solicitor-General, addressing the Court, demeaned himself as though he were God Almighty addressing three black beetles.

In truth, Bethell fancied he was appearing at his best when he was showing himself at his very worst. The like has been with far lesser men. I have seen a bully in a deliberative council, with fist clenched, and underlip projected, in strident tones abusing his betters, and uttering illiterate balderdash. That man, in private, was a genial soul, and *mediocriter doctus*. And in Bethell, dispensing around him, impartially, the oil that breaks the head, you saw little appearance of what he was called, when he died, by one who knew him as well as any: "A gigantic intellect, with a heart as tender as a child's."

In November 1856 he became Attorney-General, succeeding Cockburn. Now he declared that "his ambition was satisfied." He carried various valuable reforms of the law: notably in the law of Divorce, in spite of the violent obstruction of Mr. Gladstone. At the close of that memorable session, he had a house in Perthshire which afterwards became well-known to the writer. Here he shot grouse diligently, till he brought on an illness in which he suffered through his doctor being occasionally drunk. In 1859

he looked to be Chancellor under Lord Palmerston ; but, from circumstances well known, it was thought expedient to promote Lord Campbell. Bethell was disappointed : but he bided his time : and when Campbell suddenly died in June 1861, he succeeded. The kind father's dream had come true : and the Lord Chancellor took the title of Lord Westbury, of Westbury, in Wilts : the town nearest Bradford : Bradford being already appropriated. No abler Chancellor ever sat on the Woolsack ; nor any more zealous reformer of the law. But the manner never could be conciliatory. And if a public man make one or two enemies daily, the number mounts up alarmingly. An absurd charge, not of corruption, but of carelessly suffering a corrupt bargain to pass uncondemned, was pressed with a ferocity hardly to be wondered at. It was a mere pretext. But a vote of censure passed in the Commons by 177 to 163, and the Chancellor, with great dignity, and no irritation whatever, announced his resignation to the Lords. A strong re-action of feeling speedily followed. He had held the Great Seal for four years.

Strange to say, Lord Westbury never really liked or enjoyed the work he did so well. And he did not care for office. His happiness was in rural avocations, and in home life. Yet he served faithfully in the Lords as a Judge of Appeal : recording in a diary, kept for a little while, that "as soon as the Scotch are engaged in litigation, there is an entire absence of

prudence, sound sense, and discretion." Nor did he omit the occasional sneer at the Scotch Judges. "It was not gentleman-like," one of them said in my hearing. Twice he was offered a Lord Justice-ship, with purpose in a little to restore him to the Chancellorship: but he declined. At seventy-three, heart and strength failed. But his intellect was clear as ever: and he presided at a great arbitration while suffering agonies of pain. In July 1873, the end seemed near. His patience was wonderful. The old irritability had quite died out. "I am content," he said, "to suffer ten times the pain, and to be thankful, *most* thankful." And on Saturday, July 20, he passed peacefully from what to him had been a troublesome world.

By a touching coincidence, his old enemy Bishop Wilberforce had met his sudden death but a few hours before. Their ways had run far apart in life. But "in their death they were not divided."

You Young Men.







I.

WHAT TO MAKE OF YOU.



It is not the usual way of this world that people should think themselves of less importance than in fact they are. Yet, though one here and there among you youths is conceited enough, I do not think that even such quite take in what and how much they are in the mind and heart of their father and mother; supposing these to be what they ought to be. It is a risky thing to name self-conceit. But I cannot forget a very stupid youth who told me (the first time I saw him) that *if he had a weakness, it was philosophy*: nor a most dismal young preacher who informed me (also the first time I ever saw him) that he never would have gone into his profession had he not felt it was in him to preach incomparably better than Principal Caird. I call these youths conceited; and so would you, I fancy.

I do not mean merely that the great object and aim of your parents is to see you well educated, and

well started in life: and that to this end they go without things they would like, never even thinking that they are practising self-denial, because when they think of you and your welfare they never think of themselves in comparison at all. Though it was very touching to read, as a boy, the dedication of a volume inscribed by a minister of the Church to his old father: in which the minister said that out of an income never exceeding so many shillings a week (a good deal less than twenty), that father had educated six sons for learned professions, and *had often sent his last shilling to each of them, in their turn, when they were at College.* Some of you remember John Lockhart's painful imagery in *Matthew Wald, pinched themselves blue to give me a College education.* That is the kind of tragedy which can draw tears from some who are not much affected by imperial and dynastic revolutions. It comes back to me, the passage in Lockhart, who was a Glasgow student himself, and the son of a Glasgow minister like the writer: *I was forty years old and upward ere I got the kirk, and my dear parents never lived to see me in it.* Do you fancy, that in comparison with such-like, I care a brass farthing for Orleanist and Napoleonic contentions?

But I am thinking of something more intimate still. I mean how the entire life of your father and mother is bound up in you. Though in communication with the outer world they use the Gregorian stylé

like other people, they really calculate all dates from the events in your life. There is a house in which each of you is the chief person in this world. Things are reckoned there from the day you were born: the day you went away to India: the day you came back: the time when (please God) you are to come again. These are the sacred seasons in the Individual Year of that home. And all plans are made with a view to these things.

Sometimes a stranger smiles (very kindly) at things said in a simple dwelling. "My family is a' scattered," said the good old man in Glasgow. "I leeve in the Trongate. There is ane in Duke Street. There is anither in Partick. There is a lassie in Ruglen, and ane married in Airdrie. They are a' gaen awa' frae me." Then the old man moaned in a desolate fashion. And the visitor stated some facts with regard to another fireside. But the old man stuck to his guns. "If mine had been scattered that way, I'd hae deed."

It would not do that you should know, exactly, young friend, what you are in the life and thought of your father and mother. If you are a fool, it would puff you up with conceit. If you are a good many degrees worse than a fool, it might encourage to further exactions: I should like to tell you something I was told just yesterday. If you are a good manly lad (and I know you are), it would humble you to the earth: thinking how little you deserve all that, and how impossible it is that you should ever repay

it. It is just as it would not do that Shaksperê should come back (from where he went at fifty-one), and find how his genius is diffused through all literature: how incalculable is the influence he wields, a very king of men's thoughts: so that even people who never read him much, and assuredly do not read him habitually, in making out their silly little list of books for youths to read, stick him in as of course. The position would be too much for mortal man.

One often recalls, in these days, a saying of Arthur Helps. It was to this effect: If you happen to see any middle-aged man unduly exhilarated, and if you wish to take him down, ask him what he is to make of his boys. Then the shadow will fall upon the face, and the weight will come down upon the heart. It is even so. Few things make one more angry than when a meddling stranger, through a fussy and interfering nature, suggests such a perplexity: he having neither power nor intention to make any helpful suggestion. And one sees that, not unfrequently. Let it be cut short. Only with a dear and wise friend shall such matters be debated.

It is a great blessing when a youth has a decided bent: to something fairly like the thing: something within his parents' means; something morally right, and free from special temptations. It is a great vexation when a lad is a weathercock. You remember David Copperfield: *That's the thing*: when some walk of life is suggested which was never once thought

of before, and which will be vilipended next day. It is still worse, when you find a youth, the son of people of modest means, who makes it too apparent that what he wants is a "genteel" position, with little or nothing to do. Such was the creature who wrote to his father, who had by great effort sent him to the University, that he felt *a growing indisposition to every kind of exertion*; and desired forthwith to go into a showy vocation in which (he fancied) he might do nothing. My heart warms to you young men: and I do not believe in Solomon's Rod. The world has changed since his day. And the free use of the Rod does not seem to have been successful in his own family. His son, who succeeded him, stands out in history as *The Greatest Fool*. But there are cases in which not the Rod merely, but the Knout, might be applied, with the assurance that substantial justice was being done.

Very frequently, God be thanked, the course of things makes your plan plain. Providence leads, and hedges up: and you are thankful. There is an opening: it is fairly suitable: the youth accepts it, and does not repent. I am not thinking of the very highest worldly places, where the choice appears to be limited. This is not a matter of general concern. A mighty one of the earth once said in my hearing to another, mighty too: *What is your son to be? There are only the two things*. And then the two were named: but shall not be named again by me.

Sufficient to say that neither the one nor the other is within possibility to almost any youth known to me. But humbler necessity obliges, as well as loftiest : and one is humbly thankful to God when the way is marked out : a sufficiently pleasant and promising way. When you grow old, young reader, you will always be glad when you have not to *make up your mind*. I never make up my mind upon any question or any course until duty or necessity requires it. And these two will bring occasions enough. Choice brings painful perplexity to many souls : perplexity sometimes amounting to anguish. Let us ever be thankful when our Saviour tells us where we are to go, by the course of His good Providence. And, often, perplexities which weighed very heavily, proved quite needless. The time came, and there was really no choice. The rails were laid down : and the youth had just to follow the track. But there is infinite variety in what happens in this world. The burden of anxious perplexity may be appointed to the youth who reads this, and to his father and mother. When you are thus thinking, thinking, what to do ; let some things be suggested. For one :

Do not consult folk who do not care a straw about the matter, and who feel no responsibility earthly about your Future. I know people who when they begin to express an opinion, have not made up their mind whether it shall be Yes or No. And I have known such do much harm : setting up a youth in a



foolish line : enabling him to quote the opinion of this or that stupid man, or ignorant man, or man who never seriously weighed the question even for two minutes, against the deliberate judgment of parents, arrived at after much anxiety. And there are flighty lads to whom one man's judgment is just as good as another's ; and a great deal better if it come from outside his own home, and if it chime in with his own absurd fancies. It need not be shown that such counsel as that which I have indicated cannot by possibility be worth anything. For no wise man would take the responsibility of advising another man's son as to his career in life, unless seriously asked by the parent to do so. I have known the *obiter dictum* of a flighty and not quite honest fool, cause great dispeace in a quiet household. I know, for myself, I should decline to advise any youth as to his calling, unless invited to do this by those responsible ; and unless I saw that his abilities pointed very clearly indeed in one direction. And a responsible man would decline to seriously consider a question, unless assured that his decision would count for something. There are people who will ask your advice, with no intention whatever of being guided by it : only for the sake of talking of themselves.

Next, Begin early, young friend, to think very seriously what you are to be. It is delightful when a youth, destined for the ministry of the Church,

grows up with that work ever in view: that work which never can be truly congenial save to a minority, but which suits so wonderfully (amid all disadvantages) those whom it suits at all. *Going into the Church?* I have heard it said: *Great fool.* The youth would have been all that, had he been like the clever man who said it. But then he was not. And in a service of many years, he never regretted his choice. So with every other vocation. Each has its charm for the right man. *But the dissecting-room,* I said long ago to a companion who was enthusiastically giving himself to Medicine. I hear the answer yet: *I long to be at it.* And while it is a blessing that a youth should be marked from an early stage for his career, be it whatsoever, it is distressing to all when a lad, finishing school, cannot make up his mind; or hankers after what is unattainable. Here is a case in which it is wise to plan far ahead. You may cultivate to an extreme the rule to *take no thought for the morrow.* Some folk, naturally anxious, have done so: the pendulum has swung to the other side. All good and new things run a risk of being done to an extreme. When one was a boy, the system of cold bathing, daily, came in: you could not speak of it too highly. Now the doctors tell us of a new crop of troubles sprung from that. And the Christian resolution not to take undue thought for the future day, may grow to the heathen *Carpe diem*: which is neither wise nor devout.

I have much to say. But there is room now only to add, Be serious. This is a grave matter. Much more depends on it than you can now see. And remember, the vocation of every worthy life is to hard *Work*. It may seem needless to say this: but it is extremely needful: *Our life is not to be Play, but mainly Work*. And do not let fanciful considerations decide this grave question. I have heard it said, "I could not live among people who speak with so broad an accent:" "I really could not live in Drumsleekie." Idiot! Be thankful to live in Walsall or Bermondsey or Jericho itself, if God appoints you honest work and a decent maintenance there. Much better men than you have done it. I know that likes and dislikes are strong: are not to be reasoned with. No man could be for twenty years in the Hymn Committee without knowing that. But the question where a youth is to earn bread to eat and raiment to put on, must be decided by substantial and unfanciful reasons.

And yet, one must acknowledge that very fanciful considerations have prevailed with older folk. A Scotch preacher had once a preliminary feeler held out to him, an enquiry if there was any use in offering him a charge in the U.S.A., where the living was about five times what falling Fiars had made his living here. He said No: and there were substantial reasons. But there were others too. "How could one live where the words are spelt *traveler, theater, \*center*, and the like? I could not stand it."

When you have grown well-to-do, young men, you may afford to indulge in the like reflections. But not when considering how you are to earn your food amid the terrible struggle for existence of these latter days.



## II.

### *SHALL WE KNOW?*



HAVE hesitated whether I should say to you what I am to say to you to-day. But now I have made up my mind. It is right that you should know what is often in the mind of your father and mother if they are still in this world: what was often in their mind if they have gone away.

There is a perplexity which, as years go on, comes to be continually present to some parents, concerning which I desire to say some frank words to you young men. I fear we shall not be led to any conclusion. But it is some little comfort to talk out to you what many times presses upon people who are old and a little wearied, when they look intently upon their boys.

In a little, we shall have to go; and then you will push on your way alone. Alone, that is, so far as concerns your father and mother: I am speaking to you for them. How will it be with you, when we are



away, and long away? One looks, silently, at the smooth young face, on which the first lines of care are coming too; and thinks, What will you be like then? Whereto shall you have grown? With all their love for you, your parents see your little failings. You are not so wise as Solomon. You speak rashly. Your temper is hasty. You are sometimes too late. There is nothing worse: but little things may mar a career. And above all, there is God's Sovereignty: there is what good Dean Stanley called *Election*. We may be greatly changed, both of us, ere we meet again. But we are thinking mainly of you.

It was a young man who came into my study on a dark winter evening. It was in Edinburgh, and I was a young man myself. He was very shabby: his hands trembled greatly: and all about him there was the sickening smell of whisky, which (in my experience) is in Scotland evermore associated with moral ruin. He had come to beg: he was starving. He had grown up in a manse, as I did: and this was what he had come to. It was all his own fault, he said: he had had a fair start, but had gone all wrong. And he added, with a heart-broken laugh, *I am thankful my father and mother cannot see me now.*

I did not feel in any way sure of that. They were in Paradise: but I knew as certainly as I know that two and two make four, that they would be thinking continually there of the bright lad they left behind them: left behind them with loving entreaty that he



should so give himself to his Saviour that when the *few short years* were over, parents and child should meet again in His peace for evermore. I have indeed heard good folk say that such a thought is *of the earth, earthy*. So it is. And that means that it is real : that it is true to the nature that makes us the essential beings we are. Of course, if we are to be changed into something quite different, that means the annihilation of the soul that lived in this world. That is not Immortality. Then, of a surety, *they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished* : and other people, quite other people, have started on a quite new existence. Unless we abide in consciousness and memory the same souls, all the New Testament promises of a future life are a mere illusion. I say that firmly. As for the suggestion which I have heard made by awful preachers whom I was obliged at one time to hear, that people will be so happy (and so good) in Paradise that they will not care a straw for what happens to their children here ; that suggestion is, to me, horrible and revolting. It originates less in heartlessness and thrawnness than in unutterable stupidity. What would you think of a man and woman who said to you, *When we were in Switzerland, we were so happy, and so lifted up by God's wonderful mountains and valleys, that we never once thought of the little folk we left at home, and did not mind in the least whether they were safe and happy and good, or not. If they had been drowned, or hanged, or in any way gone to the bad, it*

would not have mattered at all: such was our state of moral elevation? If that could not be in Switzerland, do you think it could be in Paradise? Do you think that *spirits made perfect* have attained a selfishness and heartlessness which all rational creatures would cry shame on here?

And while the mother *There* must be the mother still, unless her individual nature has perished, and so must long without cease to know how it is faring with the boy she left, there must be those about her *who could tell her*. And when she asked, it would not do to tell her *Never to mind*. It would not do to reply, *Yes, I see him: I see what he is like and what he is doing and what he has come to: It does not matter at all*. If, through some unknown necessity, it *could not* be that the parent should be told where and what and what-like her boy is now, there is but one answer to her questionings which would not (if we understand anything at all) mar the rest above. It would be the assurance that though there might be toil and trouble and temptation then, he would end at last where she is with her Redeemer. But what, if that could not be said?

Faber did indeed write a line which had to be altered in the Hymnal, setting forth the widest possible hope. The line, as he wrote it, was *All journeys end in welcome to the weary*. That would solve many unutterable perplexities. But look into your New Testament: Look at the words of Christ

Himself: Dare we hope it is so? Even Maurice said he durst not.

I have thus told you a great perplexity which is seldom absent from the mind of some of us aging folk. You may put it aside in an easy way now. You will not always be able to do so. And you do not get rid of a great perplexity by shutting your eyes to it, or by looking in another direction. But instead of trying to argue out a question which is indeed beyond our answering, let me tell you of certain cases which bring the question home to some people in a touching way.

Two little boys, brothers, at College at St. Andrews in distant days when little boys went there (Principal Hill took the degree of M.A. at fourteen), were sent for to see their mother, dying. The little fellows knelt at her bedside. She kissed them, and blest them, and said *Farewell, and oh be good*. Then the little boys went away back to St. Andrews: and the mother turned her face to what concerned herself, to what was very near. She was a sweet and saintly woman: but she could not tell, when the little faces looked at her, awe-stricken, for the last time here, what her boys were to be. Both came to worldly honour: one died at more than fourscore, after a laborious life in which he had risen as high as a subject of the British Crown can rise. Did she ever know what became of her little Jack? or had he to tell her when they met?

Then there was a sweet young woman, her name was Fanny Henderson, who married a very amiable and cheerful working-man: and they lived humbly for a while together. She bore a son. When she went from the rough cottage which was her home, leaving the homely husband and the little boy behind her, it would have been strange to have told her that the goodman who with incredible neatness mended her little shoes, and showed them with pride as a *wonderful job*, was to end, at sixty-six, one of the greatest men of his generation, one of the best benefactors of the Race (in material advantage), a pattern of truthfulness and simplicity to the last. We owe him the railway and the locomotive: and (Mr. Ruskin notwithstanding) we owe him an inexpressible debt. Could you young men see your parents as often as you do; could you see them at all: if it had not been for George Stephenson and his son Robert? Rarely, indeed, could my boys be under my roof, but for the work they did. Wherefore I bless their memory. Did poor young Fanny know till the good George and she met again? And then, he would have to tell her things she might not like so much. For after some years he had married a second time.

There was a father who lived to see his son do fairly well, and attain to considerable worldly success. But he had not been gone three weeks when his son was placed in that position in his line of life which the father would have preferred to any within possi-

bility. The son shrank from its responsibility, in some trepidation. And on a day of anxious consideration, a venerable and saintly friend of his father's walked into the room where he was at work, and sat down by the fire and said, *Young man, nobody knew your father's mind better than I did. If any one had said to him, What place in his vocation would you be most proud to see your son in? he would have answered that which you are offered now. You promise me that you will accept it before I leave this chair.* It was a sweet face, and a pleasant voice: but masterful: and the son promised accordingly. But he said, in my hearing, afterwards, *If my father had been but spared a month longer! If I could have gone away home and told him I was offered this place* (it was neither the Archbishopric of Canterbury nor that of York), *how it would have pleased him!* Then my friend added, *I wonder if he will know all about it before we meet; or if I shall be the first to tell him.*

These things, dear young men, come home to some, looking at you entering on your career, and thinking of the makings which are in you. It is touching to picture you, many years hereafter, risen to honour and usefulness, sitting gray-headed by your fireside, and wishing that your father and mother could see you where you are: sometimes wondering if they know. But think of the other way. Think of poor souls in shame and misery, thankful that their parents were dead before it came to this; and some-



how making sure that they do not know. Even where there is neither open shame nor sin, there is often a strange irony in the event. Only a few days since, the son of a grand missionary hero said to me, *How surprised my dear father would be, if he could see his children to-day.* Then he went into details which must not be given here. Only it may be said that the majority of that little company had turned their backs utterly upon the beliefs for which their father would have given his life: though venerating him not the less for his life of martyr-like self-sacrifice; and always proud to bear his name. I fancy a good many faithful children of the Church of Scotland would learn with some surprise that John Knox left two sons, and that both of them became clergymen of the Church of England. Knox, himself, would probably not have objected. But I have known decent folk, fancying themselves Knox's disciples, who would have seen in that a sad falling away. Reasonable folk, distinguishing between what is vital and what is not so in outward organisation, will find no difficulty whatever in being warmly attached to both National Churches; believing that each has something to learn from the other, and that both are living branches of the only Church named in the Apostles' Creed.

A terrible reflection to us, looking at you young men, is that the power of Evil is never worn out here. Think of the awful saying, of old: *Let no mortal be*



*called happy before he dies.* No, nor morally safe. There is one degrading risk, to which the habits of many good men expose them, on to the very end. A man may turn to something very like a drunkard, quite late in life; and may thus go to the bad after a long good career. I speak of what I have unhappily been obliged to see. To see one whom you have been in use to revere, to believe in, fatuous and idiotic through that fearful agent which goes straight to brain and mind, is a horrible experience. The name of the devil which enters into men in these days, and casts them into the water and the fire, is Alcohol.

But I pass from that: and go back to where I began. Young men, Shall we know? Do they know, who are There already? All who are there, are vitally what they were while here. We know what, to the very end, was ever first in their mind and heart. Are you watched, intently, from that distant shore? We are disposed to say, in the easy way in which people talk of what is Beyond when they think it is a long way off, *they cannot know anything which would vex them.* Yet we know on authority whereon we should believe anything, that there is joy There when a poor soul here makes the grand choice between Evil and Good. And if we cannot make blest spirits unhappy, we can do what they would disapprove if they knew it.

If you are the young men for whom I write, you will quietly think over all this. *That I know.*



### III.

#### THE OUT-LOOK.

**I**T is absolutely certain, if the Future of this world is to be as the Past (and *that* we assume), that some of you young men will not have to go far through this life, nor to do much of what is called *the life-work*. There are Tables which tell, with near accuracy, out of such numbers as the Guild, how many will drop in each year: but God only knows who they shall be. Some of you are aware that Mr. Buckle, in his wonderful book, thought to found on such certainty in uncertainty: which extends even to the number of letters posted yearly without addresses. I have not time for such matters now. I desire only to say that many of you must go on, must go far, must go through much, before your appointed task will be done. And on this morning, a mid-winter morning coming mid-way in March, when the snow lies deep everywhere, and falls heavily as I look up, we are to think of the

Out-Look : of What is sure to Come : of What Must Needs Be.

You are young : but you know better already than the *Happy Ever After*. At least you know as much for other people : though possibly you still cherish a lurking hope that an exception may be made in your own favour : which is precisely as likely as that some day two and two may prove to be five. There are people living who remember well the first Pinch ; the coming-down upon the poor soul of the actual weight of this life, hitherto unthought-of. That came early to some I have known. There is no more touching tragedy than has been found in a Scotch University : I have seen young faces lined deep with early care and hardship and over-work : I have known lonely souls, lonely as Tadmor in the wilderness, not nearly through their 'teens. But such youths (who had little of youth but the years) were sustained by the hope of better days. I have known more than one or two who kept continually on the little table where they wrote a famous line of Virgil which begins with the word *Forsan*. And by God's blessing, the modest hopes were crowned : the Good Time came. I have known many, growing old, who could thankfully say that the latter years are the best they have ever known.

There shall be no unreality here, be sure ; and no sentimentalism : speaking of a subject in the treatment of which there has been too much of both.

• Life cannot be evenly joyous ; or even equably

T

cheerful. Each day will bring its troubles, its little hardships, its opportunity of making mistakes. Dr. Arnold did not hesitate to say that it is not quite an insignificant thing, the daily effort of wearily struggling up in the dismal cold and darkness of the early morning of a large part of the year. I know one who would not again rise at 4.30 A.M. fifteen times in one awful winter, and then journey fifty miserable miles to fight with saints at Ephesus: not though there never should be a *Scottish Hymnal*. And the day's dreary beginning is, to many, too fair a specimen of the jarring toils, perplexities, and cares of the day. An author of unsurpassed genius (to say the very least) who flourished some millenniums gone, wrote a line which runs in our language, *Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward*. Our paraphrase is misleading. *As sparks in close succession rise*, is not the meaning. The unforgettable verse means, *As naturally* as the sparks ascend. Its writer knew not the law of gravitation. He had sat silently gazing on the sparks hurrying upwards. But Sir Isaac had not then beheld the apple drop down. We do not always take it in that it is as natural, as certain, that we shall have our share of human trouble, as that Newton's apple should fall down, and not upwards.

Two days since, a little Volume came to me from far New York: a little volume beautifully printed and bound. Its title was strange. But, on opening it, it appeared that every page in it had been written by

the hand which is now writing this, save only the title-page. *That* had been devised (and well devised) by some one I know not beyond the great Atlantic. Five chapters taken from a volume of which no more shall be said. Upon the title-page inside, and upon the cover outside, was a Motto: the latter in letters of gold: *The great characteristic of Modern Life is Worry*. Here let it be said that it is a vain thing to do honour to any composition by printing it in letters of gold. I know a preacher who published, long ago, a sermon which a good man liked: liked so much that he printed and circulated a hundred thousand copies of it in the English tongue, besides many in another. Certain copies he printed in gold: designing to testify his appreciation. One of these is in my possession. It is most uncomfortable to read in any light. And in certain lights it cannot be read at all.

That Motto (taken from *Friends in Council*) is true to the experience of many, if not of all. For I have known about three human beings who had so sweet and equable a nature that they could not be worried. In each of them, I confess, there was manifestly present an Influence quite above mere nature: though a sweet nature is a grand basis for even *That* to work upon. But it is certain that our life must be a homely thing: and matter-of-fact: what poetic souls would call Prosaic. There must be (if you are to make anything considerable of the day) that early getting up in the cold dark morning: from which



many, not otherwise\* much like Arnold, shrink even as did he. There are long walks over muddy country-roads, or through dismal streets over-canopied with fog and smoke: Oh the dreary Glasgow pavements, going to College at 7.30 A.M. through winters long-ago! And what thousands knew them well! There is much anxious thought about little details, which even dear and unaffected Doctor Robert Chambers used to call *sordid*. There is much disappointment: a blank and jarring experience. Much hard work when you have little heart or strength for it. Things will go wrong. You will not generally get what you most wish: you may get something better, but not *that*. People will not do as they are told. There is the terrible fact of Stupidity: and the awful but inevitable percentage of Wrong-headedness, and Cursedness of Temper. You will make many mistakes. And next time you will do no better: say the wrong thing, take the wrong turning. Some will think of lame horses: sick cattle: fiars prices down fifty per cent. *That* is your life, young men: or something analogous to that. There are far more serious things, too, than these: high health may daff these aside, cheerfully: but not the solemn events which must come to us all, in time; which have come to many. The heavy blow will fall, under which you will go down. I do not forget how he looked, who spoke of having met a *Facer* (he tried to smile): nor his voice, who after unutterable bereavement, said he did not know



till now the meaning of *desolation*. Mortifications of vanity, and divers slights, one puts aside as not worth thinking of. But in earlier days, such Takings-Down are felt as painful, too.

I sketch this part of my subject: it would not be healthful to elaborate it. What has been said will suggest quite enough to nearly every reader. And it has been said only to lead up to what is to follow now. Here is the grand lesson of the Out-Look, for every young man who has either head or heart.

What I desire to impress deep upon you is: That on the lowest ground of expediency, expediency rising to necessity, you must have a real religious principle and stay. I shall name, to-day, just two things, as every young man's essential equipment for facing this life. You dare not face the Out-Look without them. But I name this first. I want to show you what life will become, even if you are far cleverer and more successful than are most of the Race, unless you have this. I am going to give instances. I am not taking my two things in the proper order of their importance: which is the best and chief thing last. But I will show you what is sure to come, unless you have both. I just name the two now. You have had the first. Now: Health of body and mind: Health of brain and nerve. This means, for you young men, No Alcohol. *That* ruins energy, pluck, resolution; if it do no worse. And it may do far worse. I speak what I know. That

tends to untold misery. You read that such a man or woman commits suicide. It has happened to me, in my duty, to know well (I think) seventeen suicides. They were not mad: not one of them. They were just like other people: awfully so. But you were told, as of course, they *had been drinking heavily*. Of course.

On the Philistine and unworthy ground of Expediency, of Necessity, you young men, facing your life, MUST range yourselves under Christ's banner. Without religion, you will make a miserable thing of this life: you will break down early. By religion I mean two great things: Belief in a brotherly God and Saviour; Belief in a Future Life, wherein you and all you care for must be *good* for ever. You will find, going on, that you cannot live without these, but in misery: unless indeed you attain to stupefaction. And these Beliefs must be Real. Not words: not even emotion: conviction, deep and true. I dare not say this, in these days, without an interjection: *Oremus*: Lord, increase our faith! *That* is the chief need of the best I know. Along with this, Health: which in the sense I intend is mainly in our own hands. I do not mean muscular strength: I mean nervous sanity, which may be in the physical weakling. Can I forget, while I live, how a great but over-driven man told me that he had to get up and wander about the house at night: told me, with a woe-begone face, of a very eminent friend of both

of us, that he had come to this, that he could only *lie in his bed and cry*? And another whom we knew came to a good deal worse than that: which we wished (vainly) to forget. All head-workers, nerve-workers, may come to that, devout Christians though they be, unless they solemnly obey God's Laws of Health. The Blessed Comforter Himself cannot be depended on to comfort such as break these. Every nerve-worker, mind-worker, may come to live in conscious and intense misery, through an over-driven brain, or a *poisoned* brain: and though the work be in the best cause, *that* will not matter. It is a grand thing to be Senior Wrangler. Some of us have thought it a grand thing to be less than that. But that bright student who died just yesterday, after months of depression, had to die for his over-work. The Endowment Scheme is a great thing: but it has flourished through the suffering of at least two Martyrs who died for it. They thought it worth while. I have very much I wish to say here. But I must go elsewhere.

In a famous Memoir, there is a sentence concerning a famous House. Here it is: "Everybody knew that the House was sceptical. None of them ever thought of going to church, and they went on as if there was no such thing as religion."

There are those who shiver, reading that statement. It was an awful destitution. They were a very queer lot. Their antecedents were unsatisfactory. Yet that

House was the rallying-place of great statesmen and great preachers, for many a day. But Carlyle could not stand it at all. I suppose they managed it by living in a whirl, and refusing to think, or to look forward, or to look back. Rational beings, forsooth! And perhaps they had come to believe in nothing.

Take George Eliot, and another woman of wonderful gifts who went before her. Neither of them had the support of religion. Both were generally miserable. "What I feel to need is, above all things human and divine, rest from mental worry:" so the latter wrote. Curiously, it was from humble causes she suffered, great as she was. Household muddle, careless servants, and the like. I believe that deep in her nature there was a real though undefined religious sanction: only she did not think of bringing the worries of daily life to Christ: and so she suffered like an Indian at the stake. As for George Eliot, that mighty intellect, she may be frankly spoken of, but earnestly and sorrowfully. With her, it was this awful life, this terrible world, with the miseries and perplexities: and no Personal God, no Providence ruling all things, no kind Power above us to whom to go in our anguish and ignorance: and no Future Life, to put all Wrong Right. For her, the belief in a Personal God and a Future Life had perished: but let us never forget, the belief in Right and Wrong remained. She would bear all we see and feel, "without opium:" She esteemed the beliefs by

• which we bear up and hold on as kindly and helpful Delusions; and she would not condescend to them. But how she suffered for want of them, we have been allowed to read. O the moral of that life! Let every young man read it: and learn.

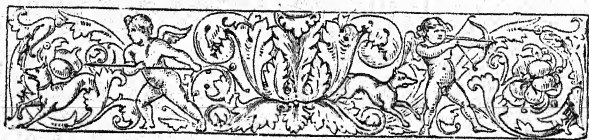
Just as I must close, I look upon a letter written within this week by one of the most outstanding and loveable of living men. One sentence:

"And then again when the weather is bad, the wounds of old sins and follies long forgotten begin to ache again. It were much better never to have been. The whole thing, present, past, and future, passes understanding."

But that earnest, true, and deeply-religious soul will by God's blessing see light at last. The mists were hanging round the Highland loch on the beautiful Autumn morning on which good Principal Shairp died. The true Poet, and the truly devout Man spoke (like God's Prophets of old) deeper and grander truth than he thought. The words were nearly his last:

IT IS VERY MISTY NOW, BUT IT WILL SOON BE PERFECTLY CLEAR.





#### IV.

#### HOW THINGS WILL GO AT FIRST.



YOU will find out, by and by, that it is a cheering thing to compare discouraging experiences. It will help you, to have a frank talk with a truthful man (how we prize truthfulness as we grow older!) who will tell you how he got through troubles which you are bearing now.

It is this thought which has led me to my subject for this day. I hesitated between it, and two others. They must wait.

Say you are coming near to entering on your life-work. It has all been training for that, hitherto: but now you are eagerly anticipating the actual start: the day when you will stand on your own feet, and be free to carry out your own views. It is a brave and right ambition. It will be a fine thing when you cease to be a burden on the old folk who have done so much for you. Burns never wrote much better than the lines which tell of *the glorious privilege of being independent.*



Now for an extraordinary fact which you would not believe unless assured of it by one who has found out by experience. Perhaps not even then : you will accept no evidence but personal trial. This is the terrible appointment of Providence, that *everything will go wrong at first*. You would not have anticipated that, *à priori*. There seems no need for it. The new broom sweeps clean. If you be a youth of principle (which I take as sure), you go earnestly at your work, resolved to do your very best. You never spare yourself : nor (for that matter) any one else. You never see anything wrong, without trying to put it right. You work yourself into a fever. You lie awake in your bed at night, anxiously thinking, thinking, what more you can do. And you are hopeful. As good Archbishop Trench wrote, of a youth going into the ministry of the Church, *High hopes at first, and visions high, Are ours of easy victory*. But you know the meaning of a slap in the face. You understand the sorrowful imagery of cold water being cast upon the eager heart, upon the fervid wheels. Let it be repeated, dear young men, by one who has grown old : *Everything tends to go wrong at the first*.

There may be one, here and there, who has not had to go through this experience. All he puts his hand to prospers. Wherever the road divides, he takes the right turn. Though the shoulders be young, the head is old : and he skilfully takes the measure of older people around, and hits it off with them. I

confess I am not greatly drawn to such a youth. He may be entirely honest: but his contemporaries stand off from him, in awe not unmingled with suspicion. There is a terrible adjective which George Borrow liked, or at least used. It may not be classic English, but it is sadly expressive. The adjective is *Leary*. Deliver me from a leary young man: calculating, cold-blooded, dodgy! Give me the warm heart, with all its impulsiveness: one can love that. And wisdom will come with experience: it will come quite soon enough: you remember what Solomon said comes with it. And, among a thousand, or ten, there may be the youth whom God judges equal to bearing unbroken success, without failure or error: and he gets into the right road without having to struggle through the terrible Slough of Despond. I have known one or two such: no more. And their nature was as exceptional as their appointed career. It is in the book of *Lamentations* that the statement occurs, *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth*. You will have to bear it, ninety-nine in each hundred of you. Pray that the discipline bring you sweetness and light. For I have known it bring sourness and wrong-headedness.

It is not merely that, starting, you will make a great many blunders: but sometimes it will seem as though everything fell out amiss, somehow. One easily understands that the difference is vast, between skilled labour and unskilled. Your work, at the first, is of necessity unskilled. You cannot have experi-

ence till it gradually grows, through many mistakes and failures, painfully felt. And skilled labour means experienced labour; ay, no matter how great the natural capacity. Wide as the poles apart are the actual results of skilled work and unskilled. The magic touch makes a difference beyond words. So he will know who has had a tooth stopped by an inferior operator: a painful experience common to civilised man. Speedily that stopping falls out: there is trouble, there is pain. Go to the very best: the thing is quickly and painlessly done: and, after years, the work abides. The difference between the best and the second best, is vast, is immeasurable: like the gulf, at college long ago, between the first prize in some great class, and the second. But very close, indeed, to every reader, is the opportunity of trying the difference between skilled labour and unskilled. Just try to write a letter, swiftly and legibly, with your left hand. Then remember that a youth, entering on his vocation, be it whatsoever, absolutely without experience, is of necessity as a left hand trying to write. A youth, doing what we call *head-work*, will not take that in. For the result is not so manifest to the dullest as in the case of hand-work. Robinson Crusoe's boxes and shelves were strange in shape: those of a carpenter who has served his apprenticeship are beautifully square and symmetrical. Even so, in the eye of the expert, is the difference between intellectual work informed by long experience, and the

work of the clever lad with no experience at all. The touch is wanting: the expert sees it at a glance. But though only the expert sees the difference in the work done, even the inexperienced youth discerns, fast enough, the awful difference in the result of it: and when he finds everything going wrong, in spite of his most faithful endeavours, he begins to be aware that his case is that of the lad on his first day in the carpenter's workshop, thinking to make a framed door as neatly as a man who has served his five years. I know you will not believe me. But in the visiting a sick old woman, in the presiding over a gathering of six fellow-mortals, in the getting twelve Christian workers to pull together without quarrelling, there is just as wide a distance between skill and the lack of skill, as in the making of a door or the cleaning of a watch or the stopping of a tooth.

You will understand that I mean that at the first, till you gain skill by experience, and *tact* not like the touch of the finger-tips but like the cat's sensitiveness to surroundings as it steals about in the dark, your work will continually go wrong because you will blunder it. I have known a youth, with the very best intentions, say and do what made one squirm all over, in the knowledge that an explosion would assuredly follow. It did follow: and the youth was surprised, though nobody else was. But, besides this, which seems inevitable (for we must learn by experience), it has often seemed to me, watching the start

• in a career, as though at the beginning there came what we call *a run of bad luck* too. I remember I thought it pathetic when my good man-servant (now many years ago) said, not to me though in my hearing, *Everything goes against me in this house to-day.* And such a thing may be.

Your lodging proves uncomfortable : your landlady, in divers ways, leaves much to be desired. I am not going into details, though they crowd upon my remembrance. These things befall the youth at first : in the days when he spends a month's revenue in three weeks thinking them four. Ill-luck, I have remarked, attends upon inexperience. Here, possibly, it is as an awfully-successful man said to me on three occasions, *A man makes his own luck.* Think, my friends in middle-age, of your beginning to keep house. Why did all the deformed legs of mutton come to you then? Why did the servants blunder in a fashion that suggested idiocy? Why did a wealthy young acquaintance of mine have three successive cooks who got incapably drunk, and two successive butlers who appeared in the morning with dreadful black eyes? Each said that he had fallen upon a stone : but such an accident never occurs in after-years. Doubtless the touch of experience was lacking here : people presume upon youths who do not know how to manage. And to manage one's fellow-creatures is a delicate task, demanding tact at every turn. After long experience it is done intuitively : almost automa-



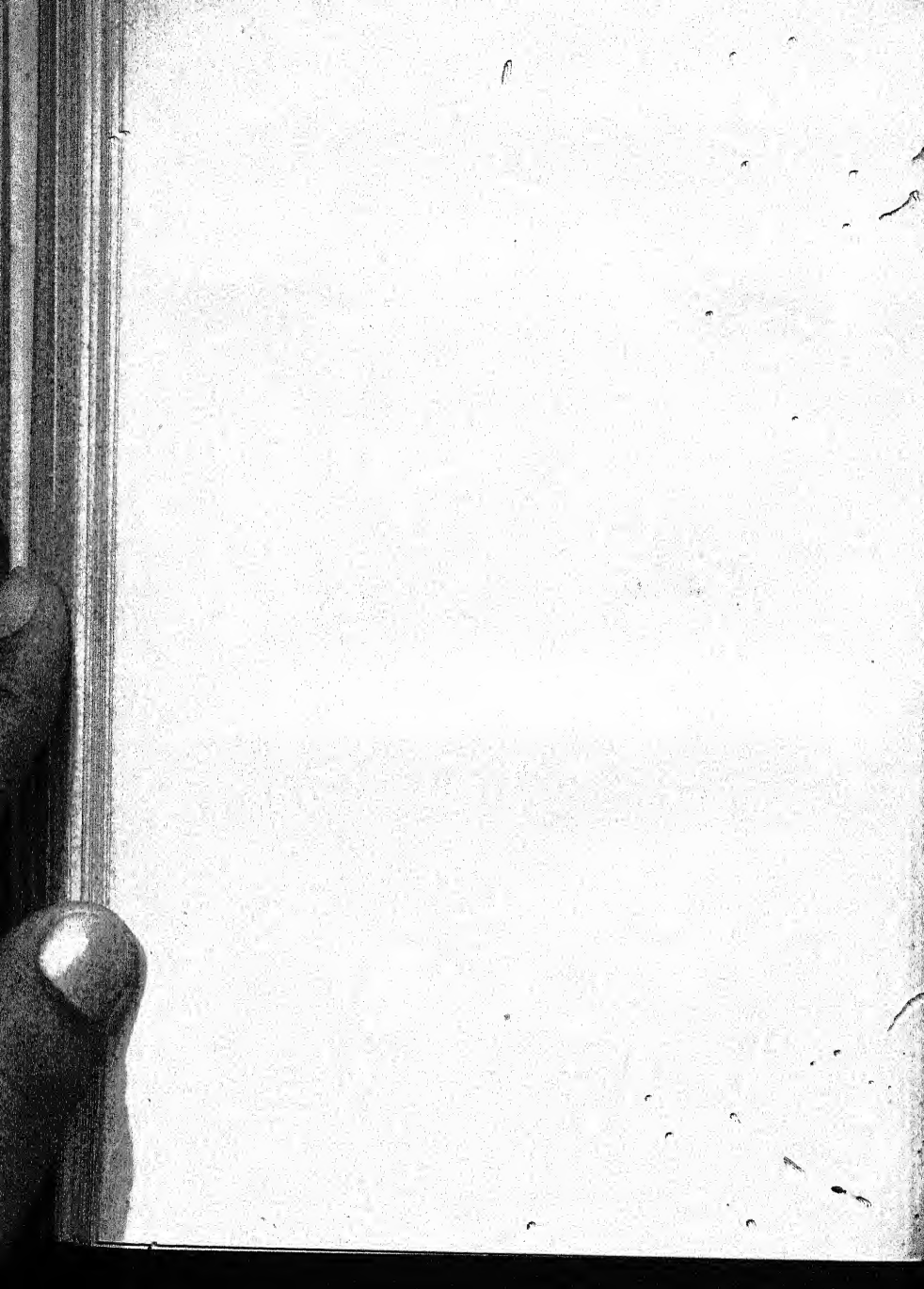
tically. Yet, beyond this, one has known ill-luck, pure and simple. A succession of dogs will die. Also two pigs. A succession of horses will fall lame. Things will not grow in your garden, as they do five years later. You will, in your youth, have to go under the yoke of pure misfortune, in whose origin you have no share. The train will be late when punctuality is especially needful. There will be deep snow, even midway in April, when you have to travel far. Most young preachers, beginning their parochial work, will meet a series of terribly rainy Sundays; such as happily return no more. I need not name the singular fact that in a country parish people eight miles off are ever falling ill, while those within easy visiting-range enjoy high health: for that will abide to the end of your career. Some rancorous old soul may take a violent dislike to you, and go about stating that in your public instruction you uttered fearful sentiments foreign to your nature. But indeed, in that walk of life it is impossible to reckon the occasions on which a young beginner may give offence. Pardon the writer for dwelling upon the vocation he knows best. You fancy that you will be so diligent, inoffensive, modest, and kind to all, that it will be impossible for mortal to find fault with you. Ah, it may be deadly offence to some that your church is full, and that people listen to your sermons. I have known the faithfullest pastoral work vilipended in the statement that the young minister was "*ivverly*



• *runnin'.* I have heard it related of such a one, with incredible bitterness, that he was *always kneeling and praying in the vestry before service.* I have known those, who, sorrowfully remembering these words, have for thirty years managed to lift up the heart in such circumstances without visible sign. Try *that*, dear young brothers.

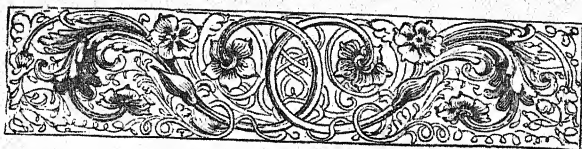
And do not be discouraged. What has been written to-day is written to the end of comforting and encouraging you. All this will blow over. Things will come right. A good time will come : a comparatively good time. You will learn many things in the first trying days : many things not otherwise to be learnt at all. The great worldly lesson, after all, is *How to proportion the Expenditure to the Income.* To overspend (for ordinary folk) is ruination : destruction of usefulness, of peace, of moral fibre. Yet one must learn to be careful and economical without being shabby. And there are those who *must not* appear grasping in the matter of Money. As time goes on, you really get more sense and skill ; and a healthy thickness of skin develops itself. You remember the motto of the Keiths, Earls Marischall : *They haif said. Quhat said they ? Lat them say.* But, beyond this, it is God's way (in the experience of most), that after a while, the storm dies away, even the breezes lull down : and there is a calm ; as much calm as is good for you.

Ay, with all troubles, if we go humbly on in the way wherein Christ would lead us, THE BEST COMES LAST.



When we come to be Tried.





I.

*A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW.*



HAVE an old and dear friend who commonly writes as graceful and melodious English prose as ever was written ; and who ought (one would say) to recognise a grand or a touching sentence when written by somebody else. His name is James Anthony Froude : a name not unknown.

He once read to me, in musical tones, a passage of prose which he said was the most musical he knew. It was taken from Charles Lamb : I will not name the essay from which it was taken. It is widely known ; and there is no earthly harm in it : but its title lacks gravity, and somehow I would rather not name it, with what I have in my mind to-day.

But I know some who find a greater charm in the homely unkempt Saxon English of John Bunyan, than they can find almost anywhere else. And never more than in a little passage at which I am to ask you to look. For one thing, John was in deadly earnest.

When he seriously said a thing, he meant it ; whereas you never knew whether you were to take Charles seriously or not. Indeed, you knew that the quaint and pathetic genius was never to be construed quite prosaically. Principal Tulloch used to laugh, and at the same time to shake his head rather sadly, recalling the day when somebody, walking home with Lamb from a long evening's talk with Coleridge, remarked how much he had been impressed by the gravity and elevated tone of Coleridge's conversation. *Ah*, said Lamb, as he kindly laid his hand on his companion's arm, *you must not mind Coleridge. He's full of fun.* Each was a genius. But Bunyan, I fear, could not have stood Lamb. Carlyle could not. And to all of us this sometimes seems too serious a world for that kind of thing.

Do not say *uneducated*, when you speak of John Bunyan. If education mean the training which fits you for your work, he had a grand education. And he was inspired. I will, for my own liking, back that passage against any in the language. To look at it sometimes stirs one like a trumpet. The words go to one's heart, and sometimes (why not?) bring the moisture to the eyes. It is where Greatheart speaks of the career of Christian : Christian who is hero of the incomparable First Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He did not say that Christian was perfect. He acknowledged that Christian had his failings : and that probably he brought some of his heaviest troubles upon himself. Then he sums up :



"But we will leave the good man: he is at rest. He also had a brave victory over his enemy: let HIM grant that dwelleth above that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he!"

I believe John wrote it without the faintest idea that he was producing a sentence of perfect music, and of abiding help to many when he should be far away. He aimed at nothing more than to give, plainly, what he meant. He wrote with a rapidly-running pen: not thinking that here was anything of special value: writing with a hand that had "made many hundred gross of long-tagged laces." Well, but the hand which wrote the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians had hammered in tacks, and sewn the canvas for tents: you may be sure very good ones.

There is no falsetto here. This is life-and-death truth. And there is no would-be prettiness of imagination or expression. Wherefore it comes home. You know the difference between *Rock of Ages*, and the *Pilgrims of the Night*. You feel the difference between asking *true absolution and release*, and saying, *Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done*. Each is of the finest ever conceived by man. Each is perfection in its way. But oh, give us reality in these latter days! You will get it from Bishop Ken. And very grave things ought not to be too pretty. You may read a letter of Mendelssohn's, in which he says that an exquisite piece of music in

one of his oratorios (his sister composed it) was *too sweet*. It is the world-famous *O rest in the Lord*. Which is surprising.

Times come to some folk in which some sentence returns again and again, and forms (so to speak) a refrain to all the thought and work of the day. It is because our minds are so made, that it is well, on first awaking, to look upon a page which bears a short text of scripture, a brief meditation (which must be very real), and a few lines of uplifting verse. These things may sensibly affect us through all the day: affect us for good. Some of one's friends have their little ways, more or less odd. You meet a man on the street, manifestly repeating something to himself: in such a case I always wish it may be something soothing and uplifting. For if you had met Macaulay on a crowded London way, excitedly talking to himself and furiously digging his umbrella into the ground, you would have been aware that the thoughts which recur to a solitary soul are sometimes irritating. No doubt, indeed, you had found that out for yourself: even from early days. Bunyan's sentence is one which is a frequent companion of the present writer. He has said it over to himself, times without number. Most people who think seriously at all would add a grave *Amen* to the aspiration with which it closes. For we shall *come to be tried*, every one of us. Some have been very sharply tried, already. And it is not merely that to be tried is a painful experience. It is

an experience which assays our deepest nature. Times come which especially test us, what stuff we are : times which test what we can (1) Do : (2) Bear : (3) Resist. Such experiences are well called *trials*. It is a better word than some who use it think. We are *Tried* : put to the proof. And nobody can be more surprised than we ourselves are, by what comes to light then.

Probably what was most in Bunyan's mind, writing that sentence, was Temptation. That has made many discover in themselves what they had not thought was there. That has subjected many to a breaking strain. But in these pages we shall think of everything that is called Trial. And indeed all Trial is Temptation : it is a push in the direction of wrong thought and feeling, if not of wrong doing. Some people have to write of things in the order in which they are given them. The writer is one. With an awful vividness certain spiritual experiences were shown him in certain of his fellow-creatures, which may (being distantly indicated) help other sufferers. I have witnessed, more than seven times, the falling on a good man or woman of a *Knock-down Blow*.

I have seen it fall on the humblest. I have seen it fall on those who, by worldly measure, rank high. I have seen it fall on the young, the first awful knowledge of the terrible seriousness of this life. Also on the old and weary.

You are going on your way, never without its

anxieties, its strain. It never can quite be taken with a light heart : but still there is an even tenor, with only little ruffles. As the old prophet said, *The light is not clear, nor dark* : it is, commonly, a subdued and sober gray : when all at once it falls on you, the awful blow. Shall I suggest the actual things in my mind ? No, I will not. I know many things which cannot be told ; and the varied forms in which great trouble may come are beyond numbering. But everybody knows how good old Christian women, now feeling the frailties of age, long held in comfort by the thoughtful care of a father many years departed, and helpful to many round them, have of a sudden been told that their entire provision was swept away. I rank, for true pathos, with Wordsworth's *Michael*, the verses in which Dr. Walter Smith interpreted the case of such. I told him so. And he replied that he had expressed the simple truth, as he had seen it. I rank high as anything can be placed in literature Mrs. Oliphant's wonderful description of a famous artist, living with his large family in opulent comfort ; and finding of a sudden that his pictures had ceased to sell : his pictures which were his all. But there is worse than that. There is no shame there. One has known the appalling discovery of crime, which made it needful that some poor wretch should be as one dead. Things have been in some family-histories, which can be written in no biography. How did human beings live through them ?

I do not call anything a Knock-down Blow which only gets at a human being through his vanity: the mortification of finding himself not so much thought of as he had supposed, and the like: a great Bishop being (with intention of vexing him) held back from a greater place, and an inferior man set before him. You read the Life with a sigh; and wish he had not minded so much. It was not worthy. Of course he knew that well himself.

The letter comes: and the poor soul opens it without apprehension, and reads it over, not taking it in. Somebody comes, to break the evil tidings: at the first word you know the worst: the thing cannot be done. Yet it seemed awful, when a decent woman, yesterday, asked to gently break dreadful news to a poor creature of six-and-twenty, did it by walking into the little room, and exclaiming *Your man's drowned!* The true knock-down blow is so stunning, that you do not feel it at the first: it bewilders. You know that a blacker day never fell upon your home, yet you do not feel it. You repeat over the words of the message. A good woman, suddenly told that her only daughter, far away, was dead, listened, and said in a calm, business-like voice, *That is my daughter Annie.* Some have a quiet corner to which they run, and fall upon their knees, in the awful hour. Others instantly take to the hardest work: thus keeping the thought at arm's length. You remember the man told of by George Borrow, who learnt Chinese, to



*keep the misery out of his head.* You had grumbled at little troubles: Here it must be low in the dust. And you know that but for the support of religion, you would be blotted out utterly. But strength is wonderfully sent: and a very submissive spirit. And you are thankful, in that darkness, to know that others are successful and happy. Yet, for long, there will be a dull misery for all you can do. The anguish of the heart will no more be staid in its course than the fever which seizes the body. When you come to be tried so (and it will be strange if you be not two or three times in your life), of a surety you will *fare no worse* than Christian: for he was in the dungeon of Giant Despair. By God's mercy, it has never come to that with you.

You say to yourself that you will never hold up your head again: that life can never be the same any more. Slowly, slowly, you will find that you were mistaken. We all get over things in a most wonderful way. Do not write an account of that crushing experience. For then you will look back upon it, and the stunning blow will fall upon you again. Here is something to be generally remembered: but in killing details to be forgot.

The typical instance of one on whom a crushing blow fell (it was reiterated there) is far back in the twilight of the patriarchal time. But just try to read the simple story aloud to yourself, taking in its meaning, and thinking what these things would have been



to yourself. I have known more than one or two who, when they came to be tried as he was, did what he did and said what he said.

*Fell down upon the ground, and worshipped. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.*

But that was only the beginning of a long and weary struggle. One told me that for many dark days after the blow fell, he kept himself stupefied with excessive labour: but that at night, when things were worst, and every prospect was black, he could but say, *Well, God be thanked, I am at this moment free from great bodily agony.* That was the one streak of light. It appeared impossible that better days should ever come. But they came, in God's time: as they will come, my reader for whom these lines are written, to you.



## II.

### PROVOCATION.



Men and women of experience are afraid to let themselves get angry. They fear Provocation more than Pain. And with good reason.

There is not an experience, among the experiences of ordinary life, which more searchingly tries us, and tests us, than Provocation. There is not an experience out of which many good people come worse. There is nothing on which decent folk look back with greater humiliation, and regret, than on what they said and did when provoked: specially when provoked by the lesser offences which must needs come.

And I am not thinking of the case in which a man to whom it has pleased God to give a supersensitive nervous system (possibly a very clever and loveable man) suddenly flares up into violent passion, and bellows inarticulately: quite going off his head for the time. You may have seemed quite cool: you

may have retained an entire fluency: you may have said very clever and incisive things, which *brought down* the bystanders. But if it be a personal offence you are avenging, if the element of personal interest or estimation be present at all; believe it, you have shown up yourself more cruelly than any one else. Ay, even though you have right upon your side. Once, in London, when a youth, I went to a West-End Church, and heard a great preacher. There was a dense crowd of the educated and wealthy sort: and the sermon was a magnificent one, magnificently delivered. The preacher's presence was stately and grand. He was one of the most outstanding men in the great Church of England. I was profoundly touched and impressed. And in my memory the preacher remained, set on a lofty pedestal. It was a sorrowful hour in which, years after, I was present when that great man was informed that another London clergyman had been made a Canon of Cloisterham, the great man having himself desired that dignity. *And what has he done to deserve that?* he began: and he went on, in sudden wrath, saying not a syllable but what was certainly true, but inconceivably lessening and lowering himself in my estimation. Ah, the fallen idol! Young brother, be advised. Never speak a word under personal irritation. Never say a word of a man more successful than yourself, if you cannot honestly commend him. You will make a poor figure. Think of that lament-

able third volume of a recent biography, and be warned. Ice-cold water, profusely cast in the face, was the only thing to typify what it was to me when the great London preacher let himself a thousand miles down, by running down the lucky but underserving Canon. He ought not to have done it. Nothing should have made him do it. He should have left it to us who stood by to think all that, if we did not deem it right to say it. Years are gone since he went where he would not be disappointed: but that hour of disillusion is vivid in some memories. And some of us vowed, then and there, that if at any time we wished for a Beadleship, or the like, and did not get it, we should not say one syllable about the man who did. He might be a blockhead, he might be a trickster: or he might be the most deserving of men. In this latter case, say it out frankly. In the other case, Silence! For your own sake.

It is well to be angry on great questions which touch the awful difference between Right and Wrong; and where your own personality is not involved in any degree. Range yourself, resolutely, on God's side of that great dividing-line of this universe. And even if you speak too warmly, few will blame you. What Carlyle called *The Heaven and Hell amalgamation movement* must evermore be vehemently protested against. But beware of that which will be regarded by most people as standing up for Number One. That, when you are angry, not at all!

There was a memorable occasion on which it is recorded, very significantly, that *Aaron held his peace*. Wise man! There is that within us which if permitted to burst its flood-gates, would astonish us, would frighten us. We did not think it was there; that flood of bitter feeling, of wrath, of discontent. And not merely should you keep silence till that evil hour be past, because if you speak you are sure to say what you will be ashamed of, but because to speak out what is in you will fan the flame which burns within. To express feeling will intensify it. You will say worse than you mean; and you will gradually come to mean the worst you say. And you have acquaintances who will take a vile pleasure in beholding you on that down-grade, and in giving you a push along it. I have beheld calculating dodgers enjoying the excessive vehemence with which a truly great man was expressing himself; and trying still further to infuriate him. I was angry, with an anger of which I am not ashamed. And I knew well that they were capable of repeating all this, to the great man's disadvantage.

Of course, it is always and everywhere doing the Devil's work, to try to lead any mortal into temptation. Yet one has known comparatively-decent men, who would not exactly have advised anybody to pick a pocket or to cut a throat, who would set themselves to irritate and embitter a human being a thousand times better than themselves, in the hope that he



might break out into something extravagant. I have seen them succeed. There is a name in my memory, a dear and good name, which shall not be written here: some readers of this sentence will think of it: two or three of them (I trust) with penitence. It is a sad sight to see a coarse-grained, thick-skinned creature doing what he would call *Drawing* a great and good man. And great and good men are many times unduly sensitive. Here is what makes the devoutest and best stay away from certain deliberative councils. *I go into the Sanhedrim*, said an eminent man in my hearing, with blazing eyes, *a humble Christian man, I come out an incarnate devil!* It was an awful account of the meetings of the Sanhedrim. And we all continually say certain words which run, *Lead us not into temptation*. It is manifest that for a long time to come the civilised world is to be governed by Parliaments, Conferences, Councils of divers kinds; down to Small Committees and the like. Let us be thankful that there are good and wise men who feel themselves drawn to such gatherings: who can bear to hear their most cherished crotchets scoffed at there: and who can set forth their own views and the reasons for them without roaring at the top of their voice, or saying that their opponents are fools, villains, and liars. For it is sorrowfully obvious that when many men come to be tried by the provocations of such meetings and debates, the trial is too great for their strength. From school-boards and town-councils up to the



august assemblies at Westminster, it is even so. I grieve to say that I never listened to more unfair, ill-tempered, and abusive speeches, than in the sublime House of Lords. And the most rancorous orator of the lot was arrayed in very crushed and shabby lawn-sleeves. I have beheld a Lord Chancellor foaming at the mouth with fury. I have read the letter in which he boasted that he had "insulted" the Prime-Minister: who indeed replied to him in the tones of Billingsgate. Such things are very mortifying to see and hear. *Let me get out of this, for any sake:* I have heard a truly-good man say, with anguish in his face. And it was no wonder. Let us hope that next morning some men were heartily ashamed of what they had said and done. They had not been themselves: their corruption had been stirred up: those whom I have heard speaking sweetly and beautifully as though they had been angels, were howling and gesticulating as though they had just been the reverse. It was a saintly man, but unaccustomed to debate, who when some indurated soul had made an attack upon him, started up and yelled exactly these words, *You exceeding little Beast!* I am quite certain that the next day he repented in dust and ashes. But the words never could be forgot. Ah, he ought to have stayed away. Far better, for such, to have been with Daniel in the lions' den. He might have suffered there. But it is much worse to sin.

I do not think that in the range of what may be

called lesser sins, there is one on which really good and sensible people look back with so deep humiliation, as their sayings and doings when tried by Provocation. Both because they feel, intensely, how foolish, unworthy, spiteful, and unfair their behaviour was; and are thus humbled before themselves: and also because they know, instinctively, how severely their best friends condemn what they said and did, and how long and vividly their worst friends will remember it. One was sorry to hear the story told, after long years, how a wonderfully-brilliant man, under some small cross-accident, began to jump up into the air and give forth inarticulate sounds. Let us try to remember people at their best. But there are folk who, by a fatal necessity, always remember people at their very worst. And such folk, I have remarked, have likewise the faculty of drawing-out the very worst that is in the people they converse with. Apply to such souls for information about any mortal man; and you will hear something not at all to his advantage.

Friendly reader of this page, whether old or young, listen to this counsel: Do not allow yourself to get angry. Of course you understand what I mean. Keep off from people who rub you the wrong way. Keep away from subjects which you cannot discuss calmly. It was a saintly poet who once said to me, concerning an outstanding public man, *I would kick him, I would smash him, I would kill him.* Never

argue with any Scotchman, unless you are absolutely in concord with him, concerning Robert Burns. It was a Sheriff who said to me, thirty years ago, that he *could kill Norman Macleod*, for saying it had been well had certain verses of our great genius not been written. And as the Judge said the words, he appeared truly insane with excitement. There are literary affectations and offences which thoroughly infuriate some souls. I will confess that I dare not read the prose of him who was generally called Father Fibber. Neither dare I look upon a hymn *edited* by Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter. And there are printed pages which have been helpful to very many, which are literally detestable to one here and there. There are things in literature which unless you greatly like them, you will keenly hate. And this totally apart from personal enmity or offence. It is just that such is their nature, and such is yours. You know how a red flag affects a bull.

And do not speak when you are selfishly angry : that is, irritated by some personal injury. Few have done so without repenting it. Do not speak about any mortal towards whom you have an extreme antipathy. You will not do justice either to him or yourself. We have all erred here. The writer says *peccavi*, frankly : thinking of one highly esteemed by many, whom he unhappily could not bear. Do not, for any sake, write a letter when angry. Or if it would relieve your heart to write it, be sure you do

not send it. We owe very much to fire. It is a truly invaluable element.

Doubtless, good friend, though we do all we can to keep out of harm's way, we shall each *Come to be Tried* by Provocation. Let HIM grant that dwelleth above that we come through it as fairly as He sees good. It is not likely that the experience will be such that we shall look back on it with undue elation. That is, unless we be very foolish indeed. And it may be that we shall have to look back on it with sorrowful self-condemnation: wondering to find in ourselves what that hour brings to light. We shall not willingly go where we shall be subjected to such a strain. Yet remember, in great humility, that Provocation can bring nothing out of you but what was in you: though latent there. And do not be hard on poor souls who have been subjected to provocations you never knew: and who flared up very wildly under them. We know, in ourselves, what far less might have made of us. And we, never so tried, need not be self-satisfied. No: but very thankful: and very humble.



### III.

#### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.



**W**HAT the sunshine can do, we forget unless when it is present. It glorifies everything. Yesterday was the last Sunday of May: and it was truly a *Day of Light*. The world looked quite a different place; and it was miraculously beautiful. It was mainly the Light that did it. Goethe was right. There is no question what we want. It is *Light, More Light*. Under that sunshine, the fields were living green: and the blossoming trees would have done for Eden.

We do not commonly call it a trial, when a gleam of sunshine comes into our little life: when some sudden success or prosperity is sent us, such as we had little hoped. Yet you may be put to the proof, what you are, just as really by what is pleasant as by what is painful. God knows which is the more searching assayer of our state and nature. But as for



the Coming to be Tried by joy, I know you would be content to risk it.

It is trying, through this : that it comes with the vividness of something strange. You are not accustomed to it. You know what to do when sorrow comes, through much experience. At least you ought to know. But one has seen, in the long gray unvaried pilgrimage of man and of woman, after long years which had made it seem as though all the joyful incident of this life were over, and the resultant were summed in the one leaden word *Failure*, a sudden change. A turning appeared in the long lane. The sun broke through the clouds, and everything came at once to one who had waited very long for it. The day comes, on which man or woman gets a great lift : possibly two or three in close succession : even more than two or three. For as heavy blows tend to fall together upon the stricken soul, so do pleasant things befall in company. And then one has beheld an outburst of self-conceit, long mortified. But it is hard to turn the human nature out of a human being : and tendencies which have long been latent, may spring up revived. One has seen prosperity, sudden wealth, sudden elevation in one's vocation, some decoration lesser or greater, that which we call *honours*, distinctly turn the head even of men and women who had grown old, and who had long been reconciled to lowly things. One has seen this in a place so high, that no human being can rank higher unless by being born



to it : and then the question of merit or of fitness is not raised. One has seen it where the elevation attained was small, save in the view of a climber to whom a mole-hill was as Mont Blanc. Very modest was his dignity who was wont to pray, *As Thou hast made me great, so do Thou make me good.* At this point various instances press themselves upon memory : instances both recent and remote : but it need not be said that not one syllable shall be written concerning so much as one of them.

And it is not always so. Great lifts have been received very modestly and very quietly. Anybody may read a biography containing a letter written by a good man to his wife, wherein the words occur, *I can't take it in that I am Chief Justice of England.* Another man opened a letter at the breakfast-table, read it, laid it down, and went on with his breakfast, and till the meal was ended he did not say to his wife and daughter that it offered him one of the highest places which mortal man can hold. A man fairly advanced in years told me how one afternoon, the day's hard work over, he was sitting by the Club fire, looking into it, and turning over a newspaper in an indifferent fashion ; when his eye fell upon something concerning himself, indicating that he had attained "all he had ever wished, and more than he had ever hoped." He read the passage over two or three times, and then he fell back in his chair and gazed into the fire, blankly.

I believe that many modest and worthy souls pass through their entire earthly pilgrimage, and never once know the temptation to burst out in vain elation, with an accompanying *Spate* of foolish words. They never were tried by the coming of the sudden lift, or by the continuance of supreme success: those to whom these things have been appointed in God's election, have had heads and hearts which could stand the trial. And this singular gift was far more remarkable in them than any special brilliancy of intellectual power. "For want of a better, I am" no matter what: were the quiet words of somebody, set on a pinnacle. "I once was" something or other: was said to me in a worn voice with a sad face: the human place named was one to be *evened* to which would have made some men one knows fly in pieces through wild exhilaration. Simplicity and modesty, absolutely unalloyed by affected self-depreciation, were the qualities whose presence you felt, then and there. But it was an inexpressibly small man, set in lowly authority, who when told that the Exarch (let us call him) had declared that some small thing should not be done, replied with dignity more than mortal, *A greater than the Exarch is here!* And surely he made a grievous mistake for once, who cried aloud in a voice of thunder, *I never made a mistake in my life!* I am writing this page as with my hands tied: I must not even hint at twenty almost incredible instances which come into my mind of the phenomenon I am imperfectly describing. But I

will add that one has seen such excessive and lamentable folly supervene upon sudden success, that one felt an awful fear lest anything of that sort should come to one's self. But we were happily saved from that temptation: the sudden success never came. So it is impossible to say whether or not it would have made us conceited. I do not think it would. For one thing that tends to uplift would be balanced by fifty which keep us humble. Even in the day whereon something comes which only unworthy affectation could deny was cheering and pleasant, you never forget the awful knock-down blow. And that was not the last. Without gift of prophecy, we know what is *sure to come*. And like wise and dear Dr. Watson, we *fear to see it*.

There is a more subtle danger which will follow when you, kindly reader, come in God's time to be tried by the gleam of sunshine: as I will hope you are to be. Everything in your lot may grow so soothing and comforting: you may live amid surroundings so beautiful: your material needs may be so amply and pleasantly supplied: you may meet such encouragement in all your work: you may be received with such kindly respect (not to say veneration) wherever you go: you may be so absolutely delivered from the pinch of care: that you may come to think this a most delightful world, and to judge yourself to be a most amiable, thankful, and devout soul, with a will entirely resigned to God's. It is very easy to be

resigned to God's will, when it sends you everything you could by possibility desire: very easy to be amiable and devout when all surroundings go straight to make you so: very easy to be thankful when the most worldly eye can see that you have an immense deal to be thankful for. I know, my reader, your question is ready, *Who in this world is so placed?* And my answer is, *Very few: but some, of a surety.* Perhaps, even with them, that summer weather will not last long. And perhaps you do not know all. The pinch may be felt keenly, in body and soul; the world discerning nothing. Very anxious faces can look out through rose-twined windows, from princely homes, upon the pageant of the Kentish summer. And in the most charming of dwellings there is the empty chair: there is the picture on the wall, often silently sought by eyes which have not forgot. But after all, this life is smooth there, and dignified: it is nonsense and it is falsehood to say that it is not a great thing to have reached the very heights of earthly success, and to be surrounded by every blessing this world can give. It must be a strange experience. And some, who never knew it, and never can know it, have watched it intently and very near. You make mention of what Dean Stanley called *Election*: to wit, the strange and seemingly arbitrary way in which the great prizes go here. And the answer comes, *A man makes his own luck.* Very natural to say so, when you are placed for your life on a delectable

hill, in the brightest and warmest of sunshine. Not so natural to say so, in the cold valley beneath, groping amid the white mist, cutting your weary feet upon the sharp stones, and held in frankly-expressed contempt. Yet some of God's good servants have had to spend their days there. I could name certain now, in a vocation I know well. And I have heard such magnificently patronised by a smug, self-satisfied, fluent self-seeker who by force of impudence (not without a certain ability) had elbowed his way to the summit of a neighbouring stile: but who, in soul and spirit, was not worthy to be named in the same century with them.

Perhaps I am getting into slippery ground. Perhaps I am treading amid hot embers. Wherefore I judge it best to cease. What I have got to say can be said somewhere else. And I will acknowledge, my brother, that it is extremely pleasant when, after long trouble, a gleam of prosperity comes: be it success in our honest work, kindly recognition from a quarter whence it is prized, any little lift which betters our earthly lot, a child's good-fortune or requited labour, any brightness whatsoever when the level light is gray. But you will take it quietly: quietly and humbly: likewise very thankfully. If you feel yourself content, kindly-disposed to all, and altogether in a sunshiny temper, you will be well aware it is not because you are so good, but because you are so highly favoured. As for anything bumptious or conceited, of course



that cannot be. Once, long ago, there was a risk : you remember who it was that wrote *And lest I should be exalted above measure*, how something came to take down. But you remember how even at College, long in departed years, the great prize-takers affected a modesty if they had it not; and never said a word concerning what they had done and "taken." As for us who have grown old, let us trust that we have had all we need of the discipline so frankly wanted (though not desired) by one incomparably greater and better; and that we indeed are cured.





#### IV.

##### *ALL MY SHEAVES.*



LAZING Summer: and far South in beautiful England. The glow, and the gleam, are unutterable. Also the genius of the place. Here, one is a different person.

A little church-yard in the quiet country. The stillness is audible. Can that be great London (some part of it) through those trees? The grass, and the foliage, are of an inexpressible depth of green. The trees are huge; and they cannot be numbered. Did not some one say that he had cut down sixty-one within a little compass round? They are not missed at all. The clack of the reaping-machine fills the air, as it lays low those great swathes of fragrant hay. Ah, June passes too swiftly: here is its twenty-sixth day. And by this time to-morrow the writer will be far away from that beautiful little church: whose walls are of split flints, pleasantly edged with red freestone.

I have wandered about, mainly in verdurous shadow, thinking of my closing chapter ; and of the Last Trial of all. There are divers simple yet touching inscriptions on those modest stones, rising over the green graves. Here is one. Never mind the name. *The Beloved Wife of* no matter who : some poor fellow whom I know not, but who is now pretty well broken-hearted. *Died January 11, 1889: aged 22 years.* That poor girl's course was soon over. And then the bereaved man, left lonely by the cold fire-side, added something which he earnestly desired to believe. *Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.* There is pathos in the unconscious selfishness which chose the text : not thinking of the peaceful Home of the Blessed Damosel, but of blank and awful desolation on this side. *Makes us miserable, because perhaps, perhaps, perhaps, it may do us good, somehow.* Ah, just as likely it may do us harm. It is a most fearful discipline, the discipline of sorrow ! Let it not come to any, unless the Blessed Spirit of all Holiness and all Consolation come too. As we grow older, we are not ashamed to offer that lowly prayer continually. Anything high-flown sickens us now.

Here let us sit down in this solemn place, and think of the Last Trial. It comes quickly upon most : unexpected though long looked-for in some kind of way : and good people take it very quietly. Can I forget a worn, patient face, not many days gone over : how it looked at me with a smile : and the words

were only these, *I'm afraid it must be Good-bye?* For heart and strength have so run down, that the wish is for rest. Some of us, in years departed, have been brought so face to face with the great change, that it seems as though we knew what it must be: what it must be on this side. "Without fear; and (if it may be) without pain:" I suppose we should all ask what Bishop Andrewes asked: may He send it to us Who Himself has died! But thinking to-day how we shall all come to be tried, in our turn, I am not thinking of the strange, indescribable sense of going away from this world and this life: but of something else. Something to be spoken of simply and sincerely. Can we take it in?

We all of us think, in some confused way, that when this life is over for us, we shall go where our whole life and work here will be Tried: will be Reckoned-up: Assayed: Estimated: Judged. It will be looked-into, sharply: and a good many specious ways of stating doubtful doings, will at once be found not to do at all. We deceive ourselves, possibly more than we deceive anybody else: putting a fair colour upon doings which we know are wrong. *It is quite reasonable, under the circumstances, that we should do this or that:* we say, knowing that we should not like to go to any man of worldly integrity and righteousness, and tell him the case, and ask *Is that right?* Indeed our own hearts condemn us: but we ingeniously misstate the case before the silent court of con-

science; and say it has decided in our favour, knowing perfectly that it has not. I have not the faintest idea of the way in which it is to be done: who is to take us in hand, and how: but there is no doubt at all that in some way that is absolutely outside our present experience, our experience hitherto, we shall each be set, some day, where the light of truth will fall full upon us, and all disguises will go. Very strange for old people, long accustomed to call others to account, to be themselves called to account in some real and awful way: where neither tongue nor mind could for one instant frame excuse or subterfuge. What shall we do, when we Come to be Tried then and there?

I should just like the reader to say, putting it in the language of ordinary life.

When we, and all our doings here, Come to be Tried as they never were tried before; how shall we fare then? You know very well that even here our heart has many times utterly failed us, when we got a vivid glimpse of the real value of our poor life, all blunders, follies, and worse wrong-doing. We have all worked very hard, in many lowly ways: the tear comes to our eye thinking of what we have come through, since we were little children till now: but there is not a thing we can show, or can rest in, or build upon, then. What prize, say for yourself, do you think you deserve at the hand of the great Heart-Searcher? If we have any discernment at all, I fancy

- that the touching and true lines I am going to give you express what we feel in all ordinary moods, when we try to really bring home to us that great assaying of our unworthy lives.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves,  
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;  
Master, behold my sheaves !

Few, light, and worthless are they : yet their weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves :  
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late ;  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

- Do not say that it is morbid, thus to think of our work, and the outcome of it, through these long years in this place from which we are going fast : from which many whom we have known had to go after a shorter time here. This is coming to the truth. This is not a transient mood : this is a right mind.

*Had a talk with him. Reckoned him up. Nothing : absolutely nothing.* He was a very great man (as we judge now) who wrote these words concerning one who (by courtesy) was mighty, and illustrious, in his little day. It was a severe judgment : that great man's judgments were commonly severe : and I really do not think it was just : not entirely just. But if venal hacks puff you monstrously on one side, cynical and quite fearless souls are likely to show



cause upon the other. Yet what, on a worldly standard, can be truly said of few, may be truly said of all when they come to be tried by the standard of searching and unerring truth. We do not desire to suggest that we bring any sheaves at all, and present them to be assayed at that last and most awful Reckoning which *has to be faced*. We change the footing altogether. We do not intend to produce some mildewed, withered straws and ears: even our vain hearts sinking at the sight of them: and then to say *We had little chance: all things were against us: we did our very best: we know quite well how poor it is: but These are all our Sheaves*. My brother, who have known what it was to go down to the very verge, and then to come back that you might work with a subdued heart for just a little while; you found out that *that* is not the way. And these are not the words. I do not know, at all, what kind of words you and I may find when we are set Somewhere, Some Day: but I know, perfectly, the words which express our feeling as we look on, awe-stricken (that is the fact) towards that Day. And indeed they are simple: unforgettable: real. Ay, REAL. That is everything, now.

Nothing in my hand I bring:  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

These are the times which have suggested themselves to the writer, wherein we shall come to be



tried. And now, my reader, parting, let us ask what we both need greatly, in Bunyan's words: solemn and beautiful when we began; more so now that these brief suggestions of very serious certainties have been looked at. It was on the dark morning of a gloomy St. Andrew's Day, gazing out upon great London with the nervous feeling of an untravelled soul, that suddenly this subject was given: and I saw the divers chapters, and the way in which each was to be written, exactly as you have read them. Now in high Summer, again in England, where the nightingales make the air musical, and the world is a blaze of light and verdure, the last line is penned. Do you think my typical instances of a day of trial are chosen capriciously? It is not so. For, if you consider, you will see that we are mainly tried by great suffering: and by temptation, painful and pleasant: and then at the last. Under the knock-down blow, kind sympathy has helped and will help. Under the trial of provocation, and the temptation to be vainly elated, we must fight each alone: save for a great Help to be had by asking for it. To meet the last trial we must each go away in solitude. *It is quite different from what I thought it would be*, were the words whispered to me by a weary and aged pilgrim, drawing near to the Veil. Then she shook her white head, the saintly woman, and looked through me as to something beyond. Not frightened at all; but plainly becoming detached from us on this side. We

can picture the parting Here : but not the welcome There.

*I am seventy-two : and I don't know the feeling of being tired :* some one said to me the other day : a great scholar, and one who had gone through hard work. The words were strange : and that evening I repeated them to a dear friend, pressed continually with weighty but dignified labour. *I never know the feeling of not being tired :* was his quiet reply. And then we thought how the blessing that sums all blessings is the blessing of Rest.

One sometimes wonders if it is because of this over-driven life, wherein too many letters come, too many newspapers and magazines and books ; and we bear the burden of the world's feverish life, and of its sorrow and sin, too immediately ; that so many never know the feeling of not being tired. And thus our religious counsels are pitched so much in a minor key : and Christianity has lost the joyous elation of the first century. There was persecution then : and the pinch of awful want : St. Paul and his friend had told of the *much tribulation* : yet the religion was the religion of joy. The pictures in the catacombs always show the suppliant in Christian prayer as standing with a bright face and hopeful eyes looking upward to the Father in heaven : with hands stretched out and opened wide to receive the blessings sure to be sent in answer. And the continual representations of the Good Shepherd are of a beautiful Youth in his bloom,

- with a smile on the sweet Face, tenderly carrying back to safety not the strayed lamb only, but the strayed *kid*. You may remember Matthew Arnold's lines thereon : hopeful beyond what is written ; but very touching. It was the bright and cheerful juvenescence of the Church. Men had not yet learned to speak, like one of the most brilliant of recent Bampton lecturers, of the *weight of that awful sadness of which to the mass of men, life is the synonym and the sum*. And doubtless we have lost a glimpse of needful truth in passing from those pristine days.

THE END.